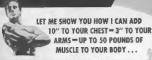


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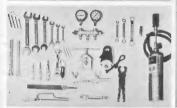
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2. N. WIFE AND I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, TALKED ABOUT IT, WORRIED ABOUT IT. WE WERE STUMPED. WE THOUGHT WE HIT A DEAD END

7. LOOK AT THIS! I.C.S. WELL, JANE'S HUSBAND
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OUR AIR FORCE PILOTS WHO HAVE FLOWN IN RAIDS OVER THE VIET COUN REDS have a feeling that the anti-miroraft guns are being fired by Chinese Communists who were so deadly during the Korean war. Viet Cong Reds simply couldn't have the training know-how to operate guns with such accuracy...Feeling is that the Reds are ahead of us in mathematics, physics, geology, and oceanography BUT THAT WE HAVE THEM ERGH THAND DOWN IN BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, SOCIAL SCIENCES AND AGRICULTURE...



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World's most aggressive-as well as beautiful-prostitutes are to be found in Rio de Janeiro. On the average, a man will be approached some 20 times in an hour's walk-and the ladies simply won't take no for an answer...

Army doctors have found that the man with tattos very often has some kind of saxual problem, often m fear of women. These men, too, very often come from broken homes, get involved with the law more often than most men...

HUSBAND'S DAY OFF IS THE FAVORITE DAY FOR HEAVY SEXUAL ACTIVITY on the part of most married couples... AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT FOR EVERY MAN ON CRIME...JOB HUNTING...
NEW GADGETS...CARS...WOMEN

No truth to the long-believed suspicion that exposure to sunlight saps a man's sexual virility. Man might be weaker, but this shouldn't affect his bedroom performance...

Many call girls who have a climax during sexual relations WILL SEEK OUT IMMEDIATE MEDICAL THEY. FEE JUNE GRAZY. These women pride themselves on "coldness" during sex, feel they are "dirty" and "deprayed" if they enjoy it...

WHEN A JOY GIRL TELLS YOU SHE LIVES "25 blocks away" IT'S HER WAY OF SAYING HER FEE IS TWENTY FIVE SMACKERS...

When a call girl is ready to retire, her blackbook of customer names is worth on the average of \$5000. That's the going price a pimp will pay for the book. He'll make back as much as \$50,000 the first year... When a family has problems, very often the family pet has them too, will get nervous, physically ill if the family tensions aren't cleared up...



Cops latch on to V-dalls

Surprising how many vice cops turn pimp ONCE THEY FIND OUT HOW EASY IT IS TO LIVE OFF THE CALL GIRLS THEY'VE BEEN ARRESTING. The cop makes a perfect pimp since he's usually well-snough connected to put in the fix in case of arrest...

The girl who has some sort of strange pet -ne nocelot, snake, etc.-is usually a fairly easy girl to induce into the hay. The strange pet is merely an indicator of her rebellion against society...

(Continued on page 42)

Which piano keys should you strike to play this tune?



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A man who had traveled all over the world was telling his friend that in Turkey he worked in the capacity of chief spitter in the Sultan's harem.

"What in the world," inquired the friend, "is a chief spitter?"

"All I had to do," came the answer, "was to spit on each of the Sultan's wives; when I hit one that sizzled, I'd take her in to the Sultan."

Teens-the age when a girl's voice changes from no to

 A solitary GI is a distant jungle post, avid for company of any sort, caught a parrot and taught it to speak. One evening the parrot vanished briefly, then came wing-

ing back in wild excitement. "A woman!" he screeched. "And what a woman!"

The ecstatic GI seized his trusty rifle and plunged into the brush after the parrot. "Oh boss," the parrot cried, "What a face! What a figure!" The GI pushed on trembling with desire,

Finally the parrot stopped, pointed, and exulted. "There

she is, boss!" "What are you trying to pull," roared the GI. "That's

a parrot!"



"Mind slicing this for my wife first?"

A wife went to a psychiatrist for advice about her husband who was imagining himself to be a lawn mower.

"Pure fantasy," the doctor said. "It will pass away." "It had better pass away," the wife said. "I'm getting tired of lending him to the neighbors,"

The stationmaster said to the perspiring and puffing commuter, "Did you miss your train?"

"No," the commuter said. "I didn't like the looks of it so I chased it out of the station."



 Sleeping the sleep of the just in his upper berth, the gentleman was awakened by a persistent tapping.

"Oh, Mr. Forsythe, are you awake?" asked the middleaged lady in the berth below.

'I am now," he said groggily.

"It's frightfully cold down here, Mr. Forsythe. I wonder if you would mind getting me a blanket."
"T've a better idea, lady," he said. "Let's pretend we're

married." He could hear her giggling softly below him. "That sounds

like a wonderful idea," she said.
"Good," he said, rolling over, "Now go get your own damn blanket."

Do you have an original gag? Send it to the Editor, MALE, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. and win \$5 if he likes it. No limit on the number of stories you may submit, but sorry, no returns either,

More than 40 top 55 men had slipped out of their jail cells in six months, their getaways arranged by a large, tycoon-financed "bring Hitler back" movement whose goal was to turn Germany once again nto a kill-hungry, conquering Reich. Then, in February, 1964, a brawling, sledge-hammer-strong U.S. undercover man, in the greatest intelligence coup of the decade, pulled off the violent master stroke that turned their dreams of power into a nightmare of bloody doom...

BY ROLAND EMPEY

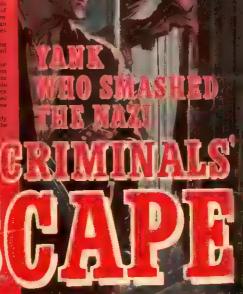
WEST BERLIN:

ON December 18, 1903, Nelson Payue critered his luxurious suite in Berlin's Kaiserhol Hotel to find his mistress in held with a youthful, black-haired 1900. The suite cast him 8:00 a week and the mistress tapped him for a 1000 marks a month just for cluthes. Payue lest his temper He didn't like the gigolo getting the use of all this for nothing. He shapped his mistress out of bed, then picked up the gigolo and threw him through the ylans window. The man landed on a stone courtyard three stores below.

Payne picked up his mistress and slung her out the door of the suite. Then he started to pack

Five minutes later a German Inspector of the Kriminal Palizir rushed into the room waving a Luger pistol, shouting that Payne was under arrest. Payne didn't mean to do it, but his nerves were raw. He had been thinking of marrying his pit!. He smashed the German Inspector in the face, the one ounds fracturing nose, is wand skull.

This proved to be a mistake. Six beety nen wearing Borsolino hats followed the





PROWLING through the prison, Prince found the Nazis Fring The pompered Kings.



FEARING mass break by convicted war criminals, German authorities tushed tanks to Braunschweig prison after Payne and Nazi leader Seyer made daring "power plant" getaway



WAR CRIMINALS being tried for mass murder (above) were prime targets for Neo-Nazi "Take Over Germany" ring

POWERFUL drive was put on by Neo-Nazi group to win soldiers from units of new democratic German army (below)



ESCAPE RING

Inspector, dragged Payne out of the hotel and chained him to the railing of the nearby park. Payne flattened two of them, shouting, "Come on you krauthead cops, get it over with." They did. The four of them took turns smashing Payne's head against the iron fence.

PAYNE woke up two days later in Berlin city hospital. He rang the bell for a nurse and when she appeared he shouted at her, "Get me my clothes, I don't have time to lay around here. I'm a businessman." The nurse shushed him and said, "You will have to stay at least a month to recover."

"Like hell I will," Payne roared. He made so much noise that finally a doctor came, and with him, two of the Borsolino-hatted detectives. The detectives sanething to the doctor who nodded agreement and gave the nurse a curt order. In five minutes Payne had his clothes. In 30 minutes, flanked by the two detectives, he was riding in a clused car through West Berlin. But instead of taking him to the Central Policeihaus they headed for an outlying suburb.

Payne was surprised. Were they going to knock him off, finish the job, just because he had mussed up their inspector? Okay, somebody sure as hell would



attempted "putsch" by right wing groups that, until Payne's coup, were becoming dangerous menace in Germany



GERMAN RANGÉRS (above) would be used to assault Nazi criminal leader Stoss' fortified headquarters in city of Braunschweig # Payne's mission had failed



NEO-Nazis such as Youth Corps chief,

get hurt. But when he got out of the car Payne saw a uniformed guard waiting to take him into a long two-story building that had a sign: "United States Forces,"

Then Payne got another surprise. When he was ushered into a small office. he found two people waiting for him that he knew. One was the Inspector he had mangled, now recovered but wearing a neck brace; the other was an old acquaintance, Colonel Harold Welker, Chief Intelligence officer for the American Zone, but formerly his Company Commander in World War II.

Payne scowled. "What the hell do you want with me?" he asked. "There are no hard feelings," Welker said, indicating Payne's victim. The German police inspector nodded and smiled in a friendly way despite his neck brace. Welker went on. "Payne, I'm going to do you a favor. I'm going to save you from ten years in jail, one year for throwing that guy out if the window-lucky he didn't croak, by the way-nine years for attempted murder of a German police inspector. And all I want from you is one little favor in return."

Payne grunted and sat down. "Damn you,

(Continued on page 70)



below, are grawing in number ...



MITHE-DAY PLAN TO CRUSH





MGHY nuclear aircraft carriers of U.S. Seventh Fleet stand ready to smash any Red Chinese war move. Skyraider and Skybawk Tanestine deadly Sidewinder and Sparrow missiles, 9-feot-long Zuni rockets that "home Inthio Communist invasion vessels in



rodded by their ruthless boss, Mao Tse Tung, fanatic, American-hating, 600-million strong my of Chinese "robot men" are so itching to jet into a fight that even the new crew of Communist Big Brothers are shaking in their boots. But if Mao decides to take on the U.S. n an all-out nuclear shoot-up he's in for big rouble. A top military expert reveals how America's fantastic "Sunday Punch" battle plan will lay out the Red Chinese dragon sfore it even comes out of its corner....



AMPHISTOUS troops, (left) would be airlifted from United States to strike at Chinese Red embarkation parts. Missile firing carrier (right) would hit-and-run along coast of China

SAIGON:

By ARTHUR DIXON

THE sound of the returning jets screening in over the Gulf of "brakin was deafning. Yet even as the sleek Navy fighte-bombers of the U.S.S. Twomderogs made the devastating strike against North Viet Nam torpedo boat bases. American reporters in Saigon were cabling news stories about the threat of massive Red Chinese reliabion. Teletypes stuttered through the tense night with rumous of MTG armadas whistling south, and the anti-Communist capital of Saigon braced itself for a sledge-laurimer assault by legions of tough Chinese. "Vointacces."

There was an atmosphere of grim waiting in U.S. militury headquarters in Saigon, where one non-chalant Navy commander stood out startlingly in all the excitement. (Continued on page 68)

RED CHINA

MEN WHO SPY ON

CHICAGO:

HE'S a banker, with m wife, four children, and a comfortable home in the suburbs. He belongs to two civic groups, has never been in trouble with the law (except for three parking tickets), and is known to everyone as "that nice quiet Mr.

Jenkins who is so polite to ladies."

Yet there is another side to Fred Jenkins (not his real name) that no one knows about. At 11 o'clock on a clear evening he slips out of his house. He wears a cap, sweater, and crepseled shoes—not his usual three-buttoned sidt. Keeping in the shadows, mowing artfully around shrubbery, he makes his way to the back bedroom window of a frame house. An attractive 22-year-old nutse lives inside. Fred Jenkins knows, because he made out an auto loan to her that afternoon.

made out an auto toan to ner that atternoon. The window shade is pulled down, but not quite to the bottom. (They rarely are.) A soft bedside lamp lights the room. With his eye to the slit. Fred Jenkins watches the young blonde nurse prepare for bed. She unzips her dress, steps out of it, and stands before the mirror in panties, bra, and high heels. He knows that most women like to admire themselves in front of mirrors before they go to bed. Slowly the young nurse sheds her bra, wiggles out of thin black panties, steps out of her high heels. Still before the mirror, she runs her hands over her body in an extremely private maneuver. Only it's not so ptivate. The banker, in cap and sweater, croons under his breath, "Umnom, haby, that's the stuff!"

Fifteen minutes later Fred Jenkins slips back in his house. He is relaxed. He is a confirmed voyeur (Peeping Ton), and it is as much a part of his nature as saving money and being

nice to little old ladies . . .

In America's complex society there is a growing number of men (and more women than Dr. Kinsey thought) who get their principal sexual excitement through watching the exposure of others. "Everyone is a voyeur to some degree," states resident psychiatrist at a New York clinic. "flardly any man would turn his eyes if he suddenly saw his neighbor's wife undressing before an open window. (Continued on page 81)

UNSUSPECTING YOUNG GIRLS

A brilliant college professor watches his wife and her lovers from a closet—a blue-nose banker dons sneakers to prow! his exclusive neighborhood at midnight, searching for exciting "scenes"—driven by a twisted urge to "peep," these Americans achieve a dark, bixarre pleasure from witnessing the most revealing moments in a woman's life...



A super-secure colossus of a Jap fortress, it was crammed with an army of elite, Kamikaze-ready troops, too well defended, according to some Navy brass, for even an entire task force to take. But Peleliu, pointing like a dagger at the Philippines, was the perfect jump-off point for the coming American invasion—and a driving ramrod-tough Marine General swore he'd push the enemy off the island in 96 hours—if he personally had to clear out every enemy pillbox...



YOU HAVE

SGT. JACK CASTAN shifted his pack in the crowded assault boat. A Marine Fic. cursed and said "Don't step an my toes, you sonofabitch." Huge red hals of fire were flying in the air over them toward shere, visible RE shells from battleehips supporting the landing. Sgt. Castan moved again, restlessly and again the Marine behind him cursed and said, "Don't clowd me."

Sgt. Castan turned around and looked the limit not in the eye. "Quit bitching,"

he said, "there's gonna be plenty of room on this boat when we go back."

Then the assault stip touched the beach of Peleliu Island and the ramp went down. Marines in green and brown spotted fatigues ran out on the white sandy beach. All along the shore of Peleliu Island other boats went piding in

By ERIK BROSKE

PROM THE JAWS OF LST, Leuthernecks walked into "death sterm" from enemy fortifications and pillboxes...

FOUR DAYS TAKE PELELIU!



DESPITE HEAVY GUNFIRE from Jop defenders, Leathernecks pushed forward in dangerous "stand up" formation

wave after wave of Marines wading through the water, water rough with the countless explosions of shells and mines. Platoon leader whistles rose above the unholy roar of battle, summoning men to go forward into death. Set, Jack Castan rook his squad far up the beach and dug in. Then he and his men set up covering five for the other troops wading ashore.

Jap pillboxes inland returned the fire. There was the hammer of heavy machine guns and the Jap 303

rifles. Marines were going down all over the beach, floating helplessly in the ocean, their blood lost in the vast waters of the Pacific. An extimberjack from Jacksom. California, Sgt. Jack Castan yelled to his squad, "Cover me." and ran inland toward the pillboxes. Miractinand toward the pillboxes. Miractinand toward the pillboxes.

ulously he escaped the heavy enemy fire, and running around to the side of the nearest pillbox, he threw two grenades down the oblique air shaft. The pillbox heams silent. The Marines coming ushore in that sector were suddenly thick as flies, none of them being mowed down by automatic fire.

Castan moved diagonally to hit the next pillbox a hundred yards away. But as he sprinted a Jap sniper's Jo3 bullet caught him squarely in the temple, making his eyes bulge terribly out of their sockets as he fell dead.

But he had given the Fifth Marine Regiment time to flood into that sector of the beach and they were now digging and crawling through the white sand. BAR men were faming out to flanks, radios set up to direct heavy guns of the supporting feet onto entrenched Jap positions. From this wedge the Fifth flooded laterally all along the six mile length of Peleliu until they ran into the Seventh Marines on their right and the First Marines on their left. The beachhead was established as a solid front.

Battalion commanders grouped their men and then the Fifth Marine Regiment drove inland toward the Jap airfield, trying to reach the opposite beach only two miles away and cut the island in half. They

FANATIC elite Jap force was cleaned up to last man, with each Marine assigned an area of the village to destroy suffered few casualties until they were within one mile of the airfield bunkers. Then all hell broke loose.

They were hit by Jap tanks dashing out of the Jap concrete headquarters buildings. The Japs drove through the advance elements of the Americans and split the First and Fifth Marines apart. Snipers in camoultage nets, slung on the rear of tanks, picked off Marines on the beach, Jap tanks actually rammed into American tanks trying to but them into the sea.







MRST LANDINGS resulted in almost 90 percent casualties, but enough Leathernocks get through to destroy fertifications, allowing second and third waves to hit the beach with lighter casualities, push on into heavily defended interior...

The Marines fought back. Their BAR men knocked spipers off tanks. Then an American rocket-firing squadron of planes flew over the battlefield. They pounced on the exposed Jap tanks like hawks on a tabbit to less than five minutes they had torn the armored Nippon attack to shreds. The Pitth drow through the center to the far shore to cut Peleliu in half. Then it turned north to attack Bloody Noss Ridge. They were met head on by the elite 1sth Japanese Infantry under the direct command of Colonel Nakagawa.

Bloody Nose Ridge was a series of coral hills huney, combed with goo caves. Colonel Nakagawa had Japanese sudders and guns in every one of those caves. He had iron and steel doors on most of them to close as a shield against enemy fire. He had modified the caves interior so that they could not be attacked successfully with fiame throvers. So when the Fifth Marines advanced up the Ridge they were stopped so abruptly and punished so cruelly that they christened it Bloody Nose Ridge. Finally the Fifth Marines dux in for the night.

But they were to get no rest. Behind their lines Jap riflemen rose out of their "spider" holes, individual foxholes they had dug, crawled into, then covered with coral so that the advancing Marines passed right over their heads. The night became a long nightmare of ghostly, bloody warfare and by morning the Japs and disappeared again. Only the steel shuttered caves like above gave warning of the fate in store for the Fifth Marines.

But the radio message that went back to the beachhead to invasion headquarters on Admiral Oldendorf's flagship was contident. "First day objectives obtained. Estimate that four day timetable for neutralizing Petelliu will be compiled with by this command."

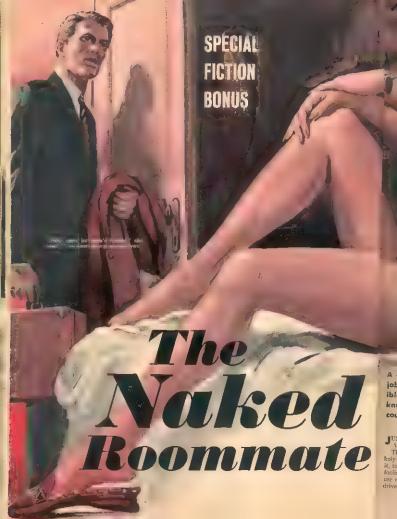
Marine Major General Rupertus received this communication with astifaction. He had stuck his neckout by telling MacArthur's planning chief he would have the Palauso out of action by September 10th so that the great invasion of the Philippines could begin It looked as if his prediction would be right on the button. After Peleliu the great final assault on the inner Japanese Empire would be assured.

THE Palau Islands point like an eastern dagger into the very heart of the Philippines. In August 1944 the American Joint Chiefs of Staff agreed with General MacArthur that the Palau group, and specifically the main island of Peleliu, must be conquered before another step could be aken into the Japanese Empire.

Peleliu was the first gate through that massive defense wall Nippon had set up. General MacArthur himself picked the invasion date of September 15th.

The elite First Marine Division and the Armylcrack First were assigned to the pioh, Admiral Oldencrack First were assigned to the pioh, Admiral Oldendurf was given a fleet to bombard the islands and soften it up. Admiral Bill Hallasy promised his carrier planes to work over the Jap fortifications from the air. Marine General Rupertus was elated at all this help. When he received the battle order which read that Peleliu must be taken.





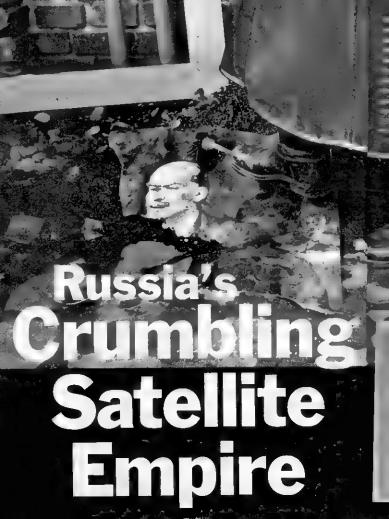


A dynamic, restless, adventure-loving executive chained to a humdrum, routine job and a drab wife, he tried to satisfy his unconscious desires with red convertibles and giant martinis, but when he met his daughter's college roommate he knew that only this throaty-voiced, golden-haired bombshell of a school girl could bring back the lost dreams of his youth...

JUST one week after Dan Bruneau bought the red VW convertible, he met the girl for the first time. The car had caused Mrs. Dan Bruneau to raise holy hell when he zipped up Clircle Drive and parked it, top down, next to Mrs. B's station wagon. ("Ho foolish," she'd said. "You have the company car to use whenever you want.") She'd tried to make him drive ti back to the dealer in downtown Bhiadethhia drive ti back to the dealer in downtown Bhiadethhia

and get his money refunded. Dan had been ready to do it, just to avoid another battle, when Felith Bruneau went one step too far. "Let's face it." she'd said, "there's nothing in the world that looks siller than a 2-year-old man riding around in a convertible."

At this point, Dan Bruneau's big, rock-shaped jaw set firmly, "The car stays," (Continued on page 45)



such a cally sever promises of a such as honey existence, kirsing a fine arm bedfellows' are acting up see a such of unruly circus lions and no main have now outly Moscow cracks the whip her govight on sneering at the Communist way life and adopting American assume and ideas. The way things are going acysts sop Kremlinologist, the fedural from Curtain "buddies" may witch from Granx cheers at their Red masters tossing reaf bullets and hambs.

in the statement



GROWING anti-Red underground, undeterred by failure of Hungarian revolt (above), is plaguing Kremlin with massive sabotage campaign in Iron Curtain countries



FEAR of uprisings has led Kromlin to show of might in all satellite nations. Above, May Day "scare" parade . . .



YOUNG Pales, Bulgarians, and other Red teenagers have taken to jazz, baseball, other "western" pleasures

VIENNA:

N Communist Hungary they are laughing openly at ■ new joke that has been going the rounds. A teacher asked her class. "Should we consider Soviet Russia as a friend or a hother?"

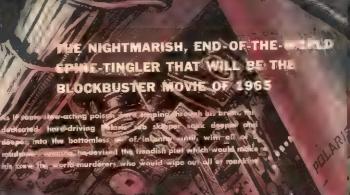
"As a brother, of course," one of her students answered promptly, "because we can choose our friends."

There are two things remarkable about that story. First is that the people in a Sordet satellite still occupied by almost so,eoo Russian troops dare circulate and chuckie openly at anti-Sordet jokes. Only a couple of weeks before, an architect in neighforing Bulgaria was sontenned to five years at hard labor for say, so the sorder of th

Even more remarkable, however, is that the Hungarian joke portrays a new spirit of independence that has swept like wildfire through the one-time slave nations behind the Iron Curtain. (Continued on page 60)



RUSSIANS have tried E please satellite people with flow of luxury items, like car (above), but Iron Curtain citizens sneer at cheap construction, faulty parts, zooming casts



WU

prve-twanging terror the story of a madpair's terrible computation to press the world doomsday button'"

—BOOK GAZETTE

JUN GAZETTE

HOURS TO DARKNESS

By ANTONY TREW

CAPTAIN Shadde's spirits rose as the morning wore on. Retaliate, was due to sail for Copenhagen after lunch, and the prospect of getting to sea again filled him with a sense of well-being.

At noon to see again finet, non with a sense of well-being.

At noon he sent for Keely and gave him a signal for enciphering,
it was to the Fing Officer Submarines, repeated to the Admirally and
to Massive, another Volaris submarine, at see and Geleborg. The
signal gave notice of Shadde's intention to sail from Stockholm at
2:00 2-M. It would be followed by a diving signal when they cleared

Regulated by permission of Random House, Inc., from TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS by Anlany Trem.

5.95 BOOKLENGTH SPECIAL

DAZN

TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS

Sandhamn. When Massive read the second signal and knew that Retaliate was at sea in the Baltic, she would

enter Göteborg.

enter Gotcoorg.

After lunch Shadde went off to his cabin. The postmen was back, but there was no letter from Elizabeth. He tried to shrug off his disappointment, but it didn't work. Why didn't she write? When her letter came, what would it

The telephone buzzer sounded; it was the engineer officer, Rhys Evans, reporting main engines ready for sea. Shadde put on his cap, slung binoculars around his neck and went up to the bridge. Lieutenants Cavan and Symington and the leading signalman were there.

Symington reported, "Steering gear tested and correct,

sir. All main vents cottered."

From the control room the coxswain's voice came up "Coxswain on the wheel, sir. Main enthe voice-pipe: gines ready

"Very good," said Shadde.

The early afternoon was warm and crisp, and Stock-holm lay bathed in sunlight under a clear blue sky. Shadde looked at his watch and then at the first lieu-

tenant. "Ready to slip?"

"Ready to slip, sir. Shadde gave his orders and the submarine gathered speed and began the passage down past the ships lying alongside the quays at Stadsgarten.

Ahead of Retaliate a small pleasure steamer was com-Aneag or retrainer a smarr pressure scenarier was con-ing up (towards the harbor, with her passengers lining the side to look at the big submarine. Watching them Shadde failed to notice the slow, at first barely noticeable swing of Retaliate's bow to port until he heard Symington's warning

In a flash he was at the voice-pipe. "Starboard twenty!"

ordered sharply.

The coxswain immediately repeated the order, but the bow continued to swing towards the Swedish pleasure

steamer

Shadde's voice was like # lash, "Wheel amidships!" And us soon as it was repeated, "Hard astarboard!" But it was

too late. Things were happening very quickly

The coxswain's voice came up urgently to the bridge. "She won't answer, sir! Pressure's gone!" At the same moment the Swedish ship sounded a single urgent blast moment the Sweden stip sounder a single trigent blest indicating that she was altering course to starboard. Shadde winced Had she altered to port they might have cleared each other. He roared down the voice-pipe, "Full satern!" And then to the first lieutenant, "The hatches—

But that couldn't help now. The Swede's stern and the Dut that content neep now. The sweeter stern and the submarine's bows were swinging towards each other. Symington heard the cries of alarm from the passengers, followed by the screech of metal as the how struck the pleasure steamer well aft and scraped down the side. The submarine rolled to starboard as she struck, but it was an oblique blow and this lessened the impact. Seconds later the steamer had swung clear again and Symington had a vivid picture of her captain standing on the wing of the

bridge shaking his fist and shouting.
In the meantime the 1st lieutenant, Cavan, raced down the In the meanume the Ist neutrenan, Cavan, taced bown the conning tower to the control room, closing the hatches behind him. He jumped across to the ship's broadcast, pressed the call push and shouted: "Collision stations! Close all watertight doors!" Then he ordered all compartments to report if there was any flooding, Shortly afterwards the forward torpedo room reported a minor leak in the pressure hull. The point of collision had been the port how of the submarine. This was fortunate because

port how of the submarine. Ins was fortunate inclusions the buoyancy tanks lay further aft. Had they been holed, Retailate would have been in serious trouble. The engine room reported that the tiller head was locked in the hard-aport position; the telemotor system which actuated the steering gear had apparently broken down

On the bridge Shadde was maneuvering the submarine with the main engines. He had reported the collision to the port authorities by radio telephone, and very soon two tugs appeared. One went alongside the pleasure steamer and nodged her off down the channel. Shadde shouted to the other by loud haller to lay off, and then proceeded to give a remarkable display of scannandip by returning to Retailet's original budy and picking up moonings without the now are and white clared Shadders.

But it was secthing, grim and white-faced Shadde; and Symington knew that the trembling hands, the tightshut mouth and the protruding veins at the temples were the portents of a storm that would soon break

Shadde went down to his cabin and flung his cap onto the bunk with a flerce gesture of despair. Then he sent

for the first lieutenant

When Cavan arrived the Captain was pacing up and down the small cabin smoking furiously, hands thrust into the pockets of his monkey jacket. From under black, bushy eyebrows he shot one scowling glance at the first lieutenant.

Cavan sat down. Shadde offered him a cigarette, then turned so that he faced the first lieutenant, his big shoulders drooped forward, hands on his knees. The dark eyes marrowed as the cigarette smoke drifted across his face. When he sits like that, Cavan thought, he looks like an eagle that's just alighted, wings not quite folded. freshly shaven chin with its deep eleft shone in the cabin lights. Cavan found himself concentrating on the mole. There was a small dried speek of blood next to it. Must have nicked it shaving, he thought

Smug bastard, Shadde thought. Never put a foot wrong. King's Cadet at Dartmouth, Term Licutenant, Rugby for the navy, Ruyal Yacht. It would be the Staff College next. Stolid, unimaginative oaf: I'll shake him up, thought

Shadde, by God, I will!

snadue; by God, 1 Will!
Shadde's voice shook when he spoke.
"There'll be no shore leave. Double up sentries fore and
array and divers and dockyard officials are coming off. Apart from there's to be no communication." with the shore."

The pacing stopped as he went over to the desk and rang for the messenger. There was a knock on the door and the seaman came

Tell the engineer officer I'd like to see him at once." "Aye, aye, sir." The messenger doubled off

W HILE they waited Shadde resumed his passing, but he gold no more to the first literature. Normally, should not this though they have been been such as the sum of the state of the sum of fever there was one. But what on earth had happened to the steering gear? The whole incident had taken less than a minute. It was difficult to sort out now what had

There was me knock on the door, and Rhys Evans came into the cabin. The Welshiman was engineer officer of Retaliate. Aged thirty-nine Evans was the oldest man on

Reraliane. Aged thirty-nine Evans was the oldest man of board. He and Shadde had joined when she was building, they had commissioned her, put her through her trials. The two men liked and respected each other, though they were so different. Shadde, very much the product of Dartmouth and the Naval Staff College; Rhys Evans, sail the quiet, stocky man from the Rhondid Valley, who has started as an E.A. and traveled the hard reason position. rant and commissioned engineer to lieutenant commander You sent for me, sir?"

"You sent for me, sir".
"What the bloody hell happened to that steering cagine?" The words exploded out of Shadde, a mixture a
recrimination and despair.
The Welshman looked hurt. "It was a failure in the

hydraulics, sir."
"A failure!" stormed Shadde. "That's # fine blowly understatement. Damn nearly wrote us off." He splutters. with anger, head thrust forward, eyes piercing the eng-neer officer. (Continued on page 68)

THE STRANGE LIFE OF THE CANNIBAL BAT

By RUSSELL PETERSON

this great winged, monsterfaced "devil of the darkness," a weird throwback to prehistoric times, is perhaps the cruelest, most voracious animal for its size in the world. A noted authority takes MALE readers into the cave-and forest world of this most mysterious of all creatures to show for the first time the murderous details of their everyday lives.

AM about to discuss with you certain bats, perhaps, of all their kind, the most dramatic. These are the rapacious "canolbal bats," bats which pursue and devour other bats.

I think you will agree with me that there is something impressive about this bat. What makes him different from other bass is what makes a figer a figer. That which thrills the spectators at a circus is not that the trainer is caged with a great stiped, sinous, shimmering beast; Continued on page 48)



STOPLIGHT REDHEAD





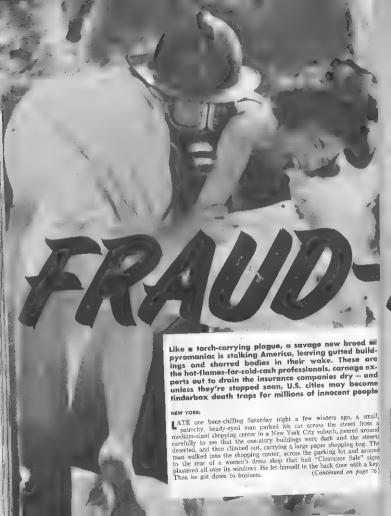




Movie startet Susan Radford's hair in so breathtakingly red it stops cars—and men—dead in their tracks on Hollywood Boulevard. But the rest (37-24-36) of this New Jersey-born charmer is shaped more like in clover-leaf intersection than a traffic light. "I don't understand why male drivers lim the brakes in soon as they see me," Susan says. "You'd think they'd know they could get into trouble that way..."









MAIN difficulty is catching firebugs, police claim, is that blaze itself destroys evidence. Small, arsanist-set blazes often turn into major fires (below)



MOST arsonists, whether madmen or "pros," give little thought to possible blaze victims—and, in many states, can't even be prosecuted for murder if people die in fires they've started



FIRES

By ARCHER SCANLON

THE NEW AND VICIOUS BILLION DOLLAR ARSON RACKET

MY SEARCH



FOR THE LOST BILLIONAIRE IN THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE OF XINGU

The adventure-loving son of the world's tenth richest man, he led a doomed expedition into South America's wildest and most primitive jungle and was never heard from again—until famed explorer George Austin, gambling his life and sanity in a year-long stay with the world's most savage and primitive people, found the answer the whole world had been waiting for. Now in George Austin's own words, MALE Magazine tells the incredible story of his terrible 12 months that solved the riddle of the Thampson expedition . . .

RIO DE JANIERO:

N IANUARY, 1964, an expedition led by the noted American anthropologist, George Austin, entered the vast continent-sized bowl of South American jungle called the Amazonas. Austin's mission was not only to investigate whatever savage tribes he would make contact with, but also to learn the fate of the illfated Thompson expedition, led by billionaire Walter Thompson's son, Peter, which had vanished without a trace in 1959.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1964, George Austin was jound in a native cance floating down the Xingu River toward the settlement

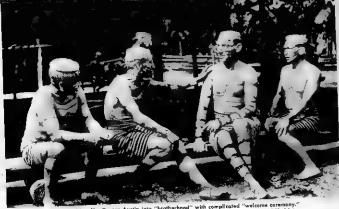


U.S. anthropologist George Austin lived with Txikao tribe of how and arrow hunters (above) for nine months, witnessed secret rituals (below, burial poles for Txikas warriers who die in battle)



AUSTIN was surprised to discover Txikaos have strong tabous against adultery. Special "morals" squad (above) throws guilty male into piranha filled paol





TRIBE initiates friendly outsiders like George Austin into "brotherhood" with complicated "welcome coremony." But short memory span of Amazon jungle people makes this blood tie no guarantee against Being killed later

of Capitao Vasconcelos. He was in a delirium and his left shoulder had been split almost down to the armphi by a machete cut. Floum to a Rio de Janario hospital, George Austin made a quich recovery, and is currently back in the U.S. MALE presents there, in his own words, the story of Austin's incredible dimann experiences.

I left Capitao Varconcelos, civilization's last outpost, a little over three months ago to travel up the Amazon River to the last uncharted region on earth, the land of Kingu. Picture the United States as one vast jungle stretching from New York to California, Canada to Mexico. This is Amazonas, the heart of South America, inhabited by lost, wild Indian tribes who kill all strangers, simply because they are strangers. It is the last wild frontier on this earth and it seems now that the moon will be colonized before this region is fully explored

and made fit for civilization.

I left one morning early in May, right after the rainy season.

I bad one cance to ride the Xingu River and with me were two

cabaclas. Cabaclas are those Brazilians, usually halfnegro and half-white, who do all the dirty work on the frontier of Brazil. They are the equivalent of our cowboys. For \$20 a month they sell themselves to some landlord, work, fight, till and die for their boss. They will fight a duel to the death on a personal point of honor. But they have the same loyalty and honesty of the old-time western cowboy and I knew I could trust them.

My two caboclos were called Nicole and Domini and braver and more faithful men never lived. They never shirked during the adventure-filled month we traveled up river to the land of the Taskao. They accompanied me to where the Kingu River joins the River of Deaths, something few white men would dare to do. They would have given their livers to protect me if I were attacked. Yet after the Taskao stealthily accepted the presents I had left for them on the jungle trails and I told my companions the plans I had (Continued on page 54)







AUSTIN brought back numerous photos of fixikaos. Above he snupped warriors smoking jumile root that secretes powerful hollucinating drug. Eight, deep in Ferest of the Black Puma, he cought warriors trying to Lloot dangerous jungle cot...





TXIKAO WOMEN, Austin found, are as sly in the art of seduction as much more civilized fermales. As part of love ritual for gaining female favor, warrises (left), prepare to swim crocedile infested Xingu River. Above, Chief facanga, in full ceremonial dress, watches fertility dance.







Men in Action

WINDOW DECORATOR. The wall-curved young dancer chove is not, as you might think, on a night club floor. She's doing her act in the window of Circ's restructurant in Hollywood, the abject being to lure customers inside



QUICK FRISK: Ignoring the Surgeon General's report, these elephants in the Baltimore, Mai', zoo rummage through keeper Clarence Taylor's pockets in search of their doily chewing tobacce ration OF THE MONTH'S GREATEST PHOTOS

OHIO HEILER: Held by the police after a Klu Klux Klan rally in Cincinnali were Klan officer Clarence Brandenberg (Joh) and American Nax! Party member Richard Hanns (rt., giving Hitler-style salute)



PARADE TO POKEY: Dixmoor, Ill., police officers lead off Negro youths arrested for throwing bottles, stones and cans at cops during vialent race rich that arupted in the Chicago suburb . . .



COOL CIIMB: Firemon carry elderly man from burning hotel in Les Angeles, Colif. (above). Also saved from flomes (rt.), in blaze that swept San Francisco's Platerman's Wharf, were waxworks of Jackle Kennady and Pres. Lyndon 8. Johnson . . .



INSIDE FOR MEN



(Continued from page 8)

A MAN'S WALLET

A VERY GOOD DEAL ON HOUSING IS THE RENTING OF HOUSES, NEW ONES, THAT BUILDERS SIMPLY HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SELL. Many builders are in this fix now, can't unload their new homes, and will rent them out, allowing you to apply 15% of the rent to a down payment on the home if you decide later you want to buy it. Fine set-up for a guy who travels and doesn't want to buy the house until he knows where he stands job-wise ...

No truth to the story that there are "suppressed inventions," products that are so good that companies don't want them to get out because they'll kill their own business. Things like cars that get 50 miles to the gallon of gas and razor blades that last forever, TRUTH IS THAT AS SOON AS BLADES WERE INVENTED THAT GOT YOU 30 SHAVES EACH, SOME SIX DIFFERENT COMPANIES RUSHED IN TO MARKET THEM...

CHEAPEST WAY TO PROTECT A VALUABLE PIECE OF JEWELRY WHEN IT'S NOT BEING USED IS TO PAWN IT ... THOSE NEW SILVER DOLLARS BEING MINTED NOW COULD BE A BONANZA FOR ANYONE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET A SUPPLY. Dealers are talking about getting \$5 apiece for them ...

Figure that the average American family owes some \$905 these days, up \$45 since

last year ...

A shortage of silver may cause the U.S. mint to make coins out of plastic or aluminum--unless some other answer is found. One trouble with the aluminum and plastic idea is that hundreds of thousands of vending machines would have to be rebuilt ...

YOU CAN NOW GET A LIVE BUFFALO FROM UNCLE SAM AT A PRICE OF \$200. Butchered, it will cost from \$220 to \$285. The meat, incidentally, is as good as any beef you've tasted.



Pigeons mess up Navy planes

Write: Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife, Fish and Wild Life Service, U.S. Dep't. of the Interior ...

NAVY READY TO COUGH UP A HUGE FEE TO THE MAN WHO CAN DEVISE A SCHEME FOR KEEPING PIGEONS AND BIRDS OUT OF AIRPLANE HANGARS...

DAILY GRIND

NOW THAT THE GOVERNMENT INSISTS UNIONS CAN'T GIVE JOB PREFERENCE TO RELATIVES, a great many jobs should be opening up in fields that were sealed off for many years. Sheet metal work is one example. Uncle Sam now says the unions have to dole out jobs on the basis of qualifications rather than family ties...

If your job requires that you show good, sharp judgment at all times, THEN PEP PILLS TO FIGHT FATIGUE ARE A BAD IDEA FOR YOU. It's been found that the pills cause you to make more mistakes ... Not very pleasant to contemplate, but the chances are eight out of ten you'll be disabled for more than three months some time during your lifetime...

Most guys-given the choice--would rather run their own show in a small place than be a number two man making much more dough in a big outfit ...

Most men who sit around complaining that you need "pull" to get a job--don't realize how much pull they have, through family, friends, church, even their former boss. And all of these influential friends are usually tickled to death to do someone a favor if only they get to be asked ..

WORST MISTAKE YOU CAN MAKE ON A NEW SALES JOB IS TO BRING BACK AN ORDER ON YOUR FIRST CALL. Your bars will get suspicious that you have made wild promises you won't be able to back up. Best idea is to play it = little cooler, build up a good relationship with your customers and then slowly begin to haul in the orders...

SPORTING CROWD

A GOOD STOCK CAR DRIVER CAN WIN AS MUCH AS \$100,000 A YEAR, but he's got to split half with the car owner if it's not his own car ...



Big drinks for athletes

THE OLD IDEA THAT DRINKING FLUIDS DURING HEAVY TRAINING SESSIONS GETS ATHLETES SICK HAS NOW BEEN KNOCKED DOWN, Coaches

today are urging men to drink water or lemonade during practice, especially when the temperature goes above 85 degrees ...

Masaichi Kaneda may be pro baseball's first Japanese star by next season. At least three major league teams are angling for the hurler who has won 20 games or more in 14 consecutive years ...

FOOTBALL EXPERTS WONDER WHAT INDOOR STADIUMS LIKE THE PLASTIC-ROOFED HOUSTON COLT 45's FIELD WILL DO TO SPORTING RECORDS. With no snow or bad weather, statistics may be blown to hell with new high-scoring

records set each game ...

COACHES FEEL THAT TOY FOOTBALL HELMETS ARE TOO DAMNED DANGEROUS, that pro helmets Should be worn even by kids ...

RULES OF THE ROAD

WHOEVER KNOCKED THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY SYSTEM WAS OUT OF HIS HEAD, This great cross-country network has already saved the average driver some \$150 as a result of reduced accidents, decreased driving time and lower car operating costs. The roads are said to prevent 7500 accidents a month .. SOME 19.000 OF OUR AMERICAN CARS NOW HAVE TELEPHONES INSTALLED ...

If the current trend continues, before long entire cars -- motors and all -- will be made of plastic. The new '65 models have 15% more plastic this year, will have even

more next year ...



Spend doesn't always kill

GREATEST CAUSE OF HIGHWAY ACCIDENTS TODAY IS NOT SPEED BUT FAILURE TO YIELD THE RIGHT OF WAY. After that comes speed ...

MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE IT, BUT IT'S ILLEGAL TO CARRY PASSENGERS IN A CONVEN-TIONAL HOUSE TRAILER ...

One complaint leveled at the new Ford Mustangs is you can rip them up pretty badly if you try towing or pushing on one that's stalled. Much better deal to use battery jumpers...

If it's safety alone you're out for, then your best bet is a flashy pink car.
It's ten times LESS likely to be involved in accidents then black cars...

POLICE INSIST THAT THE MOST DANGEROUS PLACE TO DRIVE is the shopping center parking lot. Customers usually forget all about highway precautions, drive carelessly, walk about carelessly, and as a result there are many serious smack-ups...

THE EASY LIFE

NEW TREASURY SHOWS THAT OLDER PEOPLE. CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, NEED JUST AS MUCH SLEEP AS YOUNG PEOPLE. . .

OUR SOUTHERN STATES ARE CRACKING DOWN ON SALES OF THE DEADLY PIRANHA KILLER RISH FROM SOUTH AMERICA. Fish collectors have been buying them in droves and there is m fear that the tiny flesh eaters could excepe and infest our American streams...

DEEP-FREEZING DEAD BODIES IS BEING PUSHED HARD BY SOME SCIENTISTS WHO SAY THAT REFORE LONG WE'LL BE ABLE TO REVIVE THE DEAD AND KEEP THEM ALIVE INDEFINITELY. Those who die new should be kept from burial in deep freeze vaults until the life revival techniques are worked out. Two groups are said

to be doing the freezing and storage... REALLY NO TRUTH TO THE BELIEF THAT HOT FOOD IS ANY MORE NUTRITIOUS THAN COLD FOOD ...

MEN IN UNIFORM

U.S. military has a powerful need, suddenly, for small fast attack craft such as our WW II PT boats. Especially along the China Coast and for other brush-fire wars. The Navy is embarrassed to admit that it scrapped many of them years ago ...



PT's making a comeback

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED U.S. SEA POWER HAS BEEN COMING IN MORE HANDY IN RECENT COLD WAR SHOWDOWNS THAN EVER. In the Gulf of Tonkin, it was sea power that was behind the bloody nose we gave the North Vietnamese, the U.S. having launched its aircraft from ships off the China Coast. Seapower (a maval "quarantine") made Khrushchev back down lamely in Cube and pull his missiles out of Castroland. The Marines in Lebanon, in 1958, required a "sea tail" of 25 ships to back up their one airborne battle group of 2000 men ..

IT'S LITTLE REALIZED THAT THE ENTERPRISE. IS PROBABLY THE ONLY AIRCRAFT CARRIER IN THE WORLD WITH NO WEAPONS OF ANY KIND. except the planes and bombs, and their torpedoes and rockets. Most of the guns of the other carriers have now been replaced by anti-aircraft missiles ...

IT'S A STRANGE WORLD



AUTOMOTIVE LITTER BUGS — A problem that's going to get worse is what to do about abandoned cars. It used to be that junkyards were happy to grab them for conversion into scrap. But the junkies are beginning to holler, "Uncle!" They simply have no move room left. As a result, you're going to pass more and more derelicts parked along the road, on somebody's empty lot, or anyplace the owner can find to dump his no-longer-wanted automobile. So far, no one has come up with the answer of how to stop the mushrooming junk problem.

the moment is that the women are descendants of the Amazons described centuries ago in a Spanish historian's account of Peru. He reported then that the women amputated their right breasts so that they could handle their heavy bows with greater accuracy.

FOUR - YEAR MASQUERADE — Just by putting on a white coat and walking into hospitals, a Detroit zany picked up enough medical knowledge to successfully masquerade as a doctor from catching up with them, etc. But the strangest reason on record for an unlisted number came from a 90-yearold woman in London-a Mrs. Fraence Frankenstein. Her explanation: she was getting sick and tired of practical jokers calling her up at all hours and asking to speak to "The Monster."

OPERATION SACKTIME - If you were confined to bed for one solid month, what would be your greatest desire once they let you get up and around again? Girls? Not on your life, if you accept the word of 14 college men who took a one-month bed rest in a space-science study last year. The first thing they all wanted most was some physical exercise. As one of the men put it. "I have to get up and move around. I feel like running until I'm out of breath." Of course, the second thing on their minds was girls. One of the college men commented, "I'm going to call my girl and see if she still remembers me! What the experiment, called "Operation Sacktime," did reveal was that there are no physical problems likely to come up from long periods in space cabins or from high gravity stresses during re-entry that can't be handled with the right kind of exercise.



THE FABULOUS AMAZON

WOMEN OF SOUTH AMERICA-For hundreds of years the world was teased by the legend of a tribe of beautiful Amazon women who roamed the jungles of South America. Four months ago, that legend became a reality. A civil-military expedition into the wilds of the Ucayli River region of Peru's jungle stumbled onto a tribe of Indians that fits the Amazonian description exactly. Both sexes are over-sized, the women extremely beautiful and lushly built. There seems to be little difference in the activities of the men and the long-haired, dark-eyed females. The girls accompany the men on hunting trips, and are great shots with bows and arrows. Best informed opinion at

for four years. Faking a medical school background, the incredible deceiver built up a practice that earned bin \$150,000 during the period of his bogus career. While he waits trial on the charge of practicing medicine without license, most of the "doctors" patients have stepped forward to tout him as a wonderful physician.

HELL'S BELLS!—There are a thousand good reasons why people ask for an unlisted phone number — to stop salesmen from hounding them; to step cast-off girl friends from making pests of themselves; to stop bill collectors



Naked Roommate

continued from page 25

he mid Edith knew enough to keep quiet and live to fight another day. The next few days were calm, but Dan moped about the house feeling more and more restless. He tried taking the new car out for spins, but Edith's re-marks had taken the kick out of it. He had another week to wait before his next job—he traveled for a large firm that sold industrial real estate

Dan's frame of mind began to bother Bith, too "If you're going to six here all week looking like a stormcloud, why don't you take your silly little red car and drive up to New York and look in on June I haven't heard from her for two weeks and I can't get her on the phone I'd go too, but the bridge lournament begins tomorrow."

June was the Bruneaus' only child Just 19 she was studying dress design and sharing a two-room walkup in the West 20's ("Cheaper than the Village— and safer" June had assured them) with a roommate named Saily something-or-other. Dan wasn't too keen on the idea of the New York trip He was fond of June, but he was afraid that after seeing her five minutes he'd run out of things to say, without Edith along Since June had grown up, Edith had sort of taken her over. Finally, out of bored desperation, he

packed an overnight bag and took off

DRIVING along, he started to wonder about June's life in New York Wax she happy? What was she doing was she self? Was she still a virgin or was she self? Was she still a virgin or was she mixing it up with men already? Lord knows, she must know the score by now He remembered June telling them a little while back that her roommate was "getting over a bad love affair" and had changed jobs. The roommate sounded like a real experienced cookie

This got Dan to thinking further about Sally something-or-other. He'd never mei her, just talked to her a couple of times on the phone when he was trying to reach June Real cleancut voice, fresh and clear and straight-forward But you could never tell about voices. He had a sudden picture of Sally in the hot little apartment writh-ing around on her best and mooning with pleasure while a big man whose face he couldn't visualize carefully stripped each item of clothing off her pulsing body. The daydream stopped at the tollgate just before Manhattan

He parked the car in the Kinney lot on Sixth Avenue in the Village He recalled an old, pleasant, slightly seedy hotel with a bar where a fairy played piano and sang He'd been there many years ago, but he found it quickly, just off Waverly Place. He paid for two days, cash in advance-an unbrenkable rule of the house

The minute he got to his room he dutifully called June. The phone range and rang. Finally, someone answered not June It was that crystal clear, cool-drink-of-water voice Sally blanketyblank

Yes, who's this?"
"Dan Bruneau," A long pause and

then he remembered to say, "June's father." He explained that he was in the city to see his daughter

Mr. Bruneau, it's nice to hear from you again." She sounded as though she really, sincerely meant it. I'm sorry, but June isn't home from school vet She usually gets here about six.'

Dan mumbled something about call-

Dan mumbled something about call-ing later. He looked at his watch, which showed four o'clock Two hours to wait. The girl on the other end of the about to go off the high board. "I tell you what Perhaps you'd like to come here now. Surprise Junie when she comes in?"

comes in?

Bruneau hesitated, then said what the hell to himself and, to her. "Sure, it's very nice of you, if you're not busy
He found himself being quite impatient at the cabdriver for taking so long

to get uptown to the apartment. He told himself he could put the time to good advantage. Size up this girl Sally. See if she was the right kind of roommate for June

The apartment was one flight up in the rear portion of a brick tenement that had been cleaned up and sand-blasted on the outside but remained dim and dingy inside

Going upstairs, he tried to guess Sally's face Plain, with glasses and freckles? Dark hair and impish eyes, sort of like Shirley MacLaine in Irma La Douce' Sugar-pretty like Ann Blyth or Loretta Young?

She was waiting at the door: it open-

ed inward as he raised his hand to knock And there she was Sally something-or-other Simmons Gold hair, large clear blue eyes with question marks in them Full lips, the upper one protruding slightly. Small—the top of her head came just under Dan's chin She was wearing a bright green shift that stopped above two perfect white knees. She was small, but her figure had the roundness of a miniature V>nus and incredible young breasts pushed upward against the green fabric

Dan realized he was staring at her very rudely. He started to apologize, then became aware of something quite surprising she was looking at him with equal intensity. Then her mouth opened to show a morsel of pink tongue and she said in that clear voice, "Come in and sit down, Mr. Brunesu."

GROPING his way into the front room, furnished only with a worn studio couch coffee table and three straight imitation-Swedish style Dan chairs inhaled quickly and tried to control his thought processes. All that kept run-ning through his head was one thought. repeated over and over. Lord she's a little beoutu

'So this is June's room,' be distantly heard himself saving He sat down on the couch while the girl went into the kitchen and poured sherry from a gal-ton bottle into two wine glasses

Yes, I got first call on the back room—and the telephone—since I'm the sensor roommate, and —— the large questioning blue eyes fixed on him, "because I'm the telephone answerer, that's how I got to know you."

Dan didn't believe he'd said more

than a word or two to this child on those two or three occasions when he'd phoned for June But he was recovering from the first impact of seeing this lovely young creature and he said gel-lantly, "I wouldn't want that phone moved for anything in the world."

They sat, sipping the wine very slow-

ly First they talked about June, how she was doing at school, what a fine girl she was, what a good friend ("and daughter," added Dan). Then, somehow, Dan found himself asking Sally Sim-Dan found innied asking Saily Smir mons about herself Her father had died in the War, her mother had re-married Sally came from Tarrytown. N. Y., and had originally aimed for college, but couldn't get the money together So she'd come to the city, done a little modeling, but it didn't work out Here, the lucid young voice trembled a little and Dan guessed that the "bad love affair was with someone con-lected with her modeling work "Now," she said with a faint, sad

smile, "I'm an airline reservation clerk I've been at it six months Just a half year to go and I'll be entitled to free air transportation. Then I'll make my ETM INTE

"What'll you do?"

"I'll fly out of this rotten, lying city and out of this rotten, lying country - and I'll never come back. There were no tears, but he realized that she was weeping nonetheless Dan's big square hand unconsciously

went out and touched her wrist lightly went out and tourned per wrist lightly, then drew back. "I'm sure we're not that rotten. You've had some bad mo-ments. So have I. But things get bet-ter I ought to know—I've had twice long to find out."

THE sobs stopped abruptly and she was half smiling "I'm just a big crybaby You must think I'm too young to be in the city. Mr Bruneau—but I'm really more mature than June! can't understand why I'm acting this way I never cry Not even when —" She cut harmaft off and gathered up the empty. herself off and gathered up the empty sherry glasses to refill them. Then the room, closing the door. She was back two minutes later, small white hands gesturing helplessly
"Mr Bruneau, that was one of the

kids at June's school calling to tell me that June has been invited up to Westchester overnight and that she had to run to catch the train She's visiting a out I'm the house mother and I know out I'm the nouse mother and a know it's all right. But I'm afraid you won't see June till tomorrow night."
"Well, that' that," Dan said, trying to force himself to think about the

problem that should concern him the June problem But, try as he would, wild, impossible thoughts pushed them-selves into his head—pictures of him and Sally together in wild, impossible places. Saily interrupted his thoughts.

Mr Bruneau— she started to say One small hand took hold of his and he felt a jolt run through him much like the one he'd had last full when he touched a live wire in the basement The girl's hand gripped his very tightly for a moment, then loosened and he became aware that she was leading him to the door "-I wish I could ask you to stay a little while, but I have to get ready to go out. I'm going out in a very

few minutes The big blue eyes had changed from questioning to pleading Dan said thank you and goodnight, and found himself walking down the street, heading toward nowhere in particular, which turned out to be a nice neighborhood Irish bar After three double scotches, Dan fell no better, He'd never been so miserably lonesome in his life. He hailed a cab and went back to the hotel room Then, impulsively, he went downstairs to listen to the fairy play piano



"Bood morning, sir, I'm an expert on

and sing shady songs in the lounge. It was a different fairy than the one he'd heard ten years ago, but the songs were the same and the booze was watery. He went out to the corner bought a bottle and took it upstairs.

He'd just gotten the seal off the scotch when the phone rang. Who could it be? He'd left his number with Saily for June—but June wouldn't be back until tenarrow. He picked up the receiver cautiously

"Look, I've got to explain to you," said a strange voice which he finally identified as Sally's "Can I see you for a couple of minutes somewhere?"

a couple of minutes nonsembour?

Dan braced himself to be casual.

"Sure You caught me just in time. I was about to go over the edge with a bottle Beet you at your place?"

"No, no," her voice shook. "There's a little cufe—Eddie's. It's just off Saventh Avenue at 19th. How soon can you be there."

"An easy five minutes. But, Sally, you don't have to explain anything."

"Yes I do."

Eddie's was enother nice neighborhood Irish bar, but with a difference.

hood Irish bar, but with a difference. The difference was a lovely, ripe little blonde with a protruding upper lip, sitting in the back booth, devouring a martini, Sally something-or-other

martini, Sally something-or-other. He said it "Sally something-or-other. May 1 join you? You look somewhat blue-ish."

"No, I'm just a drunk little bitch, petting drunker by the minute. I don't know why I told you to come here. But I feel so crummy and I had to explain so you wouldn't think—"

SHE trailed off to take another gulp of mertini and then went on "Mr. Bruneau—Dan—I told three lies tonight. Two to you and ton but his or any the second of the second of or art You do all kinds of funny things to me, Mr. Dan J. Bruneau of Philadelphia P.A. You make me cry, you make me lie. It's almost like a song, intuitit?

Dan kept his hands clasped together while he ordered a scotch Me felt if he touched her he'd blow sky-high. He tried to sovid the young blue yes searching his face for some kind of sign. "If you told me any lies, I'm sure they were harmless," Dan said.
"No. No. they weere't I got you up.

"No. No, they weren't I got you up to the apartment today under false pretenses. I told you June would be loome from school the the first time I talked to you, when I knew all along that she was away overnight. That was a terrible thing to do. I'm not that kind of girl, Why do you make me be that kind of girl, Mr. Dan J. Bruneau?"

He touched her head with both hands, softly like a prest She took both hands in hers and kissed them. Then the took each thumb individually and kissed and nipped it playfully. It was all he could due to stay in his sent. He thought, Lord help me to keep my hands of the transibit.

throught, tord help me to keep my hands of her tonight. What he said sloud, quite calmly, was "Saily, if it was a lie, it was also a tremendous compliment—the greatest morale booster I've ever had But, dear, don't say any more. Let's drink up and

each go our own way before something happens."

He signaled for a check, but the girl

"The other lie I told was that I had a date I wanted to be with you, but I got scared at the last minute and sent you away I'm a bitch and a tease."

Dan soothed her, being careful not to touch her again. The check came, he paid and they went out onto the street It was a deep blue night with a thin slice of moon and a faint sprin-

kling of stars
"Look, Dan, I'm drunk and I won't go

home unless you carry me across 19th Sirest." She fung one arm around his shoulders and instinctively he reached out for her, one hand brushing warm young buttocks quivering under the silten dress. He littled her up, cradiling her. A strand of gold hair blew in his face as he carried her across the street, past the acowling glance of a traffic

"That's nice, Dan, don't stop," she said, "Carry me all the way home."

SHE was round and firm, but light as eiderdown Dan Bruneau carried her all the way, unlocked the hall door, hore her upstairs and laid her down gently on the couch in the spartment.

He turned to leave and suddenly she was up and in his arms. Then they were hercely wrapped around each other, her tongue reaching like a flame into his mouth. His hands now were moving swiftly over her body.

She stopped him a moment.

"Dan, darling, I'm out of breath. Give me m cigarette and I'll tell you about the lie I told myself tonight." He touched her face lightly with the

tips of his fingers, then lit her cigarette.
"The lie I told myself, Dan, was that I want't going to let myself go to bed with you tonight."

She drew hard on the cigarette "Going to bed with men inn't something I do every ten minutes — though you probably don't believe this You thin all New York career girls are easy rolls in the hay Don't you, Dan J. Brunesu Philedelphia P.A."

"You make my city sound like a cirty word. Sally." Dan said "No. I don't think anything of the sort about you." "Well, let me tell you now that there was only one other man — only one time. And let me warn you, Dan J. Bruneau, that I was a very lousy ley

is the word I believe you fellows use. The cigarettes were smoked to the end and put out. The girl draw him of the couch and held him so close that he could feel through his shirt the fast best of her heart and the warm pulsing round of her breasts, the sipples expanding and pressing into his

His pulse was running very fast. His

hands were going up and down her fanks, over her thighs and into all the warm, secret places.

"Like to touch me?" she asked. Dan thought the question needed no

reply. Touch me everywhere, Dan, she said, Make love to me all ower, said white love to me all ower, so the said of the said of the said t

In the morning, he woke to kines, not greedy this time, but gentle, all over his body Sally, in a morning coat, was calling him to breakfast. He put his arm out to greep her but she ducked away and and "No." But he picked her up lighter than ever, and put her down on the bed. Carefully, he removed the morning coat and began to kiss her tenderly all over her body.

That morning the lovernsking was less violent, but fuller and awester — and deliciously long-drawn-out.

After, Dan ate breakfast and Belly hurried him into his suit. "June might stop in for a change of clothes before school," she explained. The name of June gave him a short

the name of June gave nim a most stab of removae. Then his mind was all on Sally "Look, darling, I'll leave now, but —"

"Dan, face il. This is one of those things Two people, both needing something special, come together at just the right moment. It couldn't ever happen for us again. Nothing's worse than a long, hopeless love affair. If dart shory of your godden life. And them there's June If she ever knew, it could wreek her. And if it went on any longer, the'd be sure to find out.

Dan's face grew gloomy and he clutched her hand tighter. Now the wap of hair was in Selly's aves as she looked up at him. 'This is

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you the was in own in own; a yet as she looked up at him. This is it. Dan The way it is now, we're better for loving each other. If we went on, it would only make us sad and dull I wouldn't like that."

He embraced her once more and went

nut the door feeling and-happy and happy-sad. He was styming for a while, but he wasn't giving up. He wondered, so he headed downtown toward his hotel, how Sally stood on the question of middle-aged men and convertibles.

PHOTO CREDITS

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Cannibal Bat

continued from page 31

the spectator knows he is caged with Death The name Megaderma alludes in all probability to the large, naked ears. He might better have been named Morz, for Death, in the bat world, is exactly where he is

There is nothing shocking about death is nature Nature is death, as it is life

is life.

A carnivore is one which devouss fieth. Put that way, it is hardly appeting. But it is true. There is an entire order in the animal world which eats nothing else You and I are omnivores—which means, perhaps, that we are less (astidous Tigers, 60s, and other cernivores—the lot of them—are insident, on their fare. No proper do

There is more than one carniverous but To be sent, there are four — at least there are four of which I am certain; there may possibly be others: Megaderme is a southeast Asian genes. The popular name for this bat is read to the popular name for this bat is read to the popular name for this bat is read to the popular name for the bat is read to the popular name for the bat of the name. The popular name for the name is a sent to the dubious title the true Vampire" was based on a myth, and the heir to the dubious title the true Vampire of Central America, is half a world away and about as difficult as a bat can be more proposed to the name of the na

ONE Colonel McMaster of Rangoon (relates Allen) reported two canames killed by Megaderma The bat squeezed between the thin wire bars of their case Another report describes not only the destruction of bats, but the con-sumption of frogs. The bat's habit of dining is evidently to fly to the wall of a house with his captives and there dismember them at his lessure, letting the fragments fall to the floor. Occasionally the heads of mice are found and many kinds of small birds From Cevion and Burma there are reports of these buts hovering over trees and hunting through shrubs searching out the nestlings of birds. Among the birds it seems to prefer are the little white-eyer sunbirds, and flower-peckers as particular favorities. Observers from localities where the bals are reasonably abundant describe the sound of dropping parts of bodies as not an uncomroon one Apparently bats, birds, and frogs are not the only victims of these bats. They are also known to fly up and down walled areas picking up nonturnal lizards and geckos

Macrosterms is an Australian but, frequenting the more tropical northern half of the country Even in Australia the name False Vampire is occasionally used, but the name which I found more current (whee the bat was known at all) was Ghost but By first (and only) encounter with this but happened in this way:

I was leading a soological expedition, for the American Museum of Natural Mistory in New York, into the outback of north central Australia We had been many weeks in the field and were well "labeled during the control of the control

Now we were approaching the Calvert Hills quadrant, past Wallogorang Station in the Northern Territory The endless miles of black-soil plains were behind as Ahead in rock Jenes and the second of the second section in a second section in the section of a cave some hundred or shoring our first ventures was the investigation of a cave some hundred or shoring loss to the second section of a cave some hundred or shoring loss to the second section of a cave some hundred or shoring loss to the second section of a cave some hundred or shoring loss that is a second section of a cave some hundred or shoring loss that is a second section of a cave some hundred or shoring loss that is a second section of the second section of the second section of the second section of the second section is section.

UPON entering—a "stead-top" entrance—we found it to be a small cave but deep enough to be very dark At first our lights showed us nothing Then we found some fresh pieces of bats strawn about — which seemed old stream about — which seemed to have been to be a strange. They seemed to have been torn apart. Suddenly there was a rush of something quite large and seemingly very white past our one amail pellet of lead killed a Mecroderma. We were fortunate, for at mach close range we could have blown the bat into pieces. We brought him out into the light—for a quick further single bat — and all of us marveled at his form and character. The aboriginas who had secompaned us (only to the mouth of the cave) enhuliastically pointed their flagers at the bat and kept galls.

An hour later, in a state of great rejoecing, we were led to another cave, which was indeed a burial cave where the first was not. It had no stand-up entrance but only a low and narrow flooure through which we painfully inched on our backs. It led inwards and upwards past niches filled with the forgotten bones of those aborigines who long ago went to the Land of the Dreaming Soon the serpentine pessage opened up into a sort of vaulted dome with a rock chimney going still further up We stood up, knees cramped and elbows bruised. Our headlights showed nothing until, in scanning the rock shelves we experienced another explosave rush of white-bodied bats. In the unlit second at took to consider how not to shoot one another, the bats were of the chimney and gone. There were five, all Macroderma, From far up the impassable chimney we heard muffled shots One of our party had remained outside and no doubt had seen the excelus But we were disappointed to find, upon emerging from the cave, that our friend had missed with both barrels. We spent a full week exploring every cranny and crevice for miles around

but we never saw them nor any of their

kind again.

On that memorable day we turned to our single specimen lying deed on a stone, guarded by a black boy. We photographed him, stretched him, the head of the special beautiful and the special black beautiful and the special black. The heat had pure white membernes, feet, and ears, and a pure white day color; his back alone was of the and the special beautiful and the s

constituderens, for all his size and beauty, in or doubt as Hood-lusting and careless with his table manners as his cousins From other reports Macro-derms, more than any other, is a "cannulation to conventioning more on ravaging his kind than on kidnapping bottle from what. I be the supplied to the result of the supplied to learn that they are able to pursue and capture their prey in the nie, after the fashion of the goshewit.

Quite separate from the carmivores and cannibalistic forms we have just ductused are those equally cold specialists of the bat words, that I rail, lumping them together, the Fishermen. In another chapter we have already rowered the fact that such batt wist, but their operations are so remarkable I think they deserve some further seen-

There are purportedly, three apacies of bats which catch Sah One large Assan spaces is thought to live or flish, their habits are little known however, and not mich more can be said very and the strength of the strongly contrasting dark back and nearly white undersade It is to be found only along the Gulf of California as region underturately quite inscersible for convenient study. On the side of the strongly convenient study of the strongly convenient study in the property of the strongly convenient and the strongly convenient and the strongly convenient and the strongly convenient are in the shown time just above the tidal mark, but also, specimens are to be found in small crannies and under loose stones on the beach. Their cavern flash, but It is suspected that their fare is by no means all from the sess eviet in the sess evi

THE wingspread of Paronar is it inches, and its flight in service Little inches, and its flight in service and inches in the service and inches in the service and in the service and in the service with the service with its feet or whether, perhaps, it skirns low over the water and caches small fish which jump from the water in frightened effocts to escape the bright reflection.

dence of bestles and other insects has

repeatedly been found.

of the bat's shining white underparts. They fly shoard only at night and prefer the most darkened recesser of their caves for, it has been observed, they seem to sense the diurnal dangers of the thousands of gulls and preclatory seen birds which also frequent the same rocky Mexican sescont. It has been seen to be chased and quickly caught by alert gulls.

The most dramatic, and bust known, of the fish-eating bats is NortiNo

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FICIENCY III THE JAPANESE SYSTEM OF SELF-DEFENSE THAT USES NO MACRON THE LAFARNESS TYSTEM OF SUL-DEFENSE THAT DASS NO WARPONS BUT BARE MANDS. I Speem many sparse in Japan Exercise thereing three warping and the succession of the success

use of an EASY-to-Learn knowledge vital body areas and the techniques of the use of just ONE Finger or the entire hand to counteract & overcome e hand to counteract & overcome violent attack. It is commonly known that with the ald of Yubiwaza, known that with the aid of Vabiwazas, young men - and girls, tool - with only a few hours of training, turn back 2. Nad even 4 attackers - tem-porarily DSABLING ONE, putting Another to flight making a third how with pain, while the fourth begged his opponent to stop!

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show you, too, through clear, easy to understand photos, every secret guarantee to make you o YUBI WATA specialist in hours—or every WAZA specialisi in hours-or away rent you point of will be refunded. You don't have to attend my school and the rent of the re juvanile delinquents who suspect neither lives not property. When you apply YUEIWAZA methods, you can cut an aggress down with JUST ONE FINGER! ? down with JUSI ONE FINGER Tool can disarm an opponent rushing you with his first, a broken bottle, a revolver or any kind of bludgeon. You can furn an aggressor's affock inter your mediantage with only one finger or your bars hands. No mortinger or your bars hands. No mortinger or your bars hands. ter how "hat" his action gets. TUBIWAZA keeps you "an lap." You can apply simple pressure of your finger against any one of a dasen or more vital nerve century of your appoint and watch his gan or knife fell from his limn hand while he. or knife fall from his limp hand while he himself sinks to the ground completely helpless and faint if the neighbarhood bully pushes you, you

"I WEIGH ONLY 98 LBS. CAN PARALYZE A 200 POUND ATTACKER WITH JUST A FINGER -BECAUSE I KNOW YUBIWAZA!"

says Yoshie Imanami Pretty Japanese wife of N.J. Fleming - Yubiwaza Master

on make him say "uncle" qui-with the help of YUBIWAZA! MASTER EVERY SITUATIONI

Make no mishele! The world is crowded with ani social enemies who think nathing of ejideing or heifs into the ribs or attacking pages loving clisters, just for the fun of it or molecular have peace loving different just for the fun of it or molesting boys and girls shomelessly. There is a crying need for a system of sell-defensa that relies on KNOWLEDGE, not big muscles or strength. That depends on TECHNIQUE has un depends on TECHNIQUE and on weight or size of body. Hus is bound on simple TRAINING met on illegal possession of weapons. When you know YUBIWAZA you can disarm and dispole your opponent in seconds. You can repail a mugger who grobs you from behind—no matter how big | Is ar behind—as matter how big IIII is a new how much he welght. Instantly you know WHERE to quock, and how you can be body! more volume. You can the body! more volume you have you can up to take, and your position to take, and your apply to maximum advantage, it have a loom pecked will I have a loom pecked will I have a loom pecked will I have a loom cleak of III in your concluded to the control of the pecked your pecked will be the pecked with the have profusely illustrated and clearly explained. I take you step eleorly explained. I take you step by step through the fundamentals of this amazing system to had you nodest send clearly and immediately controlled the step of the step of the step You, learn those tricks used by You, learn those tricks used by marines, police and G-men how to Soot any bully. I have to count visit speak that will make any orthoder highly the fourther wheth when the step of the step of the wheels, you can overpower practice colly now opposite the wheels. You can overpower practice colly now opposite the pread of the collection of the pread of pread of pread of pread of pread of pread of pread pread of pread of pread of pread prea

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ieporinus. Nocitile leporinus has a wideearge, from Cuba to northern Argentinas. Mocitilo is physically impressive,
being large and extremely muscular
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and as general process tawny culor, and
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narrow white stripe down the center
of the back. The face is oddly framed
by extremely pointed ears and
is a much a longether curious appearance. The flight is powerful and stiffwinged, but not particularly fast.

Wordlish has been the subject of much controversy, for its fishing abilities have been known for over a hundred years. The facts of its actual habits, however, have only recently been revealed, for only within the patients which would conjument the properties of t

THE reason for the controversy I mentioned was that since nothing could be proved about the bats' actual fishing habits, rumn and loosely-kini hypotheses were, of course, free to race with out cheek. Every thing the control of the course of

Bloodel's photographs were made with a captive hat enclosed in a screened porch. A shallow pan 30 by 78 inches was filled with water in which small fishes were allowed to swim freely. Cameras and high-speed lighting for their operations were arranged at precise angles to record the bat's every action over the water. What resulted was a magnificent series of pictures which told the entire story. Noctilio would fly over the pan, then, skimming very low near water level, would sud-denly, by using the calcar "strut," lift the membrane between its legs as contact was made and lower its hind legs in full flight, causing twin furrows on the surface of the water. The fish were gaffed by the sharp and highly curved claws as one might gaff a tune brought to boatside. Then, it was seen that the bat lifted its feet and immediately grasped the fish in its teeth as well as still keeping hold with one or both feet. Finally, still in full flight, the bat would grasp the fish more securely in the teeth and fly to the rousting site and est it. It was seen that fishes lying as much as a full inch under water could be taken-fishes as long as four

At this juncture Dr. Griffin and his exhaustive studies with sound in best soile to carry the story further. Dr. Griffin, having spent many hours cances filled with electronic equipment, was able to say that fishing is selective, the bat lowering its feet at certain times and not others, and that its sonic pulses are not all of one type, but seem



"Why don't we have an evenue bex to sit on like the Joneses?"

no vary indicating, possibly, that different types of locatory information are relayed to the bat. One might expect that as faint ripples were made by a fish near the surface an extremely high frequency of sound might be made to sudget, but does not least like the sursuggest, but does not least like made no subjity, that such that the surface of subjity, that such that the surface of small bubbles of air or other lease of small bubbles of air or other gases from their swim bladders.

Gertainly and the service about McCertainly all of the put the fact is that the at a fisherman—whatever the final secret of his method and an effective fisherman Greenhall, in Trimdad, records two further points of interest: as Northito hew of the secret and th

NOW then, we come to the "vampire"

I rather think it wearing, myself all this business about the dead jumping up out of their graves and wandering about at night aucking blood from persons asleep. But that, in some hundreds of versions and aberrations, is always the way it turns out.

It is, I thin settle of view. It is, I thin settle or view. It is, I thin set a circumstrate. The African Massi are known to keep cattle and to periodically bleed them through the neck. This bot blood they mix with milk and keep the mixture in skith basis. They are said to eat little case. They are said to eat little case they are said to eat little case. They are said to eat little case they are said to eat little case. They are said to eat little case they cannot be considered to the case of the case of

Not, to imply that bats are really very important in all this as a general thing. Anything which breaks the skin, from a soup tin to a lion's claw, introduces the same possibilities, in greater or lesser degree. It is obvious that a rusted and Jagged tin left lying in

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The problem of keeping your hairof not becoming bald-thus is believed a problem of reviving follicles back into production from rest, and of keeping up a full blood supply.

Medical Principles Set Up

This is all very plainly stated in "The Biology of Hair Growth," a summary of the London Conference papers on the biology of hair growth as edited by Drs. William Montagna and Richard A. Ellis. (The Academic Press, New York and London.)

"Increased production can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles, and preventing them from going into a permanent resting stage."

Then this further statement is made: "With ageing there is a progressive transformation of growing hair follicles into lanugo types (those that produce fine, short hairs-as on the back of the hand). The growing hair follicles are vichly vascularized (supplied with blood vessels) but the lanugo bairs have only one or two capillaries associated with their bair bulb."

These concise statements set up the medical principles which must be recognized and met in the prevention of baldness or reuvenation of "stagnant" fol- 🙉 🍙 licles. WORLD-FAMOUS







These pictures are not passed by a professional model. They are actual "haliant" and "after" sicrous of a use of the Moose Pino discribed here. The next document in the professional profe

Meeting these principles is the Brandenfels Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage developed by Carl Brandenfels of St. Helens, Oregon,

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Delay Intreases Problem

Remember that even on smooth bald heads hair roots may still be alive and capable of growing hair again after proper stimulation, "Increased hair production can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles-preventing them from going into the permanent" resting state.

Every day you delay may make your problem just that much more difficult.

REPERENCES: The Bank of St. Helans, the United States National Bank and Chamber of Commerce, all of St. Helens, Oregon.

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Their voices are calm and respectable but the oily obscentites they spout are as black as the English language can plack as the English language can plack as the respective to the place of the place of the place of the place of the place can be place called the place called the

In February MALE On Sale December 31

sewage is a far greater hazard than a sarageon's scalpel. However, even the surgeon's scalpel, so recently sterilized, is not always as free as one might think from contamination. The incisive teeth of a specialized but are as skillfully employed as any surgeon's Krife, but they too must be evaluated to contamination, and in no other. Very offer we find that one thing or Very offer we find that one thing or

Very often we find that one thing or another is named after an animal. In this case, the animal was named after nothing an animal was discovered which was found to "suck" blood, and as often as not to take blood from the neck, there was no alternative; it must needs be called Vampire. Thist was that. I alwaled and I think you will agree that you would too.

Scientifically, this bet's name is any of three: Desmodus, Diphylla, or Dinemus. It is Desmodus who is the true "Vampire," no other. And I am not being facetious when I say he looks like the very devil. He does.

It does not take much imagination to sketch in some sulphurous wings and an arrow-tipped tail—or however it is the state of the state o

PEOPLE often my that but are "leathneed" while it he same time they are out. Hereding Herod at the stock market or whining about the lateness of an inheritance. A bat is simply an animal -much higher than that a manmal. Peter Lorre, or Boris Karloff. No one must drive a stake of holly through his heart; he simply dies, like any other batter of the state of the state of the world of the state of the state of the way to rot, no more nor less than we will rot ourselves. He is a rnammal, a bat. This is what he consists of in

Desmodus is medium-sized and close-furred bat with small pointed ears and a quite small nose-leaf. The wingspread is about 15 inches. He has

a greatly elongated thumb and two soft peds at his wrist—both thumb and pais being tools of his trade, as clamp and glove belong to a surgeon. The color is drab gray-brown with lighter underparts. The skull is very broad, this affording room and the proposed the same of the state of the same of the state of the same of the same

Desmodus is commed to only ine warmer parts of the notropical belt. It lives in darkened caves and is often found roosting in the same caves which shelter many other kinds of bats—on which, oddly enough, it does not prey. They would appear to breed all year round and have, as do most bats, only

one young at birth.

THE habits of this bat are truly unique because, as we have said, no other bat—nor any other other bat—nor any other possesses like tools, are the possesses like tools, are the collection of t

This bat, with those extraordinary teeth, takes the merest slice of skin, so that the blood wells up swiftly and surely for his purpose. Give him his due. You must. The Vampire bat is as truly remarkable as any animal that has walked—or flown-the earth.

At just about this time, when the defense is beginning to feel some sort of confidence someone will ask: "What about rables?"

Hables is a disease of the nervous system in which violent convulsions and paralysis follow any attempt to swallow water, hence its other name, "hydrophobia". Fatal to man and most other margins by transmitted only by direct contact by bite or scratch from an infected victim.

The disease in called rabies (from the Latin rabidus, "raving," as in madness).

Bats have undoubtedly been spreaders of rabies from the first instance of a bat's having contracted the disease.

Returning to the Vampire, it must now be clear that they are not the only bats which could and do spread rables. The Vampire, however, is in-deed to be reckoned with because its habits cause it to rupture the skin casing of other animals. And it is a point of singular interest-but about which little is known-that this bat is among the few animals to which rabies is not necessarily fatal. Man is not singled out for attack: cattle, dogs, poultry, and birds are used as fountains of food. And rables is only one disease transmitted by Vampires. Another is "murrina," a blood parasite most destructive to cattle and horses. Possibly yellow fever may be carried as well. Another distinctly black mark is the open wounds caused by Vampires often, particularly in animals, become in-fested with fly maggets. There is, of course, an antirables vaccine as well as like remedies for other diseases. However, it should be clearly evident that prevention is a far better antidote than any other

Desmodur can be kept in capitity for on the long periods if fed on cattle blood. It has been made that a single Vampire the same capet in the same capet in

gallons each night! After the wound is made, the tongue is used, not to lap as would a dog, but to form a sort of tube in conjunction with the deep groove in the lower lip, thus channeling the blood in an even flow, as through a straw. The tongue remains protruded and is moved only in pistonline short strokes. The blood is drawn in beneath the tongue, while he top remains free of blood. As the flow lessens, the tip of the tongue is used gently to agitate and thus stimulate the welling fount. Another most interesting part of the physiognomy of Desmodus is that where other bats have stomachs of varying size and capacities, so specialized is the Vampire that he would seem by comparison to have vir-tually no "stomach" at all. Of course, he has a stomach, but (when empty) it is extraordinarily tubelike.

Victims are bitten on exposed areas such as the lips, ears, or anal region or





Seated, J. to r.: Bennett Corf., Falth Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bluce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratchiff. Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling.

Ratcliff. Photo by Philippe Hulsman

"We're looking for people who want to write"

If you show aptitude worth developing – 12 famous authors stand ready to train you for professional writing success

By Gordon Carroll, Director of the Famous Writers School and Coronet and former editor of Reader's Digest, Time, Inc. and Coronet

If you want to write, my colleagues and I would like to test your writing aptitude. We'll help you find out whether you can be trained to become a successful writer.

be trained to become a successful writer. We know that many men and women who could become writers — and should become writers — never do. Some are uncertain of their talent and have no reliable way of finding out if it's worth developing Others, who are surer of their ability, simply can't get top-notch professional training without leaving their homes or giving up their jobs.

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on thinly covered areas such as, in cattle, on the neck or horn-bases Pugs are said to be bitten principally on the nose and in the case of sows, on the tests, where the nipples may become so scarred as to stop the flow of milk Small birds are known to have been drained of blood, and thus killed, in a single night. Dogs and cornivores are mostly bitten on the nose or ears, while humans are commonly bitten on the fingers, tows, ears, forehead, or on the

There is yet soother facet occasionally brought up which crudits the Varayy brought up winten creatis the vani-pore with textuding a soportific scent which he wafts toward his intended victim by gently hovering in front of its face. Certainly but have scent glands, but I am very disinclined to believe that any would be capable of putting one to alseep. Quite the other

way round, in fact!

Altogether, it would seem that the Vampire is as unsavory as any beast one might imagine I can think of worse, however The hvens is one. Another is the human degenerate But it must be considered that each (except the last) has his purpose, however hid-den it may be from us. I caution you not to judge too hastily. The Vampire is scarcely more guilty than your romp-ing kitten one, the bat, was made to sucuse and drink; the other, to rund

IN Trinidud, when natives are asked

Coming in February MALE FRENCH GIBLS' BARRACICS

Pushed out of their native land by the German invasion in 1940, this group of young French urany girls fived toauthor in a rundows moroson in wortime Landon, Some were as tender and innocent es convent girls, others es twogli, bowdy and cynical us a Parisian strantwalter in this classic account, a brilliant author who was one of them

records their intimate, revealing and cometimes shacking adventures. SENSATIONAL BOOKLENGTH IN FEB. MALE

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about wounds that were obviously caused by Vampires, they often profess comment by emissive, trey other profess to have been bitten instead by a "jour-compant" or "jumble," a blood-sucking evil spirit. The jumble, they say, is really an old woman who stright sheds her skin and files off as a ball of fire. She takes her meal on you as does the 'vampire," sucking your blood They wampire, stocking your motion. I may have the jumble. One is to locate her shed skin and sprinkle hot pepper on it, thus burning her up. Another is to active race outside the door, which she must count, grain by grain, before she can enter and reclaim her skin. If the jumbie is over caught without her skin she be is ever caught without her sum she may be disposed of by "placing her in a nail-spiked barrel full of tar and rolling the barrel into the ocean." I wonder if any but or any creature, or any thing is as weird as the human wind?

Forgotten Village

continued from noce 39

made to live with these Indians and so gain their confidence, these two brave eshocios refused to accompany me my further. They begged me not to do any-

thing so foolish Nicole spoke for both of them. rescore apone for nom of them. The Indian is a mysterry be said. "They live with you like brothers for as months, even a year, then one morning for no reason at all, they thep off your head with a machete."

need with a macrosts.

I knew that what Nicole said was true. The South American primitive mangredictable. But I fattered myself that my wide reading and experience would enable me to forestell any such dangers. I allowed my two ceboclos to leave and myself made camp on the bank of the Kingu and waited for the appearance of the Txikao

(A sad and ironic note must be made here Domini and Nicole never did make it back to civilization. They were caught by a marauding tribe of Miking

and their heads taken.)
Finally I was alone on the banks of

Finally I was alone on the banks of the Xingu River; one of the man off-shoots of the Amazon. The Amazon and its tributories are filled with kilbers and the state of the shoots of the Amazon and the shoots of the giant anacondas, tree-trant them naskes that honk like geese when they are angry and are squally at home on land or water. Crocodies, shy but deadly, wait their turn.

If the Trikao did not like my gifts i might soon vanish in those black waters

and never be heard from again.

I waited for almost four hours after

the enbocos sailed downstream. Then suddenly above the bank I saw a band of four Trikes warriors watching me One who was obviously their chief, were a lip disc of wood that distended his lower lip a good three inches out over his chin Strange as it seems, if

looked very well on him.

I immediately raised both arms above my head, leaving my 24 bore rifle on the ground. In civilized countries, rassing the arms above the head is a signal of surrender among primitive Indiana it is one of friendship. Perhaps there is a long-distant connection between the two meanings of the gesture. Now the Tzikao advanced toward me and I shouted "Inavu" which is their word for all kinds of pleasure and also their word for God. They smiled at me and advanced I had some presents in reserve which I immediately gave, making sure the chief with the lip disc received those most desirable. After two hours of difficult sign language and a hours of difficult sign language and a-mixture of Portugese, Takitkao, and pidgin Spanian, I came to understand that the chief's name was Jacanga Then I made them understand I wished to live in their hux They were flet-tered and delighted by my trust in them and instantly agreed Though I knew that these Indians had probably murdered the Thompson expedition, I felt no real feat. The most dangerous moment had passed flince they had not killed me on the spot because I was a stranger, they would not be likely to kill me afterwards unless I made some fatal error in tribal manners

The Tzikeo Indians are perhaps the ane axisso indistris are pernage the best warriors in the Amazonas They are only of medium height, averaging 8%, but they are beautifully built for travel through the jungle They are lithe, with tiger-cat muscles, and they move as quickly and freeze as illently so the black pures whose forest they share. They are also extremely brave and will attack even the giant Kreen-Abstrore warners when they move through the Forest of the Black Pussa I entered the tribal life of the Tailean

at an interesting time Rimbu, brother the chief Jacanga, had found out that a fellow Trikes warrier was working" his wife, as the Indiana put weeking nie wie, as the invision paid it One morning he rose early and with his brother and friends penned a small pool on the bank of the Kingu river When the water filled with the sabretoothed piranha fish, he closed the en-

trance to the pool

Then Rimbu went to the hut of his Then Rimbu went to the new of wife's lover, and using his war club only on the shoulders and lindy (tribal law forbade him striking fellow villagers on the head), he stuned the lover into helplessness. Then they inver into helplessness. Then they dragged the jungle Don Juan to the pool and dangled him above with lisms. vines Finally they lowered him into above his hips

They watched as the piranha fish ate the lower half of the man's body while he lived. Then they drew out the body which was only a bloody skeleton be-low the waist and cast it into the but of the unfaithful wife It is interesting to know that Rimbu forgave his wife and took her back after this incident I briefly considered whether Peter Thompson had met a similar fate for of "bage a similar resoon.

THIS primitive tribe, so far bohind civilization in everything else, seems modern in one curious respect When momern in one curious respect when a woman steals another woman's husband, they decide ownership with a limite duel But they are not permitted to fight to the death Women are too yaluable to these dying tribes. Women furnish the dwindling huts with new warriors, they tend the fields, they do all the work. It is no wonder that they are the first prize in warfare. When a village is slaughtered, even the fierce Juye spare the women of child-bearing

age and carry them off into captivity.
The fish that had eaten the man were themselves eaten in the reconciliation foost Rimbu made that night But since any Txikao warrior with sexual knowledge of women as not permitted to kill fish, the oldest son of Jacangs, a boy

sinh, the oldest son of Jacanga, a boy coiled Kuleamane, apent the whole afternoon appearing the penned-in picture of the penned-in picture. A month after this Kuleamane was initiated into full weariorhood. For a full year he had been keep in a hut away from the sun so that his dark and year he had been keep in a hut away from the sun so that his dark also he was given hisked thunks of a special wood which he beat with a heavy atake until it was all pulgy. Then he put the wood chunks into a calabath and poor this Ada. Seltzer 10. calabash and poured water over term.
The liquid foamed like Alka-Seltzer It
had a soapy taste. This was the poison
called "Timba," used to catch fish But
Kuleamane had to drink it every day
to grow fat and tough. This sometimes was fatal to young warriors and indeed

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Kuleamane became completely paralyzed and a hammock was slung in the forest so that he could die in peace. However, I shot him full of penicillin and now he was ready to become a man

Kuleamane had been a great hunter Ruleamane fact open a great numer of fish but now with his initiation into manhood his deadly spear would be lost to the tribe. For one of the rites was tasting the mysteries of woman That night the great dance began

The women formed a circle and beand thick with passion welcoming the

arrival of a new mate.

Two naked warriors held the boy who had only a white sash tied around his waist. A bamboo stick was thrust between his teeth and black stripes painted on his face and then the women descended upon him as if they would tear him limb from limb

The women were m naked, their long pointed breasts stabbed into the boy Their glistening buttocks whirled in the twilight shadows of the jungle It was impossible to see what the women were doing to the young lad but when the music grew louder and more insistent they looked like a horde more insistent they tooked have winder of wild animals devouring some poor defenseless jungle beast. Then the music softened and the women swirled away and I could see the young boy lying almost senseless on the jungle earth. The men laughed and carried him to the hut in which he was to stay hidden from the sun for a month

While this festival was at its height and Jacanga in high good spirits, I casually asked him about the Peter Thompson expedition. Jacange immediately became sullen and refused @ speak to me the rest of the night,

AT the beginning of my fourth month in the huts of the Txikao, their chief, Jacanga, decreed a raid on the Waura tribe

The Waura had become the most powerful tribe in the Amazonas because they were the only ones who had mastered the art of making earthen-ware pots Therefore all other tribes had to remain on good trading terms in order to get this invaluable cooking utensil. But Chief Jacanga, an unusual utensil. But Chief Jaconga, an unusual primitive Machiavelli, decided to capture the Wattra women who made the pots. Then they would kill their husbands and "touch meat," the primitive term for taking heads

The Txikae needed heads to fertilize their mandioca fields and so assure a good crop Every Indian believes the soul of m warrior is in his head and souls are the best fertilizers for the

mandiocs root.

I knew now that I must win Jacanga's whole-hearted friendship before he speak to me about the fate of Peter Thompson Therefore I decided to accompany the Txikao war party against the Waura Doing so would give me confidential family status within the tribe. I could then be told its innermost secrets without fear of tabu

The next morning I sailed with the Trikan war party down the river Xingu in search of the Waura huts. We sailed for three days and then marched into the forest. Jacanga's brother Rimbu went ahead as scout and on the morning of the fifth day we rested in the jungle a mile from the Waura village

I hope never again to witness in my lifetime the terror of that day Jacanga, Rimbu and their 20 warriors waited until the Waura men left the village to go fishing down the river They waited patiently for two hours. The women moved around the huts on small chores Little children frolicked and played with tame jungle creatures: pet monkeys, dogs, and capivaras, a rodent larger than a pig.

Suddenly Jacange gave the serie human scream of the puma and the They held their spears like stabbing knives and they slaughtered everything that moved Rimbu picked up a small his spear as if he were punching holes in a wooden board. When the body became slimy with blood and intestines, he let it fall. His next victim was the child's pet monkey which screamed with an even more human terror than the child as Rimbu flicked out its eyes

Other warriors were dancing through groups of helpless women, stabbing right and left as if to some sort of wild joyful music Jacanga was carefully

Look for the Sign of the Diamand

with his spear-point

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herding out the young women who would be taken back to the huts of the Txikao to make earthenware pots and breed fresh warriors But the older women were shown no mercy In 15 short minutes what had been a peaceful village was a bloody slaughterhouse of torn children, women dying in agony with mutilated breasts and pierced pelvis bones, and pet animals reverting to their savage beginnings by licking the human blood that was forming a stream around the huts. These animals, too, did not escape the savagery of the Trikao but were skewered on the hunting knives of the crazed warriors.

Then Jacanga made an ambush for the returning Waura warriors He and his warriors waited at the landing beach, concealed by the heavy liana

When the Waura men returned, the fighting was swift and terrible. There is something inhumanly frightening about seeing completely naked then fight to the death. They rip each "ther's flesh

as visibly as animals and die with as little dignity. Five Waura warriors fell at the first onslaught and the rest were driven into the Xingu River where their wounds and blood brought clouds of piranha fish down upon them, folor piranna his down upon them, fol-lowed by the huge water anacondas honking like geese. Jacanga and his men war-clubbed the survivors into the deeper waters and then threw the tainted and now tabu war clubs after them.

ed and now tabu war clubs after them.
When we returned to the huts of
Trikao, Jacanga boasted of seven
Waura heads and 10 young skilled
women. It was the greatest victory in

the history of the tribe

A great tribal feast was proclaimed
and it was while Chief Jacanga was shrinking his captured heads that snrinking his captured heads that I finally persuaded him to tell me the story of what had really happened to the Thompson Expedition Now flushed with victory, superstitiously grateful to me as a good luck charm since I had been one of the war party, Jacanga was about to solve a mystery that had baf-fled the civilized world for over four sted the civilized world for over four years I was about to accomplish the primary mission of this particular expedition to the Amazonas To find out what had happened to Peter Thompson

what had happened to refer Thompson
Peter Thompson had been the only
son of Walter Thompson, a Texas oil
tycoon Unlike most sons of the rich,
Peter Thompson was serious. He preferred work to play, accomplishment to debauchery. He took his master's degree in anthropology and led some very successful expeditions into the wildest successful expeditions into the whitesi parts of Africa In 1959, he resolved to find the legendary lost cities of the Incas that many scientists still believe exist in the vast jungle. Peter Thompson plunged into the forest in 1959, right after the ramy season. He and his two companions were never heard from again.

His father, the billionaire Walter Thompson, sent in four rescue expe-Thompson, sent in four rescue exper-ditions, sparing no expense They had no luck They did carry back uncon-firmed reports that the party had been killed by the unpacified Txikao inkilled by the unpacified Txikao In-dians in the Forest of the Black Puma but of this they had no proof. So it 1963 when I was organizing my own expedition to gather dats on the natural and human resources of the Amazonas, I was approached by the senior Thompson with a generous proposition He offered to pay for all my future expeditions if I brought back certain proof of his son's death I agreed to undertake this additional commission.
I also read in his eyes the wild hope that I might find his son alive I did nothing to encourage this hope, knowing how doomed it was to disappointment

Gleefully shrinking his captured heads, with a brand new lip disc to recaptured place the old one he had lost in battle. Jacanga prepared to tell me the story l had waited so long and risked my life to learn I was about to hear the true history of what had happened in young Peter Thompson in 1959, a story that could make my fortune if I ever got back to civilization alive

IT was the year my youngest son cried in the belly of his mother, Jacanga said For so Indians measure the small sturdy boy time I looked at the small sturdy boy playing with the severed heads. He looked about four years old. The time

was right Jacanga spoke on
"We saw the three white men in the
cance coming up the Xingu They had great cannons (rifles) and so we kept away. But then we saw that they were

le with as arriors fell rest were ver where ght clouds them, folanacondas

a and his rs into the fter them e huts of of seven ng skilled victory in

proclaimed canga was all me the ppened to ow flushed grateful to ince I had canga was t had beiover four ticular ex-To find out Thompson.

h the only Texas oil the rich, s. He pre-lishment to aster's desome very he wildest resolved to ies of the till believe er Thompt in 1959 n. He and ever heard re Walter cue expc-

They had had been ack Puma, oof. So in g my own the Amathe senior proposition. my future ick certain agreed to wild hope live. I did ope, knowdisappoint-

captured disc to ret in battle, the story I ar the true d to young story that ungest son other," Ja-

s measure sturdy boy heads. He

men in the ... They had so we kept they were leaving presents along the banks, fishing hooks and mirrors. We were surprised the youngest hairless one (Peter Thompson was very fair, crew cut and his blonde stubble probably did not show) seemed to be the chief.

"We took the presents and then they came ashore yelling "Pohito, Pohito' which we recognized as the signal of friendship of a southern tribe. We accepted them into our huts and they lived with us for some months in peace. The hairless one was most like our peo-ple, he played with our children, hunted with our warriors and lay with our women. The others were too proud. They could never forget they were Caraiba (white men).

"But then the hairless one became ill of fever," Jacanga went on "And his two companions became savage with us. In the morning they were savage and accused us of stealing their tools. In the afternoon they became savage with us because food disappeared. In the evening they became savage with us because their hammocks were missing. Then they decided to leave without giving us presents. If the fair-haired one had been well he would have given us presents. Even the absence of presents would have been forgiven. But on the last evening, one of the coming near his hut. So we must kill them.

(To understand this you must know (10 understand this you must know that the Trikao never strike their children. In fact they pay the witch doctorion the tribe to chastise little ones, which he does with lienes whips and unmerciful scourgings. For a stranger to strike a male child in an unforgivable offense.)

ACANGA went on with the story, "The JACANGA went on with the story. The most morning we helped them on their way. Then I led my warriors through the jungle on shead to set an ambush. We carried only our war plubs. We waited by their cance in the Xingu River. When they came out of the larger. When they came out of the larger was the property of the prop They sat by the river to rest. Then we came on them and war-clubbed them eame on them and war-clubbed them to death. The two companions were cowardly and ran and begged for nervy, the hairless youth died like a brave man with a smile on his lips. For that reason we led him keep his head the state of the cloth of the cloth and we to contain the land of the cloth and we to companion to the cloth and we to the state of the clothess. The others we took heads and threw their bodies to the crocodies?"

their bodies to the crocodiles."
"Will you show me where you buried
the hairless youth?" I asked Jacanga.
"Tomorrow," he said. But I knew that when an Indian said tomorrow he really meant sometime in the future and that I might have to live with the tribe another six months before he would show me the grave. Yet if I brought back the bones of Peter Thompson, modern science could make identification and I might earn my re-

Chief Jacanga had not meant tomorrow or even the week after tomorrow. There was a lot of unfinished business for the tribe. First the captured Woura

for the tribe. First the captured Woura women had to be made into wives. Jacanga and his warriors boned the captured heads, stripping the flesh and skin in one long peel from the bone of the skull. The skulls were strewn over the mandioea fields to fertilize them. and make the mandioca beer brewed and make the manusca beer brewed from the root m really potent dvink. The stripped faces were thrown into a boll-ing pot of water. They looked like tal-tered dishcloths boiling there, with



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"He's his own worst enemy."

holes for noses and eye sockets. But that night the warriors donned those masks and crept into the bansan-leave huts that housed the Waure the Westing the stripped favorariors raped husbands, the discount of the dead husbands, the discount of the control of the the women the excuse of seems their women, given the excuse of seeing their dead husbands' faces on the bodies of the rapists, submitted without violating the tabu and calling down the vengeful spirits of their dead husbands

next night these masks were The next hight these masss were packed with sand and set in the broil-ing sun on the banks of the Xingu to shrink The next time I saw them they were braided about Jacanga's they were braided about lacanges bare body by their own coarse ropes of black hair. They were the size of oranges but their features were per-

fectly recognizable.
Finally I persuaded Jacanga to start on our search for the body of Peter Thompson He told me the trip would be dangerous The Kreen-Akarore tribe, seven foot warriors, had moved their huts into the area where the bones were buried. I asked him why he and his fellow Txikao had no fear of these his fellow Trikao had no fear of these legendary giants Jacquag shrugged and told me that every Trikao dreamed of taking # Kreen-Akarore head 11 was the ultimate in prestige And with a Caraiba (white man) like myself, and cardioa (waite man), like myself, and my cannon (rifie), it would be the op-portunity in his life time to "touch meat" | take heads) with the giant Indians

Early the next morning we moved through the steaming jungle, Jacanga, his son Kulcamane and myself We his son Kuleamane and myself We struck a clear well-cut trail but this we did not follow It was a trail made we did not follow it was a trait made by the almost human ants of South America, Instead we followed a far fainter trail of broken branches.

There is a suffocating stillness in the jungle that cannot be imagined or de-scribed. It is this stillness that dictates hunting technique Contrary to movies and popular literature, hunting in the jungle is not done with the eyes. That is impussible You can only see five is impossible You can only see hive feet ahead You must learn to hunt by ear. With experience you get to know the sweet honking sound of the huge, deadly anaronda that is capable of swallowing a tapir whole. You come to know that the earthquaking roar that know that the earthquaking roar that sounds like the prehistoric monsters in "B" films is merely a small "howler" monkey chattering to a friend.
We were in a jungle of more than

two million square miles, traveling along the banks of the Amazon, a river that contains one-fifth of all river water on earth: But each section of jungle is called a special forest and we now entered the Forest of the Black

Indians will not live in the white man's sense of time. One day Jacanga sat on the banks of the river for a whole day to watch the outcome of one whole day to watch the outcome of obe of the terrible struggles of the jungle A giant anaconda perhaps 50 feet long and wide around as a tree trunk, had finished digesting its latest meal and missed digesting its latest meal and attacked the first moving thing to corne its way. This happened to be a large, tough crecodile. They were locked moving up and down the banks of the river. The anaconda could never digest the sea monster but was too stupid or too hungry to let go The crocodile was trying to gnaw the anaconda in half and after a ten hour struggle finally succeeded in doing so The stench of the anaconda's breath sickened me while it was alive and I was glad to see the crocodile win, and

was glad to see the crocoule win, and sither off into the Amazon.

On the fourth day in the jungle I became impatient I wondered if Jacan-ga was telling me the truth, if he were really leading me to Peter Thompson's grave But that of the green, almost underwater light of the jungle onto a small savanna or or the jungle onto a small savanna or plain In the middle of this savanna was a mound of stones. It was beneath this mound of stones that I found the bones

of young Thompson

AS I stood in that jungle I pondered the ways of fate The naked Indians beside me, who owned nothing, who had no power except the animal instinct to kill anything strange to their world, had brought one of the most potent men of our modern civilization to an almost animal-like death

I emptied my kit and gave my son sors, my fish hooks and other little odds and ends to Jacanga and Kuleamane as and ends to sacanga and Kuleamane as gifts Then I shoveled the human bones into the empty kit. Modern science would decide whether they were Peter Thompson's but I was sure of the suc-

cess of my mission

We spent the night on that savanna My two Indians made a table of green My two increases made a table of green taquart sticks and I shot a busion and mistam castanho to roast on it. That night I asked Jaconga how the Trikan

night layers haven been the Trikeningle had settled into this primitive
inngle He told me the following story.
"In early times the Trikeo had,"
ways lived in the strikeo had, ways lived in the strikeo had and the strike had been to red a long hole and an Indian
peeked through. He saw the green jumgles and great river belowen a string
friends. Trikeo slid down that string
into the jungle and his triends followed. into the jungle and his friends followed him with their women and children But a bad Tzikao who was savage with them stayed up in the sky and when he saw them all down below he cut the string so that they could never return.
And that is why the Trikae live in the jungle."

I pondered this story and tried to match it up with our own historical and religious beliefs but could come to no conclusion. This happened many times in my dealings with these South American Indians Their stories left you baffled

On the second day of the return trip, Jacanga struck the trail of a lone Kreen-Akarore, the giant Indian tribe.

Jacungs was exultant. Three to one odds truck him as just right We followed the trail. The Kreen-Akarore had in some way become aware of us and tried to double back but we cut him of Jacanga explained he would have to come to us or cross into the land of the Pigmies, the traditional enemy of the Akarore Jacongs was amazed and disappointed when the amazed and disappenned when the tracks led into pigmy territory I sug-gested we follow Jacanga recoiled in horror and I deduced that while he did horror and I deduced that while he did not fear the seven-foot warror tribe, the Pigmy nation struck terror into his very soul I found this to be true of very where wild tribe, the Suyer, the Wasso where wild tribe, the Suyer, the Wasso field the Pigmy, except the giant Kreen-Abross. Kreen-Akarore.

0%

So then we continued on our way back to the huts of the Txikao on the Xingu. But in the Forest of the Black Aingu, But in the Forest of the Black Puma one of the giant cats stalked us and in a quick slashing attack knocked Kuleamane to the ground, ripping a ridge of flesh from his skull, Kuleamane screamed and the black puma paused in puzzlement. It had never seen a man before and so was not afraid I stood over the fallen man as the puma walked slowly toward me. I knew that after its initial swift attack xnew inst after its initial swift attack a puma always attacked slowly I lifted my gun and the puma walked right to the barrel so that when I fired it blew

out his eyes Jacanga thanked me for saving the life of his son and I congratulated my-self that I had made the bonds of selt that I had made the bonds of friendship tight with gratitude I had forgotten that Indians always suspect an ulterior motive or, rather, a material motive. Disinterested deeds was a conception that had not yet entered

their culture

I had sent runners with messages to Capitao Vasconcelos several times but they had never arrived I had assumed they did, so did not know that my spotsors had given me up for dead. Now a the hurricane season approached. I de the nurricane season approached. I decided to leave the huts of the Tirth, and return to civilization. A huge black cloud was building in the sky over the jungle. And then before I could leave. the typhoon struck. It clawed greet chunks out of the jungle, uprooting rotten trees, starting lightning fires that burned away the equivalent of whole European countries, yet left a mere su-perficial scar on the forest Finally the permiss scar on the forest rinally the wind blew out, and the intermittent can began to come down I knew I could delay no longer II were caught by the rainy season which usually started in December, I would be trapped in the jungle until spring.

I gave away all my possessions at presents, except my 24 hore gun and the kit containing what I hoped were Peter Thompson's hones. My harmock I gave to Kuleamane, my scasson, the wife of Chief Jacangs hunding knife of steel which are to Jacangs, the warrior state of the Jacangs and the warrior for the state of Jacangs, the warrior part of Jacangs, the warrior part of Jacangs, the warrior part of Jacangs and the presents as the true gauge of your after the Indians judge the quality of presents as the true gauge of your after the presents as the true gauge of your after the presents as the true gauge of your after the presents as the true gauge of your after the presents as the true gauge of your after the presents are the presents as the true gauge of your after the presents are the presents as the true gauge of your after the presents are the presents as the true gauge of your after the presents are the present presents as the true gauge of your af-fection for them, we parted like broth-ers. Jacanga offered to work my cance ers decange offered to work my cane for me on the trek back to civilization and gailty of carelessness, since I was gailty of carelessness, since I should have know that within the tribal culture his offer was a signal. But the control of the control of the control of the work of the control of the control of the control of the culture his offer was a signal. Since the control of the control o months, with real affection between us

I had saved his son's life in the Forest of the Black Funn and so I thought to natural he should offer to help me. The first three weeks of the return trip were uneventful. We floated down the Xingu in our canoe stopping only to hunt for fresh meat and build a fire of taquiri sticks to roast the game we killed. A party of Suya warriors fol-lowed us for a time during the second week, running along the banks and trying to hit us with arrows and spears that fell short. Jacanga wanted me to kill them with my rifle, but I refused, since we were safe from harm

ON the fourth day I noticed some thing unusual in Jacanga's manner, and sure enough, he finally asked me in a very sly way if I would not give him my "Cannon" as a present. "No," I told him. "This is m very

special cannon. But perhaps I will buy you one in Capitao Vasconcetos.

I thought this would need to be a second to be a secon

thought this would mollify him. But Jacanga reasoned in this fashion The cannon that I had must be some special magic otherwise why would the Caraiba want to keep it? So as evening approached Jacanga prepared to take action for the rifle he desired.

I knew what was going on in his mind. A primitive is like a child. It may seem foolish of me that I did not take immediate and drastic steps to protect myself. Or that I did not even feel anger. But to understand the tribal Indian of the Amazon is to forgive him rectant of the Amazon is to forgive him everything. His memory span is not long. Jacanga had already forgotten my saving his son's life. He was still fond of me but he desired that gun as a raw callow youth desires the bodily

favors of his favorite movie star. And besides he would not take my head. I pessions no would not take my nead. I could roam the spirit world in complete happiness. Having reasoned all this out, Jacanga waited until twilight fell on the great broad dark river.



"It's considered good form to shoot them first "

Then as we waded ashore, he suddenly whirled and slashed at me with his machete.

I was alert but could not match his animal quickness. I felt the machete bite into my shoulder. Regretfully I pulled the trigger of my rifle and blasted m hole in Jacanga's chest. He stood still for a moment. A huge pink bubble of blood popped out of the bullet hole The great circular wooden lip disk fell out of his mouth and Jaconga fell back-

out of his mount and secondar can have wards into the flowing Amazon. I could see the piranha diving on his body.

I knew I could not be more than a day's journey from Capitao, so I dressed my wound as best I could and re-emharked in the canoe. Sometime during the night I lost my senses. The next thing I knew I was in the hospital. I consider my survival a miracle, but you need miracles to come out of that jungle alive. I just hope that those bones I catried thousands of miles are really Peter Thompson's.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A few weeks after dictating this story in the Rio de Janeiro hospital, George Austin received word that the bones were those of Peter Thompson. In the same mail he received a check signed by the senior Thompson. The amount had been left blank, to be filled in with whatever sum George Austin needed to finance his next expedition. There was also a letter promising financial support for tater expeditions he might undertake. Austin plans next to visit the land of the Pigmy and the giant Kreen-Aka-rore. The stories he heard about these two tribes and their eternal war against each other haunt his imagination and he plans to be the civilized world's first historian-witness of this strange blood

Austin expects no repercussions from his killing of the Txikao chief, Jacanga. "After all, I didn't take off his head," Austin says. "He will be perfectly happy in the spirit world." * * *



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Empire

continued from page 27

It is a mirst that has Nikita Khrushchev working like a one-armed paperhanger with the itch in a frenzied effort to keep his wobbling satellites from flying comnis widening satellites from nying com-pletely out of orbit. His job, says one government official dryly, is about as easy as nailing Jello to a wall. Eighteen years ago Winston Church-

ill coined the apt name. Iron Curtain for the border of the monolithic Communist empire The Curtain is still there, but by now it is so full of splits and riddled by rust holes that the whole world can see the chaos and in-credible blunders behind it

I wouldn't be in Nikita Khrush-chev's shoes today for all the wealth on earth," says a loading American expert on Soviet affairs. This expert confidently predicts the total collapse of the entire Communist world and adds, "I don't mean sime time in the distant future either I mean in a matter of a few months or a year or two

at most.

This does not mean an end to the threat of Communism or to the Cold War tensions with Russia and China We will still face Red subversion and sabotage active aggression and infil-tration The danger of nuclear war will still hang over us. But never again say experts, will the enemy be a single monstrous empire of a billion people united in the common purpose of dominsting the world

Stalin held the empire together by blood and terror During his reign an blood and terror During his reign an estimated I2 million people were im-prisoned in Soviet labor camps. His drive to collectivize farms cut 5 mil-ilion lives His blood purges killed more white, his admit reign shall be about the white, his admit reign collection, but the researching and the second collection of the scalabing sumether-host lines into 8 reaching sumether-host matching slaughter-house.

Yet not even Stalin's iron fist could prevent Tito from revolting against Moscow and setting up Yugoslavia as an independent Communist state Nor an inospendent Communiar state (see was Khrushches any more successful in holding on to Albania In 1981 size broke off diplomatic relations with Russia hooted Soviet submarines out of her naval base and allied berself with Ned China, bragging. "We and the with Red China, bragging, "We and the Chinese are 700 million strong. Last December she added injury to insult by sexing the five Soviet Embassy buildings and expelling the Russian coretakers

As one of Stalin's right-hand men, Khrushchev learned how to deal with such open revolt again a Moscow In Hungary and in East Germany, Soviet lanks slaughtered unarmed students ners simigetered unarmed students and striking workers to bring a swift, bloody end to resistance Since then some 40 Soviet divisions have been kept in East Europe as a safeguard

But the restless satellites also learned their lessons from the two futile uprisings Instead of violence, they turned to a more subtle kind of revolt that has their local Communist bosses and the Red masters in the Kremlin tearing their hair It is a revolution that has

Nikita K completely haffled. He pounds desks and screams threats. He tries coaxing and bribers with no more success. One by one he can feel his satellites squirting out through his fat fingers and there is nothing in the world he can do to hold them

he can no to hold them.
Poland would probably have gotten
away from him long ago if the Poles
could ever sober up long enough to organize their break. They are notorous
as the hardest-drinking nation in Europe, and with good reason Last year the Polex glugged down an incredible quarts for every man, woman and child in the country. And the children belted their full share Recently, at Gdansk, a poll of 5,000 boys and girls aged 7 to 14 revealed that 42 percent of them. drank fairly frequently and 30 percent drank regularly

The national pastime is driving the Red bosses nuts In the province of Zielona Gora alone 120,000 man-hours were lost in one recent 3-month period by workers off on a hat Gangs of drunken teenagers room the streets wrecking property and beating up Communist cops With too many drunks to arrest the government had orunax to arrest the government to set up official Sobering-Up stations. That led to a new problem. When a drunk is brought in, the station officials conficulte his booze-and then belt it down themselves

A couple of months ago at Poznan, a happy character was brought in for the 60th time In honor of this dazzling record, the officials cancelled his fine

and got boiled with him to celebrate
Embarrassed Commissars have tried repeatedly to slow down the national binge, only to see it get worse They raised the price of vodka and slapped on exorbitant taxes. The Poles only drank more than ever to forget Last huge fall the government put on a huge campaign to awing the heavy drinkers over to lighter wines and beer The Poles merrily adopted the light stuff as a chaser and slugged down more vodks than ever, in one tiny village the whole populace turned out to celebrate when a local storekeeper bought a new padlock By morning they had slugged down 141 quarts of vodks

EXCEPT for a handful of hard-shell Communists at the top government of-ficials get as ossified as the low-less nemax get as osseried as the lowless worker Early this apring an Inspector walked into one of the Government bureaus and found everylood; in the joint as stiff as a billygoat Yet a thorough search turned up not one single bottle The mystery was finally solved when the battled Inspector stopped in a washroom. He turned on a faucet to wash his hands and pure yodka poured out Some genius had tapped the entire plumbing system into a barrel of the Rutt

But, drunk or sober, the Poles have proven more than a match for their Soviet "liberators." Eight years ago soviet "liberators," highl years ago-they got fed up with the harsh Stalin-iat rule and staged nation-wide strikes. They publicly dared Khrushchev to send in Soviet armor and troops to make Warsaw another bloody Buda-To the amazement of the outside world, the Kremin backed down and promised to keep its hands off Poland's internal affairs.

The result was arrestional. The huse collective farms whose waste and mismanagement has wrecked Russian agriculture were almost all broken un. Today in percent of the land is per-

vately owned As a direct slap at athe-ist Russia, the Pules have more churches than before the war and gleechurches than before the war and gree-fully forced the Communist Govern-ment to pay for them. Over Moscow's anguished protests, they threw open the door to Western trade and a new era of prosperity Warsay and Cracow became as gay

and glittery as Paris, in sharp contrast

to the drab, ramshackle cities still under Soviet domination Writers and artists thumbed their resources at what the Soviets consider reorrect writing and painting Some have even dured speak their mind about Communism itself The Work-

ing Class?" one sneered recently A bunch of clods already drowning in the see of automation This spring Poland's Red Premier Gomulka became so slarmed over the new freedom and its effect on other satel-lites that he tried to clamp on some

controls Claiming a paper shortage he banned a number of hooks and publications, placed sharp restrictions on 12 writers and arrested one journalist for outspoken criticism

The reaction sent shock waves clear to Moscow. At Warsaw University 800 to Moscow. At Warsew University 800 students staged an analy demonstration and the Printers Union threstened a nationwide strike The Covernment hashly backed water, freeing the pournalist, Difting some of its bens and promising to look into others When the Robert Kennedy visited Polished this summer, themasands defied the Go. ernment to give them a riotous wel-

While Poland is still officially a Soviet satellite, she is so far out of orbit that Khrushchey will never be able to pull her back What is worse for him. her example has set most of her other former slave-states to seething with

the same spirit of rebellion

Today only eight years after Soviet tenks and guns crushed the bloody anti-Communist uprising in Hungary, Budapest ix the gayest, brightest and freest city in Eastern Europe When he rode to power over the broken bodses of Hungarian freedom fighters in 1856 Premier Janos Kadar was cursed as the greatest monster in Europe But the moment he had the reins firmly in this hands he set out at full speed to drive away from Moscow He began by firing Soviet-sponsored

party hacks and replacing them with good men, regardless of their politics He broke up the State Collectives or converted them into Cooperatives with the workers sharing the profits Farmers were allowed to sell their produce

on the open market

Hungary stopped jamming Voice of America and Radio Free Europe broad-casts and opened the door to Western newspapers books and magazines They made # farce of the Iron Curtain by lifting almost all travel restrictions Last year more than 190,000 Hungarians visited Western countries and a flood of Western tourists poured in This ageing Kadar signed a permit for a fine new Hilton Hotel in Budapest

Angry protests from Moscow are defied or ignored Anti-Soviet jokes frequently pop out in newspapers and on the radio One of their favorites is about the Russian citizen who went to vote and was handed a sealed envelope to drop in the box. He tore it open to ane whose name was inside, whereupon the election official accounted, "frou imbacile! Don't you know that in free Soviet Russia we have the secret bal-

of!"
Another favorite concerns the Russian tourist named Petrov who was fortunate enough to wangle a visa to visit satellite countries. At each capital he sent home a postcard. The first tead, "Greetings from free Warsaw." The second was, "Greetings from Budapost, read, "Greetings from free Prague." The last card, sent from Budapost, read, "Greetings from free Per

Every day, Hungary's 400,000 television sets are tuned to the country's favorite program. It is called "This Boes Not Please" and is devoted entirely to furious and outspoken criti-

simot government officials and policies. Moscow's only remaining grip on lungary is the four armored divisions assiunced there since the '58 upersing. But even they are restricted to isolated through the state of the state of

In neighboring Czechoslovakia the people still groan under the Stalinistype dictatorship of Antonin Novotny. Once the richest industrial nation and Europe, it is now the poorest and stabbiest. But the gayety and prosperity of adjoining Hungary and Poland have street resentment.

ison have surred resentment.

Last May Day a demonstration by
3,000 students turned into a riot and
15,000 people swarmed into Prague's
Kinsky Park. In a wild melee they beat
up Secret Police, shouling, "Down with
the Gestapo! We want freedom!" It
was finally quelled but a new spirit of

deflance is so obvious that even the Kremlin is alarmed. Khrushehev himself recently warned Novolny to ease up or risk "a very dangerous situation." Experts predict that before the end of 1984 either Novotny will be thrown out by Moscow or the country will rise in bloody revolt. Whichever



occurs, it will mean the beginning of the end of Soviet domination.

the end of Soviet domination. It is significant that Bulgaria, the satellife that has clung most slavishly to Soviet methods and domination, is also the most backward and impoversished country on the Continent. A U.S. newspaperman recently described Premier Todor Zhikov — "apprehensive,

cold, conceited and stupid." But he was not too stupid to take advantage of the Sino-Soviet split and blackmail Khrushchev out of a \$333 million loan in return for backing Moscow instead of

Peking.

However, experts are betting that Zhikov won't be around long enough to spend much of that lettuce. The Bulgers are becoming increasingly restless as they watch other, atteilites break of his arcent brutal tightening of control, such as the 5-year sentence for telling an anti-government joke. Shortly afterward he announced that henceforth, anyone reling such picks would be subject to a heavy fine and impration when the subject to a theavy fine and impration was to circulate a new joke.

A Bulgarian schoolboy, goes the story, handed in an essay that included the statement, "My black cat has three kittens. Two of them are Communists." "What about the third kitten?" the

teacher asked.
"Oh, that one," the boy said, "got his eyes open this morning."

eyes open this morning."
Jokes of that sort are concrete evidence that the Bulgarian people, too, are getting their eyes open. Some day soon the harrassed Khrushchev will discover that not even Soviet loans will be enough to keep the Bulgars in slavery.

In East Germany the long-amouldering resentment against their hards not regime is threatening to blaze up into a holocaus: at any moment Even Khrushchev upenly despises Red Boss Welter Ulbricht, easily the most hated man in Eastern Europe and the butt of the most savage jokes.

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A recent one tells that Ulbricht died and went to hell. The next day three devils knocked on the Pearly Gates and begged for sanctuary, explaining, "We're the first refugees."

Another favorite is about the East German boy who pulled a drowning man from the river. Not until he got the victim on shore did he recognize me vicum on shore did he recognize Ulbricht, who gasped, "What can I give you for saving my life?"
"A state funeral," the boy said, "When my father finds out I rescued you, he'll kill me."

Between Ulbricht's bungling mismanagement and the built-in weaknesses of Soviet Communism, East Germany has deteriorated into economic chaos. Production is down some 55 percent and wages are 30 percent under those of West Germany Food is so scarce that in some sections, adults are ra-tioned to m half-pound of meat and two eggs per week,

Ulbricht's regime is bankrupt and Russia, in bad trouble herself, has flatly refused to sell them anything more on credit. In desperation, Ulbricht tried to get credit from West Germany and was told. "We'll give you unlimited credit any time you tear down the wall and hand your government over to a united

Germany

Unless such a reunion is accomplished soon the present rash of strikes and demonstrations will erupt into open revolt, despite the huge concen-ration of Soviet troops. That knowledge is one of Khrushchev's major headaches and one for which there seems to be no suitable medicine

But by far the sharpest thorn in Khrushchev's side is Rumania, where a quiet rebellion is literally pulling the rug out from under his feet. Premier Gheorghiu-Dej has been thumbing his

nose at Moscow with a bold daring that has other Red bosses gasping with unnas other see bosses gasping with the concealed admiration and envy. Ru-mania is the only satellite where a newspaper would dare write. "Khrush-chev is a vulgar, cunning Ukrainian peasant, and we Rumanians are weary of his long and foolish speeches. When he sold Stalin's gold for U.S. wheat, the lesson was not lost on us."

People in the street tell visitors sol-"They're going to give Khrushchev a Nobel Prize for Agriculture. He is the only farmer on earth who can sow wheat in Siberia and harvest the grain in America.

Rumania is potentially one of the richest countries in Europe, with vast areas of fine farmland and mountains bursting with mineral deposits. Her Ploesti oil fields are among the world's most productive. Her heavy industry 14 percent and last year her chemical industry climbed a whopping 20 percent. In 1963 she built more than 100,-000 new homes and 42,000 apartment houses, making Russia's bumbling economy look even sicker by contrast

When Khrushchev came up with his plans for Comecon, a Red copy of Western Europe's Common Market, Rumania was listed as a mere supplier of raw materials and told to leave manufacturing to Russia. With that the revolt burst into full flame, Rumania sabotaged the whole plan by refusing to join, then defiantly signed an agreement with rebel Yugoslavia to build an enormous steel complex.

Gheorghiu-Dej threw open the bor-Generalized in the work of the West and sent trade delega-tions to all the West European coun-tries and the U.S. He recently told an American official, "In Stalin's time we were frightened, always looking over our shoulders. Now we are not frightened any more.

To prove it, Rumania voted down two Soviet proposals in the UN and brazenly opened trade and diplomatic relations with outlawed Albania, When Khrushchev called a summer conference of Red leaders in Warsaw to discuss the break with China, Gheorghiu-Dej flatly refused to attend. As an added slap, he sent a delgation to Pe-

king to sign a huge trade pact.

Observers say that the insult threw Khrushchev into a temper tantrum that rivaled Hitler's wild frenzies. He shot off a torrent of furious commands that were ignored. He even made a secret flight to Bucharest where he bellowed a threat to send troops to the satellite

"Go shead and try it," the Premier is said to have told him coldly, "We will join NATO and the whole military strength of the West will come to our defense

Completely frustrated, Khrushchev had to call off his summit conference. The CIA has evidence that at least two Soviet-sponsored attempts have been made to assassinate Gheorghiu-Dej They failed, as every effort to dominate him from Moscow has failed, and Rumania's booming prosperity and suc-cessful defiance are fanning the flames of unrest throughout the other satellite nations

HRUSHCHEVS own bumbling has done nothing to help him regain his slipping control. His backdown on the missiles in Cuba cost him much of his prestige Last fall, an earthquake in Yugoslavia killed some 3,000 persons and virtually destroyed the city of Skoplje. Moscow sent a message of sympathy and 250 tents to house the homeless. The U.S. Army rounded up 27 transport planes and sirlifted a 120bed hospital over the Alps. Within 8 hours American surgeons were operat-

ing on "n around-the-clock schedule The story whipped through East Eu-rope like wildfre. "If you are hurt and in trouble, Khrushchev sends a telegram and the Americans send a hospital.

In frantic desperation, Khrushchev has tried buying the support of small nations with huge loans and again he has fallen on his face. He was gleeful when Egypt's Nasser accepted enormous aid, sure that he had won a valuable spring-board to all Africa But the wily Nasser turned around and accepted American aid as well, proclaiming his neutrality But it remained for Ethiopia to hand

him the ultimate slap. After much pressure, Emperor Haile Selassie finally accepted a huge Soviet loan Then he turned around and boldly invested a large part of it in U.S. bonds In trouble with his former slave-

states, in trouble with an increasingly restless people at home, Khrushchev running frantically in all directions at once and getting practically nowhere He can no longer even depend on token support from the 90 Communist parties in foreign countries. On August 10 this year he issued a world-wide invitation for a Communist showdown on the Russia-China split So far, only 7 have accepted and most of the others have not even bothered to reply.

not even bothered to reply.

The once-mighty Soviet Empire has, like Humpty Dumpty, fallen off the wall with a most resounding crash And not all Khrushchev's rockets or all Khrushchev's men can put Humpty

Dumpty together again.

ATOMIC HELL, NUDE PARADISE

THE DAY THE WORLD WAS ALMOST DESTROYED -On Sept. 22nd, the "hot-line" from Russia boszed in the office of the President, "Cord?" came the voice of the Red Premier. "Liter's here I want to tell you in advance we are not responsible. A madman has escaped with 12 atomic bombs and is planning to blow up the planet - USSR, included?' So begins a harrifying tale that could be tomorrow's headlines! A sensational STAG book bonus.

I LIVED ON THE NOTORIOUS ISLAND OF NUDES - An American psychiatrist - his own family confirmed naturists - crossed the Atlantic for a 10-day study of the world's most uninhibited mudist colony. In his own words, he reveals the stortling facts about the late of Lavant-a sun-worshiping compound where intimocy in public is completely within the low

1703 PURPLE HEARTS FOR MARK CLARK'S 100th BATTALION HELL-FIGHTERS "At ease," the chicken-stealing, pig-liberating GIs of the "One Puku-Puka" were the step-

pied soldiers in the U.S. Army. But in action, pobady could beat the Hawaiian-born Japanese-Americans as they blosted up the Salerna Road

STRANGE LIFE OF GIRLS WHO HUNT FOR MEN - They came in beautiful but bixarre packages - the eager examination-room tease. the hungry career "virgin" and the anything-forkicks wife next door But the one "sura thing" about these sexually booky trapped women is that they after mare than a mon can hundle.

DON'T MISS THE ACTION-PACKED JANUARY, STAG

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Red China

continued from page 17

The liaison officer puffed on his pipe calmly, viewing the turbulent scene with obvious detachment.

"How in hell can you be so relaxed at a time like this?" demanded a baffled wire service correspondent.

'Like what?" the Annapolis man replied. "Like it may be World War III for

breakfast! Say, do you know something that we don't?" the journalist crupted. hal we don't? the journalist erupted.
"No, I only know what everybody
else knows, the tanned commander
answered amiably. "If Red China tries
to take on the United States in a real

scrap, it would go one fast round. In 30 days the only red in China would be

the embers!" He was telling the truth, although lew Americans realize it. The Pentagon has the men and the muscle, the bases and the bombs, the power and the detailed plans to annihilate the war-making capacity of Communist China. A number of D.C. correspondents have beard rumors that the Joint Chiefs of Staff actually are prepared to gut Mao's military masses in five days, but the Department of Defense has refused to discuss whether such an extraordinary Five Day Plan even exists, it is comman knowledge, however, that the

hush-hush Joint Strategic Target Board buried in a deep concrete bunker some 20 miles from Omaha-has meticulously pinpointed "more than 110" key bases and headquarters in Red China for demolition on any future "X" Day. Without breaching national security

regulations, it can be revealed that the J.C.S. vaults in Washington contain at least a dozen complete "contingency plans" for clobbering Communist China. Each is designed to counter a specific type of Red aggression in a specific place, and every one is both precise and realistic.

"These are not just general strategic concepts," a highly placed official told two U.S. senators recently. "These are itemized schedules for the use of designated combat-ready missiles, planes, ships and men. The plans are constantly revised and reevaluated on the basis of the latest intelligence and the newest advances in hardware. We can fight from these nuts-and-bolts plans, tomorrow "

If "X" day should come tomorrow, how would the United States hit back? How could we smash Chinese aggression in five days-or 30. The crucial answers-based on a careful analysis of America's might and its global dispositions may well be found in the sample "contingency plans" set forth below. They are not the actual classified "war operations orders," but the frank opinions of well-informed Free World military experts.

Tomorrow morning. Three a.m., and the "secure" teleprinter in the J.C.S. War Room in The Pentagon stutters out m freshly decoded radio message from Swigon. The greying red-eyed colonel on the night shift puts down his carton of black coffee, scans the flash swiftly. He reacts immediately from well-trained reflexes. He grabs the "hot line" to the Operations Center in the basement of the White House. "J.C.S. War Room, Calonel Dixon.

You'd better wake up the president. General Taylor has just reported from Saigon that six divisions-maybe seven of regular Chinese troops have just learnched an all-out attack on the bor-der of South Viet Nam. They are strik-ing with srtillery and light armor on a 90 mile front. They have already ad-vanced eight miles across the frontier in one place, six in another.

"This is an open invasion? Is that right?" the cautious White House official asks.

You bet your life it is, I'm going to notify the Joint Chiefs in about 42 seconds," the colonel confirms as he hangs up the phone.

WITHIN 25 minutes, the top com-manders of the U.S. armed services are gathered in the War Room. Some 30 minutes later, they are facing the President and the National Security Council on the second floor of the White House, The Chairman of the J.C.S. puts down a black leather notebook on the long conference table. Four words are stamped on the cover.
TOP SECRET- OPERATION SNAKE

"We are set to go, Mr. President," the four star general staff announces quietly. The chief executive picks up the

notebook, opens it and reads the first three pages. He nods. It makes sense. It should, for it represents many thou-

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ands of manhours of dedication by

hundreds of experts Tm going to give them a chance to pull out-to avoid war I'm going to send that message to Mao and to the United Nations the president declares grimly "24 hours-that's it If they don't withdraw by then, SNAKE EYES."

By seven a.m., all U.S military and naval units from Alaska to the Indian Ocean have received coded orders rateing their alert status to DEFCON Two-just short of war Eight combat outfits have been notified to prepare to imple-ment SNAKE EYES During the day. the U.N debates and the television newscasters talk endiesely as the crisis mounts. Fresh reports confirm that the Chinese spearheads, backed by a duren Chinese spearheads, necked by a observed North Vietnamese divisions, are continuing to knife south At 5:40 p.m., a special courser delivers a message to the president's two star military side the nation's commander—in-chief reads it to the National Security Council

N.S A code experts have just broken Moscow to Peking dispatch in the a moscow to reming dispatch in the Krewlin's new loeberg code Khrush-chev has declared that the Russians oppose the invasion as, I quote, an insame threat to world peace If anything happens, Mao is strictly on his own. The Director of the Central Intelli-

The Director of the Central Intelligence Agency shrugs
"Do you think the Chisme will back down" the president sake
"No. Not that bunch."

The discussion continues over sendwiches and coffee all through the night broken only for a few hours sleep. At oronen only for a new nours steep.

6:30 in the morning, the military breat
pile into their steff cors to return to
The Pentagon At 7:10, the White House
calls the War Room.

Operation SNAKE EYES, go I rement, the word is GO

From the Seventh Fleet Sagship -the eruser U.S.S. Oklahoma City-cruising at the edge o fihe Gulf of Tonkin to at the edge of fibe Gulf of Tonkin to the American he in Saignon, the com-mand greated from unit to unit. In flights of the third to unit. In flights of the third to the third Yeitham, and a first possible of the Yeitham to the third third to the third third third third third yeight of the third third third third and the third third third third and the third thir agen piane carries 14 A.B.mt weapons air-to-surface missiles for blasting ground forces A few minutes after dawn, the supersonic sledge-hammers find the lead elements of the Chinese and the send elements or the crimers spearheads and go to work The Dag-errs rip and slish merciensly at the field battalions of regulars, much easier med partations or regulars, much easier targets to dissect than the shadowy guerrilla detachment of the Viet Cong This is open conventional war, exactly what the F-102s were built to handle.

THE planes dive out of the morning sus, exploding tanks like toys and littering infantry companies like crumpering intantry companies like crum-pled cigarette wrappers serous the lush green landscape White these Delta fighters curve chunks of Mao's manpower, fresh squadrons of \$17, and F-10-s are rising from the long runways r-10m are rising from the long turnways at Tan Son Nhut airport outside the Viet Namese capital. The Martin 57s are 800 m.m.h. attack bombers, twin-are 800 m.m.h. attack bombers, twinjet craft that pack several tons of high pet crart that pack several tons of nag-explosives plus four 20 millimeter can-non in the wings The Lockheed F-10s scorthing slung as excets are among the fastest operational fighters on earth interceptors with resor-"ultrasonie" edged wings and speeds over 1,400 miles an hour They can deliver "heby A weapone," but this morning they fly with just their multibarrel rapid-five

connon, air-to-air missiles and cacheta for heating up "ground targets of op-

portunity. There are two sets of targets, Owe There are two seus or inegets. One group of B-Sts strikes at the North Vist Namese capital of Hanos, plus two other large cities. Thousands of inother large cities, thousands or in-cendianter rain down to set these cen-ters ablass, igniting fires that acythe seroes the Red cities irresistibly. The second attack dumps 400 tons of exsecond attack cumps see tone of ex-plosities on the key Communiat supply dumps, wiping out a third of the ene-my's stockpile within 25 minutes. The U.S. Navy is also busy. The super-cerrier Constellation, one of the

heavy aluggers in Vice Admirel Roy L Johnson's powerful Seventh Fleet, puts up two squadrons of Skyhawks said up two squadroms of Skynawks shill Skyraiders to ravage every Red port from Haiphong to Dong Hoi The big fuel dumps at Vinh are converted into immense pyres that gush black some are miles into the sky. The Constellation aix miles into the sky. The Constellaton launches 18 of the sleek 1,000 mp.h F-6 fighters, and these aweep the Commu-nist coast like jet-propelled cleavers butchering every Red vessel and barge

in sight afternoon, the air strikes contime to demotion troops, reads, reil



... on emusing item in the our Creeks, evidently thinking the unfo motoined money

lines, power plants, dumps, radio and radar stations and both military and government headquarters That night, the U.S Army gets into the act in a large sneaky way. With an American Special Forcer squad in command of each unit, 30 teams of South Vietnam-Rangers stab north to give the Reds a teste of their own guerrilla tactics. Some of these saliotage learns infiltrate through the jump, a few come ashore in rubber books and most float down silently by parachute Self-con-tained and well trained in both demolition and ambush, they begin to draw blood in widely scattered areas. They hit, run, hide and hit again They are erack jungle pros

erack jungle pros Meanwhile, big C-136 transports are delivering the first units of a U.S. ser-borne division to South Vietnam The big planes start to touch down at the rate of one every 45 minutes A few have cannon holes inflicted by Chinese have cannon notes inneced by Crimese MIG-18s that tried to intercept them south of Hainan, the Red island masking the Gulf of Tonkin Protecting Seventh Fleet Spitters put up by the carrier Ticonsterops took care of the

But there are more on Hainan, and fresh Communist squadrons rice on the

second morning to attempt to cut the acrial delivery service. Again the F-6s acrial centery service. Again the re-cut them down Shortly before noon. The Pentagon replies to Admiral John-son's report "IMPLEMENT SNAKE EYES GREEN IMMEDIATELY." In plain language, smash the Chinese are and naval bases on Hainan While the and naval bases on mainan write the U.S.A.F's bombers and tactical fighters are renewing the battering in North Victnam itself, the Seventh Fleet works over every inch of Hainan with missiles from ships and aircraft. Then the sites from engis and sixrers. Then the carriers begin to rotate in waves of attack bombers to finish the jub By sunset, the one Red sir-strip still op-arational on Hainan has four plones still flyable. 81 other MICs no imager exist.

THE Special Forces infiltration units stabbling successfully within a mile of the demoralized Communist capital at Hanoi American howitzer hatteries are in act on against the halted Chinese inun action against the naised comes wined vaders, and anti-tank crews have wined vaders, armor. The out half of the invaders' armor. out haif of the investers armor, the Reds didn't come with much, but non-they have a lot less Still, the Chinese refuse to go home. They absorb the terrible beating stubbornly, move in another two divisions on the third day

another two divisions on the insed only
"Skap that flow and chop those communcations lines," radius the U.S. Commander in the Pacific from Hawsei
"PROCLED WITH SNAKE EYES
ORANGE 0606 HOURS."

The heavy flat-tops move in clear-te the Chinese coast An 'orange" slert in the Chinese coast An orange" slert mobilizes the equadrons of the biggest mobilizes the equadrons of the biggest Einzange Air Command bombers, the hage B-25H outfile that are S.A.C. wann manned musel: Each plane can carry nearly 12 tims of "lion bombers or nuclear weepons del werther are specificated of the command o ways and two rail bridges on the route south from China to Viet Nam, a pair of large ammunition depots just north or large simulation depots just north of the Chinese frontier and the head-quarters of Meo's entire Third Array Group It is the Third that is invading and it is the top commanders of this group who must be eliminated. The fact that their high is 170 miles above the horder has made them cocky.

By the afternoon of the fourth day, at least three quarters of the colonels, at least three quarters or the colonies, generals and marshals of the Chinese Third Army Group are no loager con-fident They are dead The radar bomi-hardiers on the 52s place their eggs with lethal precision from 40,000 feet. and the electronic jamming is a sucessful that Red radar operators are unable to direct the Chinese jet interceptors effectively As the heavier blo out these vital commanders and targets 300 miles to the south six new squadrons of U.S.A.F ngnter bowners are burning out the remnants of the eight Chinese divisions that led the invasion. The Tactical Air Command has reacted with lightning speed, hurling a com-plete pre-packaged. Composite Al-Strike Force across the Pacific in A

hours. At support the Seventh Fleet me ver At sunset the Beventh Fleet my ve-in to humb and moutle North Vietnama largest pack. Haiphong "inder the most of this him andment to LCIs craning with South Vietnamese. Marines hegate put ashere landing parties at sever different places. The R 57a strike in or more, levelling the last of the Communist military and industrial plants. The first burn all night in a dosen cities.

All that same night, lights are burning in the Ministry of Defense in Pehig Casualty reports pour in by the minute. The Third Army Group is a crippled giant, minus one arm and lacking a brain. The Marines and guer-rillas are running wild, methodically bleeding North Vietnam's military establishment from scores of painful wounds. The invasion spearheads have been stopped cold, and Red agents re-port that the U.S. airborne division sent by General Paul Adams' Strike Command is moving up to the front.

The price has proved too high. The gamble has failed,

WITHOUT bombing a single Chinese city, using one ICBM or nuclear weapon the United States has broken the invasion. There will be angry Red propagands speeches and bitter broadcasts, threats and insults to be reported by the global press. But Mao has been beaten, and he knows it.

At 6:50 p.m. on the evening of the fifth day, the Chinese survivors begin to retreat north towards their home-

(2) FORMOSA

If the Reds stab out across the Straits of Taiwan to overwhelm the Nationalist defenders of Formosa, Chiang-kaishek would immediately appeal to the United States under the treaty between the U.S.A. and the Republic of China (Taiwan). Even as Red MIG armadas shoot up Nationalist coastal positions and Red infantry board landing craft for the invasion, American armed forces prepare to counter with their well-prepared "contingency plan." As soon as the President and the Joint Chiefs flash the go ahead, U.S. air and

naval units rush to implement OPERA-TION DEEP SIX. The first part of the war plan-designated DEEP SIX BLUE —is basically the responsibility of the

Seventh Fleet.

The Big Seven - mightiest fighting outfit affoat-responds within minutes. All three of its mobile task forces -All three of its moone test to the each built around a big carrier—are summoned for DEEP SIX BLUE. The unit centered on the flat-top Bon Homme Richard is nearest, patrolling 190 miles away between Formosa and Okinawa. In the ready room, the faces of the orange-suited pilots look strange in the dim red light. Two squadrons of F-8E interceptors are already scorching south at 900 m.p.h. to chop down the Red MIG-19s, and now the lean young men who fly the Skyraider and Sky-hawk attack planes get their targets. They take notes, study the aerial photos of the Chinese ports on Fukien where the Red invasion force in based.

where the rea invasion force B basecu.
"All pilots Event One—man your planes!" the squawk box crackles.
The aviators assigned to the first launch hurry to the long flight deck. Everything goes quickly and smoothly Everything goes quickly and smoothly in the balmy late morning sun. The rockets and bombs are all in place on each jet, and it takes less than four minutes for the Bon Homme Richard to "kirk" the first Skyhawk off the cat." The steam catapult hurls the jet bombers off in a steady stream, sending them ahead as an advance bull-dozer while the carrier, two cruisers and seven destroyers hurry towards the Straits at top speed. Moving up towards Formosa from the south are the flat-tops Constellation and Ticonderoga, and two more carriers are preparing to sail from Pearl within the next

seven hours.

HEY are all needed, for the first two F-8 Crusader squadrons have had only effect against 300 Communist MIGs. Five squadrons of U.S.A.F. 1,100 m.p.h. fighters are ready to move down from Okinawa and Japan, but the skies over Chiang's air fields are jammed with Red interceptors. The Communist landing strips on the Fukien coast must be eliminated to put these MIGs out of range, out of business. First, additional Navy fighters are sent in with deadly air-to-air Sidewinder and Sparrow missiles to push the Red air armadas. The Communist losses begin to mount, but at dusk the first waves of invasion boats put out from the Chinese

T is a massacre

Seventh Fleet planes blast the vessels into kindling with nine foot two inch long Zuni rockets, while the attack units of Skyhawks and Skyraiders smash away at the Communist ports all night long with supersonic 570 pounds Bullpup missiles. The sky spits annihilation until dawn, when the U.S. annihilation until dawn, when me u.s., destroyer fotilla arrives to mop up most of the enemy craft scattered across the Strait. The twin-mounted three and five inch batteries on the older "cans" pour out a heavy fire of 390 shells a minute, "sterilizing" the

waters of any Red infection.

Just before sunrise, the two heavy carriers swing within range from the Gulf of Tonkin and they begin to pound the Red bases on the southern part of the Fukien coast. 500 and 1,000 pound bombs plus five inch rockets are the "mix"-for the moment. It is mid

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EXCLUSIVE EXPOSE IN FEB. MALE On Sale Dec 31

morning on the second day when the U.S.A.F F-102s and F-104s pour into the Nationalist air bases on Formosa Right behind them come 38 large transports, 14 with anti-aircraft missile bat-teries and the rest with two battalions of the Third Marine Division. The rest of the Inird spreparing to leave Oki-nawa within 48 hours In the mean-ime, something must be done to spread or thin out the massed Red au units grouped just across from For-

S.A.C and the Seventh Fleet cooperate 50 S.A.C medium and heavy bombers thunder up from Okinawa bombers trunder up from Okinawa and dump 2.100 tons of incendiaries and H.E. upon Shanghai, Hang-chow, and Wenchow 118 naval arr-craft sigm in 1.200 tons of bombs and rockets at Foochow Amoy and Swatow This is only the beginning Before the 52s and 57s return to Okinawa, another 80 long range S.A.C heavies are being refueled by KC-135 Stratotanker at 40.000 feet over the northern Pacific They are moving non-stop from California and Alaska rolling like some jet juggernaut pointed at the heart of China, 30 planes batter the Red capital at Peking, 18 rain nightmare on Nan-king and the rest bomb Tsingtan, Wuhan and Changsha

Wuhen and Changsha
All the 125 ships, 850 aircraft and
84000 men of the Seventh Fleet are
"committed" by the third day Some
182 Air Porce fighter-bombers and attack bombers are fully operational
from well-defended fields on Formosa, from well-defended fields on Formosa, and 23 ships move in close under a tight 'umbrella" to begin a round-the-clock rocket burrage. The missiles pour into field harbors, naval bases and coastal troop positions at the rate of 600 per hour shattering them like a hilds mud castle. The Strait has always wallowed 84,000 field dead

BUT they come again And again the U.S.A.F and the Navy enew them up like salted peanuts They keep putting out in junks. ignoring the burning bases and broken cities behind them. Nine Chinese a-narines by to slip through one Seventh's destroyer screen. nly to be broken by atomic depth charges and broken by atomic depth charges and the one ASROC anti-submarine rock-ets F-8s flip their missiles into it enemy coastal radar stations, blinding the foe-and giving the Seventh Fleet more room to swing f by Fresh amunition and suppliels arrives from Subic Bay in the Philippines, main depot for the Seventh The planes bomb and the ships hose off round after round of both shells and missiles Another 36,000 Reds perish in the

waters off Formosa

That night, S.A.C. smashes out again at Peking Shenyang, Kaifeng, Shang-bai and 11 military air fields. This blow catches approximately 400 enemy planes on the ground wipes out 230 and seriously damages 190 others These Air Force missions make it much easier for the carrier pilots who strike on the morning of the fourth day The on the morning of the fourth day The Navy filers rip every port from Canton to Wenchow, and then large: planes drop in mines to clog the entrances to those harbors

Now the fighting settles down to a process of inexorable slicing as U.S. sea and air units coordinate to carve sea and air units coordinate to carve up the war-making capacity of Red China It is a big country a hig job It takes a lot more than five days. Now the Seyenth has six carriers putting up aircraft three times a day to hammer aircraft three times a day to hammer and break every military target within 150 miles of the Strait of Formosa Now S.A.C. is clubbing Red China with a hammer made of 290 bombers, dropping 3.400 to 4.000 tons of fire and explosive every 24 hours. Now the long range U.S.A.F. fighter-bombers are swooping deep behind the coast to strafe and slaughter military columns and con-

wreck power stations

Hy the end of three weeks, nearly 405,000 military personnel and 580,000 workers in war plants are known dead In addition, estimates of civilian casusities range from 2.190,000 to 3,500,000 1,400 of Map's 2.000 combat aircraft are 1.400 of Mans 2.000 compat aircraft are embers, and 8 percent of the rail lines are crippled The harbors and rivers are full of floating mines, and the daily deaths from starvation (attribdaily deaths from starvature mount in ROM Okinawa, U.S.A.F attack and in Manchuria are just melted metal, and the Chinese monster is dying by inches The second phase of this opera-tion—DEEP SIX WHITE—is basically an attration job that is 60 percent U.S.A.F and 40 percent Navy

It is not likely to include landings, aside from the putting ashore of sabotage platoons and company-sized raiding parties To "keep the Reds honest." into the suburbs of Shanghai to shatter that industrial center's factories and communications facilities A Marine battation might knife ashore to demolish coastal missile batteries or torpedo demolition boat bases Underwater teams of Navy frogmen might slip into half a dozen ports to place delayed ac-tion charges on key docks and supply dumps But all these would be rip-andrun, not a commitment to invasion by U.S ground forces It would be similar to the sea and air campaigns against Japan in the ast six months of World War II a "starve and burn cheme to force the maimed Red giant to its

How ong this would take depends on how many lives Mao is willing to spend on us oride If the war lasted five weeks, the toil might easily be \$1,00,000 Li it ran longer, the feaths could increase at 4,000,000 to ...000,000 per month sooner or tater the Reds would have to sue for peace

(3) GLOBAL If the Chinese Reds should manage to patch up their differences with the Soviet Union and join the Russians in

27

global smash at the Free World, the U.S.A might well strike back with a contingency plant such as OPERA-TION BAHE RUTH That would be an

TION BAHE RUTH That would be an all-out compaign with every weapon and testic Nuclear and hydrogen wer-based by the president. And the Chinese Communists would be among the first to know about his decision. The message would be delivered—sir mail and registered—approximately 17 minutes after the White House gave the order to the Strategic rouse gave the order to the Strategie Air Command The command is relayed to Minuternan and Titan missile crows in North Dakots, South Dakots, Wyo-mina Montana and California. In the underground blast-proof siles, the pairs of technicians moved easily and purposefully They have rehearsed it at least 1,000 times. The smaller, sleeker Minutemen are solid-fuel ICBMs of the Minutemen are solid-fuel ICHMs of the latest type, and they use approximately 120 seconds after the ode word' comes from h.q. near Ornsha The Titans take a couple of minutes longer. out they tote several megatons diaster more than the younger "bird." The Minuteman blast is only equivalent to that of 800,000 TONS of T.N.T., 40 times as powerful as the warhead that gutted Hiroshima When 62 of the nuclear-tipped ICBMs flash across the sky at 15,000 m.p.h. towards China, the impact of this blow is terrific Nine Red military headquarters, 21 key indus-trial complexes, the 13 largest air bases and every big city from Harbin in mosa dies of those lethal "mushrooms" that no town can digest, S.A.C. bombers follow eight minutes later to make certain that these targets are permanently devastated, scanning the surface with electronic gear that penetrates the boiling rolling clouds of radioactive dust

fighter bombers stab inland with tactiing ther compers stub intend with facti-cal nuclear weapons. They can flip s "baby A bomb" into a 300 yard circle at 700 mp.b., and C.I.A has provided nise clear maps of the circles. Some II Red divisions scattered between Suness opvisions scattered between Su-chow and Changsha are knocked out, while B-57s and needle-nosed B-68s are systematically charring the two Army Corps further north

The Navy is very much involved Four Polaris submarines cruising silently on nuclear power between Japan and the Philippines each hurl their first salvo-eight 12,000 m.p.h. missiles, each with a warhead equiva-ient to 500,000 tons of explosive Other submarines of an older vintage surface to throw in their nuclear Regulus rockets, each 34 feet long and comparatively puny In contrast to the Polaris which can kill 700,000 people, the Regulus accounts for only 20,000 or 30,000 at a cup However, there are many of them Cruisers of the Seventh Fleet zero them n on the major Red Chinese ports, and also smash at the coast with triple-mounted eight inch guns Missile destrovers strike at smaller targets

All this happens in the first three fours, ccompanied by the delivery of 62 baby A bombs' by carrier based sixers! Red China is getting the works. By sunset hall of her entire armed forces are but corpses and two thirds of all ner heavy weapons and armor are wrecked or radioactive bulks 68 percent of her on dumps and 81 percent of her important power plants are gone. The civinan dead in 93 cities are

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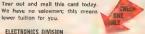
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atready 31,000,000, and another 26,000,-000 already contaminated will perish

More missile salvoes and air strikes will follow for another two weeks, and the massive Seventh will continue the brutal massage of the coastal regions. Then a new development will baffle Then a new development will barrie the Communists Single aircraft will fly over eight ports without dropping any bombs or firing missiles. First the planes are multi-engine aircraft that come in high Then intercepter types burn in lower, zigzagging systematically. These are the "sniffers," checking the radiation level. They are the advance scouts for invasion

vance scouts for invasion.

It begins quietly with 65 U.S. Special Forces teams from Okinswa joining 190 platoons of Chiang's own National Salvation Army to infiltrate the main-They move in by rubber boat, SCUBA suit and parachute They prepare the waiting guerrillas to strike They hit five hours after the invasion forces make their four main landings Each beach-head is taken by two U.S. armored divisions and six divisions of Chiang's motorized infantry. storm ashore under a gnat-proof sir guerrillas chop up the Reds' rear and communications The Air Force moves in fast with construction teams equipped with the prefab aluminum landing mats developed by the Marines, Within 72 hours, eight U.S 21r bases on the Chinese mainland are operational.

THE Reds try to call up their reserves, for now 2,100,000 of their 2,500,000 troops are dead or too badly wounded to fight. These new Communist columns are rocketed and napalmed and hacked Vulcan 20 mm cannon that squirt 4,000 rounds per minute. By the end of two months, some 3,000,000 Red soldiers and 70,000,000 civilians have perished. Mae still does not surrender, but he grudgingly offers to discuss a negotiated

peace (4) BIG SWITCH

Wildest possibility of all would see the Chinese attack the U.S.S.R., and the Russians ask the United States for help in that case, the "contingency plan" would call for the Kremlin to supply the ground and armored col-umns while the U.S. choked the Chinese with air and sea blockade and bornwith air and sea blockade and com-bardment It is probable that nuclear weapons would be used only as a final measure—if at all—since the Chicoms are not equipped with any of their and northern China with 300 B-52s, T.A.C. would slash at the middle with FALL WOULD SISSEN AT the middle with a dozen souadrons of attack bombers and the Seventh Fleet would show what modern see power can do from Wenchow south. Working with the rugged Soviet ground armies, the U.S. could wipe out fied China as a military power in three or four months-and at a nominal cost in American lives

Whether any such thing could hapmemer any such uning could happen is something that only a few dozen key men in Washington could even guess One thing is certain The United States has the plans and the power to best Red China into radioactive mush, and the Chicoms know it They may be and the chicoms know it they may be fanatics but they are not idiots. We may continue to put up with their slimy role of furtive involvement in the Uset Nam war, but that's the limit Abuthling more about the Visit Chica. Anything more, and the Joint Chiefs will open that vault to give a black leather notebook stamped "Operation Snake Eye" to the president

Escape Ring

continued from page 12

Welker," he growled Every time I see those eagles on your shoulders it means trouble. Why the hell should Intelligence bother about me?

Welker knew who Intelligence was interested in Payne There was a special file on the big man. His whole career marked him as an extraordinary type in WWII, as a U.S. Army sergeant, Payne had led guerrilla units in action behind the German lines and gotten himself known as the "mad escaper." Captured four times, he'd never been held more than 12 hours by the enemy At the end of the war he settled a longstanding grudge with an Army officer he hated and drew five .ears in Leav-enworth The unlucky other spent almost the same amount of time in hospitals getting his face put back together. In 1952, Nelson Payne immediately returned to Germany, because, as he said "That's where things are pop-

Ping.
He made his first bankroll in the black market with some shady deals that brought him to the attention of American Arm. Intelligence, Then he had the foresight to buy into German industries Bulling into the purchase and sale of guns and related war materiel, he quickly established himself fericl, he quickly established nimes as one of the fastest moving most ruthless operators in this field. He made a great deal of money and became a power behind the throne in the Near East, the Congo, Angola, Vietnam, Cuba, the jisland of Cyprus and whereever else fighting blazed up

Payne didn't know it, but all this made him the ideal man to pull off what is now considered America's greatest intelligence coup of this decade, . brilliantly conceived undercover operation that may have once and for all, stamped out the reviving Nazi spirit in postwar Germany—a revival that was one of the most dangerous threats to the Free World since WWII.

COLONEL Welker gave it to Paymer straight "Your job," he said, "is to set the top chief of the neo-Nazi movement fo: us. A bunch of big industrialists, guy you've dealt with in business. have been financing right wing groups know they've been organizing, holding meetings, setting up 'storm trooper' cells Now we figure they have to buy guns in large quantities They'll jump at the chance to bring you into the movement. What's in it for me?" Payne didn't

care how unpatriotic it sounded. Hell, he had fought his war Why did Welker have to put him on the firing line again?

Welker gave him a long thoughtful look "I stuck my neck out for you," he said "I told my people you were patriot with an uncontrollable temper I saved you from ten years jail Go along with me and the Inspector here signs a release Deal?"

The German police inspector nodded to show his agreement to what Welker had said Payne shrugged "Okay," he said Now give me the bad news."

Welker grinned "Well, first of all, we're going to put you m jail."

Then he explained The newspapers would carry a story that Nelson Payne had been tried for his crimes and sentenced to eight years confinement. He would be sent to Braunschweig Prison and put in a cell with a convicted Nazi war-criminal They would become friendly and when the Nazi broke out of jail. Payne would go with him automatically Payne was bewildered "How the hell

do you know he'll break out?"

AGAIN Welker explained

"We're almost certain because of "we're almost certain because of what's been happening recently to every Nazi who's given a trial in Ger-many and thrown in jail. That is, some-how, they manage to escape." Welker went on to explain to Payne that in the tast eight months a whole contingent of convicted Nazi murders had slipped out of their jails Reinhold Frick, guilty of the murder of 30,000 prisoners by means of carbolic acid injections; Gottfried Munger, the infamous 'meat hook torturer of Dachau; ane-like Hans Vetter, who had once strangled 31 prisoners in a single night to entertain his fellow guards at Buchenwald; Peter Mueller, Louis Oberfurst, Otto Peck Buchenwald; Peter the stuttering Austrian gauleiter; Konrad Sturmhaus, whose pleasure lay in tying prisoners prone in a field, then riding horseback over them; and some 40 others—all had been able to break

"An organized group has to be behind these escapes, so far, we have no information on who or where they are. That's where you come in The latest Nazi to be convicted is s former SS Colonel named Wolfgang Rupert Beyer His SS boys had and Beyer has just been pinned down is the monster who raped and killed As the monster who raped and killed Kurin 50 young Polish girls He's in Braunschweig prison and it's a einch they'll my to get him out If they do, you're g og with him'

Nazi "at raped fifty women," Payne asked And you expect that guy to stay alive?"

"You can have him after," Welker said "Remember Beyer is your only entry into the inner circle of the new

Hitlers Don't louse it up

Payne entered Braunschweig Prison on April 21st, 1964 and found himself in a cell with Wolfgang Beyer. The Nazi was a short, gross man with a false friendliness Payne played up to him and in a week they were almost buddies Still Beyer held back Then one day a new guard shoved Nelson Payne into his cell Payne whirled, sized the guard by the throat, and lifted him over his head to hurl him down the corridor. At the last moment he put the guard down and roared, Don't you ever do that again." The guard was so stunned at Payne's enormous strength and so grateful at not being killed that he did not even report the incident.

The flabby Beyer had watched Payne's exhibition of strength and reckless courage with envious amazement Now he became even friendlier He asked personal questions Payne was completely frank He told Beyer how he had made his fortune in the German black market, supplying arms and munitions for a broker's fee to revolutionary groups all over the world "Hell," Payne boasted "I'd sell gone to hitler if the price were right." He mw Beyer's eyes light up When Beyer heard that Payne had

spent five years in prison for assaulting an American officer he insisted on Payne telling him the whole story

ayne didn't tell him the real rea-Fayne dutn't tell him the real rea-son namely that the officer had always restricted Payne to quarters on week-ends for not having hix brass polished or his shoes shined, had always taken advantage of his rank to humiliate enlisted men Instead Payne muttered something about the officer being a Jew and he couldn't stand taking orders from a Jewish officer He saw the Nazi's eyes gleam with approval and knew that he had finally convinced Wolfgang Beyer

THAT night, after lights out, Beyer told Payne about the underground Nazi escape group and made his proposition He would get Payne out of prison if Payne joined the movement Payne acted rejuctant "What's in it for me." he grawled Beyer chuckled "Ah, you Americans," he said "No idealism However I promise you will be sole However 1 promise you will be some purchasing agent for arms and ammu-nitions for our new Storm Troop assny.' Cash?" Payne asked suspiciously. Again Beyer chuckled. We have in

our movement, secretly of course, some patient, don't ask questions, and in two weeks we will be herflugen, los, out of bure." And refusing to answer any of Payne's questions about how exactly they would escape, the Nazi climbed up to his bunk and went to sleep

Payne already knew pretty much

night guards were obviously Nazi sympathizers They gave Boyet cigarettes, even brought a woman into the cell and even crought a not to another cell so that Beyer could be alone with her. really control this joint I gotta get out of here. He didn't like Meyer and he knew if he spent one more week with He didn't like Meyer and be smirking rapist there would be murder in the cell But at last Beyer's housting about escape was backed up by real action

On May 7 the event occurred that blazoned both their names in headlines seen round the world That night a Wulfehand robot pane flew in over the prison and crashed straight down on is powerbouse For some eight minutes the huge building was without light of ue by the burning plane. When at last the power was restored it was discovthe power was restored it was consumered that Beyon and Payne's cells were open and both men were gone An intensive search of the prison and the surrounding grounds was quickly made, but turned up nothing

Eight Braunschweig guards were in-volved in the Beyer-Payne escape -bribed to do their bit Ten doors stood between the prisoners and the outside world and all swung wide open as Payne and Beyer ran frantically through the black corridors - while other inmates howled in fear in the cells on both sides of them Searchlights threw long beams across the prison yard, but the great banks of overhead lights were out Payne and Beyer erabbed their way to the outer wall bulances converged on the scene Here, they found the massive "lift" gate raised 18 inches from the ground and they quickly squirmed under Next and then the long, low shape of a purring Mercedes Benz appeared before them and they were scrambling inside with a harsh male voice growling at them to hurry and a woman's murat them to nurry and a woman's mur-muring her pleasure at seeing Beyer-willkommen, willkommen, Ich frese wich, Du ze sehen." Payer laughed his hard way and seid, "I didn't know this would be such a classy operation.

They drove for about 20 minutes slipping easily into traffic of the fown proper and passed through the Burg-platz with its unusual half-timbered houses, its ancient Gothic churches and its massive bronze lion symbolizing the 12th century Emperor, Henry the Lion Beyond the Burgplatz they entered a section of quiet streets and drew to a stop on Ziegenmarkt (Street) two blocks from the railroad station

They entered a narrow, dingy build-ing with a faded sign in front reading Frederick Barbarosse Historical Society Three flights of dark, creaking stairs took them to the attic—a long, low loft divided into two rooms by a heaverboard partition

THE man sitting on the sofa in the middle of the room rose to greet them and Payne felt a surge of angry blood rise to his head. With a great effort he controlled himself. The man before them was Heinrich Stock, the cruclest and most victous German Army Intel-ligence chief in WWII Yet in some tricky way Stose had escaped all legal munishment for his crimes. All records



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pertaining to his deeds had mysteriously disappeared and he had escaped

Stors greeted them and then gave instructions that were arrogently short

"You will not leave this atto under any circumstances." Stoss said, his voice a histing whisper, his finger pointing toward the floor. Payre was aware of a nurmachoop "We have decoys on their way to Switzerland and Turkey There is very little chance your pursuers will think you are still in Brautschweig, but we will be recommended by the said of the sa

Beyer grinned foolishly, popped his pulls in his mouth and swallowed them down. Stoss fixed his blazing eyes on Payne. The hig American shrugged and awallowed his pulls Stoss left though the pull his pulls stoss left though the his pull his pulls stoss left though the content his vouce from below—the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was the fixt German to realize and act upon the concept that the German people are the pre-criment people or the pre-criment people or the pre-criment people or when pre-criment people are the pre-crimen

Reyer was yawning now and the blonds girl was beginning to unbutten his shirt. Freda looked young enough to be his daughter—a girn, blue-yed girl in a green wool dress belief in tightly to accentitute her small wastrayne went and the to bring up the pulls. Holding a bandkerchier to his mouth, he coughed and spat with the lears streaming from his eyes and finally they came He folded them make his handkerchief, striped for the strength of the striped with the learn streaming from his eyes and finally they came He folded them make his handkerchief, striped for the striped with the striped with the striped with the striped word would permit and listened to Stoss hearsmung the Frederick Barbarossa Historical Society believe—"—one man, out amon only saw the time greatness of the German peopen and list thanderous green green and the striped was the striped with the striped was the stri

PAYNE heard footprints approaching the partition and closed his eyes breathing deeply and pretending to be asiep. The steps reached his cot and he knew it was the girl Freda put her off his breathing. He showed her hand aside and pushed himself up on his ellows glaring at her She laughed und value which are you pretending to be applied to the show that the shear of t

asone suppled and said "Beyer" Mot Arone who happens to be around?" The garl widened her eyes in surprise and said. Of course, "Quickly she drew the dress over her head, her lithe young body in "e white slip street in the property of the surprise of the

few moments later "You're all the same in the dark."

Back in Braunachweig prison, guards were summoned and interrogated. They shrugged, looked sullen, insisted they knew nothing. Someone must have sneaked keys into them. That night the German press howled its fear and found his most eager customer. What will come of this horizing union?

Disguat, concern and outright feer manifested themselves in all feet agencies. But in one small effect of United States Intelligence of certain grim satisfactor received the news with the control of the control of the New York of the Control of the Control Wilder Ind his 'aff

Welker fold his 'aft'. For the next has day neither Bayer nor Payers of foot outside the after above, be rederred. Barbarous Risabove, be rederred. Barbarous Risabov

To pass these and stay in character, Payne imade an all-out play for eliae improporantical Production of the component of the control of the

Feeda laughed softly while this, west going on, then cuddled up to Paying going on, then cuddled up to Paying and drew him to their leed Even the pales, seething tours close the stantom, "How he grouns in the situation, "How he grouns in the stantom, our stupped he has gone off some him great coays in Warasaw We are counting very little on him in the days that he abead," Firm afraid."

On May 12—11 onys after the breakout Slots decided it was time to leakout Slots decided it was time to leakout Slots decided it was time to leakthe nows went through Fayne like a bolt of white-hot current. Our friends, to bolt of white-hot current. Our friends, how force unless of the spreading neehard movement. The trey from Braunschweig was The trey from Braunschweig was

age trip from transformers was made in a roving was heading southers as Fayne. Beyon Stoss and reference the former note in the ferming note to in front with a different driver getting on every two or three hours The stops to change drivers were always made at tiny towns and villager—Hulzgitter, Hannumberg, Uhisadt, Ulmsheim Kloben, Fleistberg, then Bad Klagstein in Austria and on to Schomerstand the standard of mattresses with their arms about

each other. Stoss read and jotted down notes in a book

The van completed its trip at a wheat field outside Efferbruin Here they transferred to a small plane Their pilot was a small spidery man who had led bomber caids over London and Coventry 20 years seriler and reminded them hed been personally combined the state of the same state of the same series of the same series

Payne fell the swift, joiling certamy that he'd found what he'd been carching for There was Oberfurst and stuttering Peck and 300-poind Vetter and the ground, monkey-chattering There, bustering all about him, were nee-Nazidom's hydroic-heroes' as well as the fierce-eyed, howling younger man who would lead their text manuacal onstaught—and there was nothing cough-house his way through "I see money, many," he shouted all Fred loud enough for all to heat him "I've going to pay for it and pay high." The their own, as well, assured he was out of the guns the kids want and they're going to pay for it and pay high. "The their own, assured he was out of their own.

EXCEPT for a handful of drifting demoralized Arabs, Qar Bariya had been completely taken over by the Nation secepers and their young disciples. A small tent city had been built to house them, but Payne quickly karned that was only a temporary arrangement. A permanent location had been established deeper in the desert just east of the Libya border and the entire contingent would be moved there within the next foot: 235

It was while waiths of Qai Beriya that Nelson Payne committed the act that betrayed him

On the afternoon of the second day in the tent city. Psyne saw a steady stream of visitors drive out of the desert and go not to the tent occupied by Sloss. Some he recognized as the most prominent industrialists and renest millionaires in Germany and Europe For the first time he realized how powerful the post neo-Nazi movement had become

That evening an announcement was made during dinner that there would be a special meeting in the huge assembly tent Gunther Thint would give the lecture. At the mention of that name a great neer went up from the Nazi crowds. Who the held is Gunther Thint? Payne asked Freda.

A German nuclear scientist Freda, wered "He works now for Egypt because Nasser wants an atom bomb Gunther Thint escaped from German, and they gave him a whole plant for research and all the mone se wants. But when the right peop come power in Germany, Thint will return And he will oring all his discoveries with him.

"Hell, Payne thought, "this may be more important than all the other stuff I'd better go."

I'd better go;

That night in the Libyan desert
Nelson Payne experienced one of the
nost frightening exhibitions of hate he

Gunther Thint was a tall, lanky black "German who looked like Max Schmeling His bright scientific intelligence dished through the crowd like lightning. He mister on giving a 15 worked He shouled at them, A man who cannot understand the neutron is a man living in the dark You must have a man living in the dark You must have a more than the contract of the from the crowd.

GUNTHER Thint went on "I have made new and great discoveries So have my fellow German scientists working for Egypt We nave copies of all our pape. We have the means to destroy the world It is up to you to serie control in the Fatherland so that we may take our revenge for the death of us teblowed whether Action! Hitler!

Payne didn't wait to hear any more Here is one guy the world can d with-Payne thought He went to the parking area and rigged a very simple booby trag he had used in his guerrilla days Under the hood of the car he placed a gasoline-sonked rag next to the generator Inside that soaked rag soaked string led from this to the hood catch then Payne doused the parts generouss. with more gasoline He shorted the generator so that the lighting system would not work. Now if everytuing went according to plan, Gunther Thint would stall in the desert on his night trip back to the airplane for Cairo then he would open the hood and blow himself to the hell in which all hate-mongering atomic scientists belonged Payne went back to his tent



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Freda was there waiting for him She put her face up to be kissed and he rested his hand on her breast Suddenly she pulled away. Oh your hands are so dirty with greass, she said "you will spoil my dress." It seemed like a little thing at the time

The train chuzged in out of the desert the next morning and the neo-Nazis swarmed aboard with all their belongings Their tent city had already been taken down and methodically packed away With their departure the oasis would revert to its 1000-year old casis would revert to its too-year our status—a dusty speck of desert gres with a couple of date trees and a half dozen listless Arabs wandering about "A fine place to leave, the Germans agreed and clumped onto the ancient cars settling themselves on plank scats The Libyan engineer and his two squat Senegalese firemen came back aboard after having refreshed themselves at the oasis well. The train heaved and jerked and began its westward run toward the Libyan border

THE Germans had taken over the first seven cars leaving the last for the arabs seven cars reaving the taxt tof the Arabs who would be getting on and off along the way At one of these stops a telegram was delivered to Stoss The Naul went pale Then he whispered to Beyer Payne and Freds sat together with the two Gestapu men facing them Stoss Beyer and the earlier escaper, Konrad Sturmhaus sat across the aisle From the other cars came the sounds of raucous voices singing, "Doutschland Uber Alles, but there was no singing in Payne's car Instead men talked in low voices and the big American was often aware of long suspicious glances resting on him Payne made a rough comment to the Payne made a rough commun to the girl, but it sounded strained to nis ears His body had gone stickly with xweat They were on to him—he knew that now It was the telegram Gunther Thint must be dead

He turned to look out the window and a few moments later he heard Beyer say, "Freds, we would like you to join us." The SS man had left his seat and was bending over the girl. Watch it, Pudge," Payne said loudly making a last desperate effort to re-establish his former position—"I don't want to have to take that neck of yours and twist—"Several men laughed and Heinrich, the Gestapo guard, leaned forward to lab a, how on his kines and say southen by a will be over without her." making a last desperate effort to re-

room without her Josef, the other blond-haired Gestano man took a position behind Payne Tr girl slipped out of her seat and joined Reyer Sturmhaus and Stoss across the a.vle Payne shouted. "I don't know what the hell's got into everybods and turned to look out the window again with sweat pouring into his eyes and his heart thumping madly He knew Freda was telling Stoss about the en-

gine grease on his hands last night The hours crawled by and he continued to sit and watch the grey-white landscape. From scross the aisle he could hear Beyer and the girl laughing and once he heard the SS man say, at is forgiven, it is forgiven do not trouble your pretty little head..." Payne's Gestapo guards talked quietly, but at his slightest move they brought their full attention on him At one point full attention on him At one point Stoss called Heinrich over and said something to him A little later the Gestapo man tapped Payne on the knee and said, "come, we will get some

fresh air and stretch our less." As they got up the girl smiled and said, "good-bye." Beyer laughed The girl was lying across his knees and he had his

hand in her blouse Payne walked down the sisle to the end of the car with Heinrich and Josef immediately behind him They went into the next car and now only the said something to the men behind him It sounded like "what is happening Payne shot a quick look at the window and saw Heinrich's image in of The Gostano man was grinning and making a pushing motion with both hards That was II then They were going to kill him now and they were going to do it by throwing him off the train Payne reached the end of the car and saw the black closed rump of the engine ahead of him with the monkey indder running down He stepped out into a rush of blazing desert air and swung around to see Heinrich bending toward him swinging a blackjack. The Gesiapo men's face was white and con-

"No, no you don't do it that many." Payne roused and flung himself outside the whirring are of the blackjack, then bounced back in under it to ram Heinrich head-first and low and bowl him back into losef coming up behind The men floundered struggled to maintain their footing Payne rammed them again They icetered at the edge of the platform screamed in fright and then were swept away as the big American smashed them still again

Even before they hit the ground, Payne leaped to the engine and grabbed the monkey ladder As he swarmed up it he had a sudden sense of men stampeding up the aisle of the car A shot metal beneath num. He reached the top of the engine and ran in a crouching run along it, plunging briefly into the ack smoke boiling up out of its stack the a skidding out in front of it and continuing on to the front

"OOKING down on the right now I'as ne saw a striped elbow poked out the window where the engineer would be sitting. He graphed a ried cail and jet himself down till his feet were at the window then fegur kelting at it, kicking in the glass and the window frame as well by heart panicks should relies harst German curses behind. and said his legs through the broken white-a and dropped down into the engine with thank of glass repping his clothes and laceraling his face. The innineer and the two Sanegalese firemen stead stock old on the iron floor staring

at him their eyes wide showing fear Get been on that think shouted gratifung the engineer and finging him tack on his controls "Operer up all the way Blow your panie whistle Open et up oper et up And to the two firemen Get those shove is Get going get going let me hear that whistle. God damn it let me hear that whistis!

They jumped at his orders and now the old train was rattling along with manines and the whistle sending out its piercing plasts. Vinces howled some where above them and a wild face appeared at the broken window then fell away as Payne leaped to smash it with a shovel Another face showed and another after that and the big American swung at them like a man berserk, howling all the time to "post" : on, pour it on," his voice competing with the thursder of feet on the roof of the engine, the piercing whistle screaming out above it all

A line of parked trucks fisshed past and he realized these were the trucks to take the Nazis to their new headto take the Aszis to their new near-parters and that was where they could have stopped. Faces showed up-side down beside the window and these were the faces of men being held by their legs from above. He sprang at nam clubbing with his shovel, but a ine engine and the engineer collapsed his controls. Payne cleaned window with raking shovel smashes. then dragged the dead man clear and pushed the invoite back up to full speed, his other hand yanking at the screaming whistle

Ahead of him now were the spires the fivemen were gasping "too much 100 much for engine"-their hodies wet with oily sweat. The boiler was red he and showing cracks "More more," Payne howled and anything else he might have said was drowned out in might have said was drowned out in he bla-i-e steaming eruption that was in holler bursting. The engine seemed to lift from the tracks then fell back lopsided and still skidding along. Steam cozed thick out of the shattered boiler Payme grabbed the screaming firemen to much them both through the broken window then followed them out himself reaching unward for a roof rail and pulling himself up on the tilting engine top

THE co. to had unged to a half now digging a huge furrow in the ground Frields were racing across the desert from Bardia, dozens of them of every sind-army trucks, police trucks, fire the crippled train was littered with the lodies at those tarown out when the fell on their index Steam rose above the engine and Payne slood there awaying bunkenly only dimly aware of a wild figure advancing toward him across the engine roof Something completely astructive drew his hands up in front of non and as the other closed with -screaming, - recehing, scratching, bitung like a mad animal in the grip of consuming pain he recognized the frenzied face as Stoss Moving slow as weended bear and oblivious of any damage being done him. Payne picked he fanatic up in his arms, took two steps toward the steaming stack above broken boiler and dropped him in Then he turned and climbed down the monkey ladder to the ground. Moments is a officers of the Libyan army were surrounding him to ask what it was all

EDITOR'S NOTE With the death of Sioss and the recepture of almost all those he had spirited out of German prisons the German escape ring went out of business Swift raids on all the out of braineas Savilt raids on all the commit and villages the excupers had passed through on their way to Egypt netted a good-sized bag of secondary Nozis The trials of many are citlingony, or and it can be assumed that most out the present prison terms. Despite the soccess of Payne's mission a note of stern warning has been given by all who participated in it-Colonel Welker and or nowree Power himself-"those balles never atop trying You've got to keep on your toes. We've got them on their backs for the moment, but they're a circh to try it again."



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The state of the same of the s

Fraud Fires

continued from page 35

Quickly, with the sur of a profussional, the man opened his shopping beginning the pulled out my plantly ugs, findwith gasoline, unsubser, a rack with with highly inflammable a rack filled with highly inflammable dresses. Then he pulled out any lengths of cotton regs loosely woven into two-foot joing fuses and soaked the rags in a seventh jug of gasoline.

of gasoline.

of gasoline was the property of the satisfactor in the passeline pugs, carefully laid the rag along the floor and draped the other end over the coils of an electric heater that had been conveniently left for him on a display counter. When he had all six lengths of cotton solvade thoroughly and draped over the heater had been continued to the plugged the heater property of the plugged the heater property of the plugged the plugged the plugged the plugged the plugged that the plugged that the plugged the plugged that the plugged the plugged the plugged that the plugged the plugged that the plugged that the plugged the plugged that the plugged that the plugged that the plugged the plugged that the plugged that the plugged that the plugged that the plugged the plugged that the plugged that the plugged that the plugged the plugged the plugged the plugged that the plugged that the plugged the plu

The little man looked over his handiwork with u practiced eye adjusted me of the rags over the heater, checked the alarm on the clear radio, then the property of the heater of the filmay dresses next to those he had fused He turned and welled out carrfully locking the door behind him again He climbed back in his car and from a good day's work. Which is what he was

His name was Larry Kane and for years he had been recognized in certain circles as one of the best professional (orches in the Lainness Tors it is consultated in the Lainness Tors it is consultated in the Lainness Tors it is consummate skill any batteres or private home, whose owner wanted out consummate skill any batteres or private home, whose owner wanted out on Working with an unsurance agent and an insurance adjustor who estimated the fire loss. Kane in 18 years was probably responsible for more chant come close to getting caught because aroon as the hardest crime on the books to salve in torching a building, the service needed to convict him. Kane was stitting in a West 5ide diversible and the still converted to the convict him. Kane was stitting in a West 5ide diversible.

a few hours later, with a champages bloode in a tight-fitting dress, when the women's dress shop went up 36 miles away in a massare explosion that blew a huge hole in the roof and knocked part of the walls down Even before firesoen arrived and went to work to the wall of the completely covered by insurance. About one o'clock Monday afternoon

About one o'clock Microday afternous Kame got out of the king-sized bed he shared with the blonde in a smart two-room juxury apartment on the swank East Side, showered and drassed with care, had a cup of coffee black, no sugar, because of his developing spunch, gave his bedmate a fond king pounch, gave his bedmate a fond king jouchye and went down to grab a selly into the Will Street area offices of Charles Lyons, insurance adjustor, whe was hired by hig immerance compensate.

to make an independent estimate of fire and theft losses. Kane smiled, held out his hand

"You been to the burning yet?" he asked "Just got back." Lyons said. "My es-

timate will be that the loss was total -- fifty grand. That's five I

"Great, Kane said "That's five I

As they sat smoking big eigurs congratulating each other on a job well done and discussing the prospects of the next burnout, a bowling alley over in New Jersey another man walked in He was Frank Cowhey and he was an insurance agent. He was in fact, the insurance man who had sold the policy on the burned-out dress shop—as he had sold policies on dozens of other stores that Larry Kane had put to the torch. Cowhey had an uncanny ability to spot a business that was in financial trouble persuading the owner to take out a big insurance policy and letting someone burn it to the ground. As the third member of the most successful arson ring to hit the New York City area since the Thirties. Cowhey also came in for a 10 per cent cut-leaving the store owner with 70 per cent of the insurance claim, or \$35,000 Which was 35 grand more than he'd ever thought he'd see again since he dug himself into a financial hole on broads. horses and rotten business sense. About that Jersey job," Kane asked the insurance salesman. You figure it's

the insurance salesman. You figure it's gonns go up around 200 grand worth? I want to take Francine down to Florida the rest of the winter. We need a rest.

Yeah, 200 grand easy," Cowhes said: It's insured for three big ones and if you do the usual kind of job it's gonna bring in at least 200. At least

"Doen't worry," Kane said "I always do the right job" ID

BUT Kane never got around to doing adv kind of joh on the New Jerowy bowing allev He also missed out on the trip to Florida with his doxy because, as he sat discussing his next assagment, aroun squad detectives were husy at work in the charred dress shop.

not as work in the classical control of the control

The first clue was a "flash outline" on one wall that had not burned completely- a long black mark up the wall made by the sudden ignition of gasoline fumes, a sure sign of erson

in the control of the control of the control of the rubble with small hands and heres, carefully sitting every inch of the rubble with small hand showls, searching for more evidence. One hour and nothing, two hours and three. Then, suddenly, under the blackmend remains of a marble lable panel of the control of the contr

second reminent or the gascourse jugs turned up, then a third. The neces of plastic were rushed to the police laboratory where they were carefully analysed by cop-scientifias who came up with the answer—the gistic had once beld gambline.

was hired by big mourance companies the jugs had once

men and Boy Held for Warehouse Fire," and "Volumenared with Arson.

The newspaper headlines told only a part of the story And the full story is startling - possibly as many as five been set by volunteer firemen. Why? A number of years ago F. R. Mora-ridge, then an official of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, tried to

vplain it this way: The same reason that prompts a man to join a volunteer fire department sometimes leads him to set fires At times firemen set fires to enable them to puse as heroes in extinguishthem to puse as nerves in extinguishing them; to give them a chance to operate the new piece of up-to-date equipment that has recently been furnished them; sometimes the members of one company may set fires in the territory of another company so that they may demonstrate their alertness and their interest in safeguarding the property of the town being first on the ground. I could cite innumerable instances of cases all over the country in which the members of volunteer fire departments have caused tremendous fire losses merely to satisfy some passing whim. It is unfortunate that some are even forced to set fires to in-

UNDOUBTEDLY the most flendish of all arsonists are the men who use fire to kill, whether out of revenge or for financial gain. There have been many hundreds of such ghouls brought to ustice in the recent past, but none with a more twisted mind than that with a more twisted mind than that of a pint-sized hedonist named Luigi Raffa, a Bronx, New York man who was a presser in a Broadway clothing store by day, a womanizer by night ind a husband and father of three children the rest of the time

crease their wages.

Haffs had long tired of his wife, had recently grown bored with the Broadway-type glamour girls he'd played with for years, and fell hard for a well-stacked teenage girl who lived in his Bronz neighborhood. She must have really had something, to attract man of Raffa's wide sexual experi-

In any case, he got her # job near bis store, had lunch with her every day, took her to loval hole! rooms a couple of times a week. The girl agreed to run away with Haffa and they made ntans to skip not day in July, [33] Bul, somehow, Raffa scouldn't bring himself to abandon his wife and kids without leaving them a bundle of money. The only problem was he didn't have a bundle to leave them He thought and thought, then finally hit upon the answer

One bright Sunday afternoon Raffs went down to the Bowery, that street of lost men, and sat in a ginmill teeming with mankind's refuse. He looked over the sodden customers, saw one who basically resembled him — same height, weight, hair color and facial characteristics — and bought the man a drink

a drink
The vagrant, Haffa learned, was a
21-year-old homeless, unemployed alcoholic named Earl Fox. "You want a
job?" he naked Fox "An easy job as a
soda jerk in my candy store?"
"Surs," Fox said, "as long as it's just

couple hours a day.

"Okay, just a couple hours s dsy,"
Baffa agreed. "Now why don't you
come up to my place and I'll give you
a good hot mest, some of my clothes



HO IS BOIL CARVEST For 20 years, a highly numeral comedy sector of TV from and nighticish top graff to phoppath (f.

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ized to train professional and ameteur writers who Ros Corner but lived too for from Hellymond III ottend his closes Mon athods and learn the 'know-how' of comtide writing by mail & course we near to plant meil box

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s dangerous functionion Sometimes fires are set for intimidation, for shakedowns, especially by the criminal underworld Sometimes the serch as lit for reverge by a guy who's been jilted by his girl, been done wrong by his boss or been swindled by an neous inte

In every case the arsenist is danger-

mie, n potential mass murderer. The syromaniacs are the most fright-ening of the untold numbers who turn to aron for business or warped pleasure in New York City alone aron ex-nerts estimate that 400 known firebugs are on the loose at any one time-all capable of starting a deadty blaze

sychiatrists who have studied syromoniecs for many years, writing denarticles, ere hasically agreed on what merverson

Now, psychiatrists sometimes tend to see sex problems behind almost every irrational act, but in the case of the pyromanac there is practical proof of it from fremen, policemen, reporters, marrance investigator any who have seen a pyconsesse standing in a crowd, bighly charged nexually, achieving complete sexual release at the height of the blaze he has set

In fact the laie Thomas Brauhy, Chief Fire Marshal of New York City and the nice marshal or reew xork Unity and the most famed aroun detective in the world, once described how he cought such a large number of firebugs:

I just walk through a crowd watchand a fire and when I see a guy with a strange look on his face, an unholy look of pleasure, who is obviously stimulated senselly, ; just walk over to him unit say, You did a great job on this one. You did a great job on this one. Unually, they break down and confess on the spot."

De Jacob H Conn, as a sectrait of

the firebug reported the case of a Mr F. A shy, timid men, the eighth of 12 s children, F suffered from a severe inferiority complex, "gave in to every one," and spent every weekend drinkenough nerve to have a woman

oncome nerve to maye a wordin.

One wootend he tanked up on buitermakers and visited a house of proslitation. As girls were being puraded
hefore him and other customers for there to make a choice of budnate. F. set fire to the curtains in the whore house "By this act." the psychiatrist said, "he defended himself against the sais, The detwided Primery against the nexual act he feared so much? Fresi then on he was a firebug, aiming ex-pecially at houses of prostitution, think-ing himself a public herefactor ful typing to burn down all the brothele in his area.

Finally, F was caught in a heightened sexual state at the scene of one of his fires and quickly contensed setting that one and two others, although he later admitted having actually set ld in the year before his arrest

ns in the year server its arrest For many pyromanism, their mental condition leads to tragedy. George Thomas is one example. A 35-year-old Atlantic City bartender who had spent a year in a mental home after he was caught molesting an eight-year-old girl. Thomas had a low boiling point when it came to women Last November, late on a finturday night, a pretty blande di-vercee hing around his tavern until closing, and then invited him to walk closing, seek them levines have been been been for a drink When they got to the girl's apartment, however she picuded that she had a houdache and wests in atom. Thomas shorted sutnide her door for a while, in a rage of frus-

tration, and then walked home.
On his way he passed the Burfride Notel, a rickety old wooden structure that had been a landmark in Atlantic City for many years and was now a rundown resort frequented mostly by elderly couples Thomas stopped in front of the darkened hotel, stared at it for a long while, his rage growing He rushed home, got a par and si-phoned into it some gaussine from a neighbor's car, and returned to the

He stopped first at the adjoining Imperial Hotel, walked up to the front persel recet, walked up to use front usech and poured out some gasoline. He tossed a match into it and watched as it blased Then, suddenly, the fire went out Thomax cursed, shipped into a linek alley and broke into the Surf-aids Hotel builer room. Now he worked more carefully He looked around, saw a rotted out section of wall-a hollow wall that led up through the three floors of the hotel to the roof and fluors of the hotel in the rost sensitive poursed some gazoline inside He touched a match to a relied up newspaper, threw or into the gas cosked wall, and ran out He west home. changed and freshened up and then returned to the hotel when it was a blazing inferso. Four hours he should smong the crowd, watching fremen brought out in sacks

Thomas's fire destroyed the Surfaide and four other hotels, killed 25 perware only 15 of whose bodies were resons—onty is of writter todder were re-covered—and caused a million dollars dornage. And, while fire officials sus-pected asson they couldn't be certain for all the evidence had give up in

the blass

SEVEN months later, on a flaturday night lost June, Thomas was again given a hard time by a women who tensed him with the pleasures she had in store after he got off duty and then neked him out Once more he got a jug as gasoline and smaked into another Atlantic City Notel. This time he was spotted and police were called sabbed him, and Thomas quickly broke down and confessed he was going to fire the hotel In a little while he con-

femed setting the fatal Surfside fire "I like to see fire he explained "Especially when I'm all charged up and there ain't no women around, I like to see things burn It makes me feel good After a couple of months of tests, Thomas was adjudged insane and sent back to the mental hospital from which he had been released a couple of yours earlier

One aspect of criminal fireartting that only recently has begun to be recthe volunteer fireman - the man who belongs to a volunteer fire department organized by "public spirited" citizens for the mutual protection of their own property florations a few of these "wamps" set fires so they can get a chance to work at their profession, so they can be beyond, but mostly because they get a thrill out of battling a blaze

about 2000 volunteer fremen throughout New York State that was held at the Hotel Manhattan in New York City, an meurance executive warned the state's 120,800 volunteer fremen of the urment need for some kind of acreening program to keep firebugs out of their ranks In hix discussion of the problem the executive rend out such recent headlines as these: "Freman Jailed for Setting Fires," "Two Voluntage Fire-

Just last August, at a conference of

Now the detectives went to work on the only suspect available, the store owner First, a check on his financial condition showed he was about to drown in a sea of debts. Second, investigators learned the debts had been most recently, a very expensive model whom he had set up in a luxury apartment and who was now doing most of her modeling for his private enjoyment.

When the detectives laid it on the line, and threatened to send the model's name and photograph to the newsers of the model's name and photograph to the newsers of the line o

Kane and his partners were rounded up and the two insurance men broke down after a few hours of questioning. All three are now sitting out the next five years in the state pen, where they are restricted to six eigarettes and six matches a day.

Although Larry Kane is temporarily out of action, aroon is still a very big trade. More businessmen are burning their shops to collect insurance than over before-according to the National Poard of Fire Underwriters there were 904 proven cases of "fraud frees" in the year ended last April 30, up from 875 in the previous 12 months and only 740 in the 12 months before that,

PRAUD fires have been swinging upward even through we are going into the reason is clear—the promists have been called in most often to torch small retail and service establishments where competition is most intense—places like bowling alleys and ngartment boxes, bowling alleys and ngartment boxes, building in some areas of the country, But fraud fires are only a small part

But fraud fires are only a small part of all the fires that are deliberately set. Actually, arsonists get out the torch for several other basic reasons.

Most often, fires are set by the pyromeniacs who get an insane thrill—frequently involving sexual stimulation—from seeing a "good blaze. These characters get august the enopie who may be trapped in buildings they put to the torch Experts feel that pyromanizes set more fires, and kill more people, than the professionals with burn down a building for the in-

The pyromaniacs are the mysterious "firebugs" who terrorize whole towns or neighborhoods by going on firesetting spress, mostly after dark when the flames can really light up the sky, setting fires to trash or beby carriages in tenement hallways, to burns or forests in rural areas, usually several times a night in rapid succession—competely senseless, without motivation

The pyromaniacs are also the heritypes, twisted, solitary people who setfires, discover them, maybe rescue a couple of women and children, and hask in the glow of their heroism until volunteer firemen who grow bored with the lack of legitimate fires or for whom the excitement of battling a fire holds.





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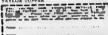
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and Managiner management and on other or other or

to wear, and we can start off to work

together tomorrow morning."
Fox agreed, and they drove up to Maffa's bungalow near Boston Road in an isolated section of the north Brons At one point they passed a large, pros-perous luncheonette and Raffa pointed it out as his own, which was only a little lie because it was owned by his uncle. When they got to his house Raffs explained he had sent his wife and children for a week in the coun-He then plied Fox with booze and when the Bowery burn grew drows; Raffa put him to bed in a first-floor room About as hous later Fox was awakened by a funny feeling over his body He looked up and saw Raffa standing over him, sprinkling some

liquid on him from a can What the hell you doing?" Fox demanded in a drunken stupor

"Just trying to cool off your ruors, Raffa said. It's hot and I'm using see water. Now go back to sleep."

A short time later Fox woke up toon. This time his clothing and the agam. entire bed were on fire, flames liching up the walls Terrified in deep pain, he rushed to the door It was locked. So was the window through the glass, landed heavily in a rock garden, got up and began to run toward a light he saw a couple of soward a ngnt he saw a couple of blocks away, his clothes burning strengely. The light came from a gasoline station and the attendant on duty bust out the flames on Fox's body and called for an ambulance Fox was rushed to a hospital where

it was obvious he could not live, fur his body. Before he died he told the story of the man who had offered him a job.

FURTHER investigation also showed detectives what Raffa had had in mind, For months he had been trying to be, a \$10,000 insurance policy but the most he could get was \$2500 with a double indemnity clause in case of accidental death. He had insured his house for \$12,500, when it was worth less than half that, and he had about \$4000 on his furniture

But Fox had ruined the plans by coming out of his stupor before burning to death, and an alarm went out for Raffa. He was bagged three weeks later as he hapt a rendervous with his girl friend

Sure, sure I did it," Roffs confessed "I just ain't the kind of guy to leave a wife and kids without a cent, so I a wife and kids without it cent, so I figured this burn would never he mixed by nobody I guest I should have knocked him out first "Why didn't you!" a detective asked "Heli," Raffa said "I just didn't have

the heart to hit him over the head It would have hurt him too much

A year after the fire Haffs, one of the most twisted arson killers ever

in the electric cheir at Sing Sing.

Men like Luigi Ruffs are not no rare
as some fire experts like to believe Usually, however, it is love morned that makes a man turn to arson to get revenge And sometimes with fatal

remailty. For example take the case of a man I'll call Rulph Reynolds One day last spring Reynolds was given the boot by his dark-eyed girl friend, Ramona, but he wasn't the kind of man to take it without a fight He loaded up on kiquid courage at a neighborhood tavers. then went over to a West Side Man-

hattan tenement where Ramona visiting relatives. He pounded on their apartment door

someone asked through Who is it' the closed door.

This is Ralph he answered want to talk to Ramona.

The girl come to the door but refused to open it in spite of Ralph's pleas She began playing for her audience inside the spartment tenning Ralphi, laughing at him. "You're not even a good lover," she giggled "I'm going to find myself a real.

an who knows how to love a girl

Ralph grew angrier by the minute "I'm going to kill you!" he finally shouted He spun on his heels and stalked down into the street, drove to a mearby gas station and filled a can with gosoline Then he drove back to the tenement - unaware that the girl on whom he was getting revenge had already left in fear

Ralph walked up to the same aport ment door and listened Inside he could still hear sounds of laughter and conversation. He uncapped the gasoline can and began to pour it over the door, stoshing some of it under the half-inch crack between the door and the floor so that it went inside the spartment Then he stepped back, lit a cigarette and tonsed it into the puddle of gasoline. It went off with a whoush' and Ralph dushed out and drove home A tongue of flame leaped through the

door, into the crowded apartment, like a beich from an ack-ack gun, tongues of flame trapping a dozen persons Some jumped from windows, others climbed out to fire escapes But four didn't make it Their charred bodies were found by fremen after the intense heat and flories had been beaten down

Ramona and her relatives quickly squealed on Ralph and he was charged with murder "I wanted to get even on that girl, he explained to cope. wanted to hurt her like she hurt me.

mapping never went so triat ree is now in a state home for the criminally insame Generally speaking, while the firebug at eventually trapped and sent to jail or as, institution, the professional torce seldom gets caught simply because it is usually impossible to prove aroon. But to keep the arson detectives from throwing up their hands and quitting in diagust. One typical core took place recently in a Los Angeles suburb

ACK Pisher ran a drugators that was soung downhill because of intense competition and he saw only one way out Arson Burn down the store, collect the 840,000 insurance and open up again in another location. So he hired a couple of professional arsonists and the place literally went up with a bang Fisher filed a claim through his insurance agent and sat back waiting to collect But all he got for his trouble was a jail term, for arson detectives confronted him with evidence about his cut-that's right, his cut-and he broke down and confessed

You see," an arson detective ex-plained, "Fisher always kept his eat in the store Every night for many years he would lock the cut up in the place and never let her out again until he opened the next morning. But the night of the fire Fisher took his cat home with him. And because he altered his routine for the first time in many years, we had him cold. The trouble is most arsonists aren't at all soft-hearted, even shout people."

Unsuspecting **Girls**

continued from page 19

He would undoubtedly become sexually excited, too. But the average man would never take a dangerous risk to look at her naked body—by hiding in the bushes or stealing up a fire escape. A true Peeping Tom, however, lets nothing stand in his way. Often the more danger there is, the more he enjoys the final sight.

Peeping Toms frequently spend more time in the pursuit of their pleasure than do the more conventional Don Juans They seek out sexual surprises, and all too often find them. Dave was a radio announcer in a small Southern town A suave, handsome man, he had married a runner-up in the Miss America contest. Their 10-year marriage went along at a slow even pace, and they seemed to have few problems. No one—not even his wife -knew that Dave was a compulsive voyeur, and had been one since the age of 15 Before returning home from his evening radio show, he spent an hour or two spying on unsuspecting couples-in their homes, in a lover's lane, or in a motel on the outskirts of town

UNE bright June night he stole behind the motel, and peeped in a rear window He recognized the man as a local pool-room hustlet who had stevedore biceps and a strong jew. The man was in his undershirt, and he waited on the side of the bed for a woman to finish her preparations in the bathroom. Dave hardly breathed, didn't bat his eyes. He was experienced enough to know that this was going to be an expert production, full of surprises And he was right

Swishing out of the bathroom in a transparent gown, her long chestnut-colored hair bouncing, came Dave's wife She immediately fell into the stranger's arms, and began intimate caresses. As Dave watched her do these familiar acts (all of which they had done together on their conjugal bed), he found himself fighting many emotions. One was to break in the window and fight the poolroom hustler Another was to kill his wife Still another, strangely enough, was to rush in and make love to his wife before she quite knew who it was He chose none of these, however. He stayed rooted to the spot - and watched He was after all, a confirmed voveur

Today's fiction is crammed full of un-·usl sex scenes. Some critics say that writers (as well as their readers) are too concerned with sex. The fact remains, however, that truth can be stranger than fiction Arnold was a freshman at a well-known lvy League university, and was having difficulty in an anthroplogy class His professor — a kindly, white-haired teacher we'll call Scott - invited him to drop by his home one evening for private tutoring

When Arnold showed up at the appointed time, he was greeted by the pro-tessor's wite — a shapely, black-eyed woman who appeared to be in her early wonan who appeared to be in mer early thirties and suppeared to be in mer early thirties and much younger than the professor "I'm sorry, but Professor Scott hash't come home yet," she said. "Please come in and make yourself at home." Arnold sat in the book-lined living from reading an anthropological journal, while Mrs. Scott went to another part of the house. He could hear drawers being opened and closed, the clicking of

high heels, the rustle of clothes He thought he caught a whiff of perfume. "You hoo, Arnold," Mrs. Scott called suddenly "Come back here."

He placed his journal saide, walked to the back bedroom The professor's wife was lying on a bed with a pink satin cover, wearing nothing but her panties and bra Arnold had only had three sexual experiences with women in his life none at college) and he went weak in the knees. He groaned, staggering to her without a word.

"Not so fast," she ordered "Be a good boy, and don't do everything at once." "But the Prof! What—" "Leave him to me," she whispered "How do you like the?" Arnold did indeed like it—a whole

half hour of it- and he soon forgot about the professor That is, until heard a noise A distinct noise from the closet Before the wife could stop him, he rushed to the closet door and flung

it open "My God, Professor Scott!"

"My God, Professor Scott!"

The Anthropology Professor's head stuck out from between # row of costs, a sheepish grin on his face "If you don't want to flunk," he told the student.

"you'll keep your mouth shut about this. Arnold did keep quiet about it, and later graduated from the university with

honors. His Major Anthropology Case workers and psychiatrists who have dealt with the many forms of voypassive person, rarely violent or a trou-blemaker in fact, the last thing a Peepblemaker in lact, the last thing a reeping Tom generally wants is trouble. A recent study of various sex crimes in America called The Sexual Offender and How He Got That Way (1964) states: "An individual does not become a voyelen overnight—no sexual aberration is suddenly caused by an instant happening The commonly referred to Peeping Tom usually has a history dating back many year, and often goes through life undetected. He frequently fears bodily contact - either through w sense of inadequacy or the distrust of a human relationship — and will go to great lengths to always remain hidden in the sha-

THE voyeur can be any age, hold any occupation and have either a high or low IQ Ben was a young football coach at a high school in the mid-West He was quite popular with the town's eligible women, had dated several, but had always begged out of a permanent re-lationship by telling them that he preferred the bachelor life He was also a favorite with the high school students, particularly the older girls During summer months, he managed the local swimming pool — saying that he needed the job to supplement his teacher's salary

But the real reason Ben held the job had nothing to do with money He had skillfully prepared camouflaged holes in the floor of the girls' dressing room, and was able to crawl under for several hours of leisurely viewing each long hot day He had several peep holes and different girls he preferred. On some afternoons he liked watching the leggy, full-bodied librarian slip into her tight bathing suit; her breasts and hips shimmied like a burlesque star everytime she got in and out of her suit A phys ed leacher was another sight he liked — har breasts were large and pointed, and she had to stuff them inside her suit.

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His special favorite, though was a high school cheerleader and ROTC sponsor named Sandy a fall blonds with curvy hips and perfect breasts. She always dressed in a private stall with one of her girlfriends invariably telling jokes and cutting up. Once Ben nearly fainted when she cupped ner breasts rolled her eyes, and made a slightly obscene remark to the girlfriend. She also caused Ben's downfall

One day while undressing with her girlfriend in the private stall, Sandy lost a button Searching for it on the floor, she spied a big blue eye looking up at her She didn't scream out, pretending not to notice. She recognized who it was beneath the floor, and decided to have some fun. She changed into her swim suit Outside, ax she splashed in the water with her girlfriend sae told about the Coach's peeping and what she planned to do in revenge

Taking off her wet bathing suit in the stall glimpsing at the blue eye that beeped Sandy said. Box on boy 1 sure wish I had a real man I need it had today Somebody like that big handsome Coach would do me fine . . .

Is there anything I can do to heln? her girlfriend said

ome hug me. Sandy said holding out her arms. She embraced the petite brunette. Ummm, ummm, if you were only the Coach."

THAT night Ben found Sandy alone on her front porch swing. With few words he began petting her as he had seen the girlfriend do that afternoon, then muneuvering into more serious love making At first Sandy giggled but became more and more involved. She didn't But her father did He seem to mind. But her father did. He was awakened by the creaking of the swing - and caught them

Ben barely made it out of town shead of the law, his coaching days over. He's now a door-to-door salesman in Florida. He shuns any personal involvementbut he still peeps

Just as there are many types of rape — from statutory to physical assault — so there are different forms of voyeurism Sometimes it's the lone peeper other times it's done in groups. Often a voveur will be interested in only one thing-looking at a particularly exposed part of the body, watching the love act performed, or viewing a woman shed her clothes in stages

Contrary to most men's fondest dreams women very seldom get excited Viewing the unclad male. The fact remains, however, that many women have voyeuristic tendencies-both overt and latent. 'In American society," states a Government sociologist, 'great emphasis ix given to the female body - not the male's We see this in advertisements in clothing designs and of course in bur-lesque Women themselves are fascinated by other women's clothing, and many are great admirers of burlesque If our society placed as much emphasis on the male's body, then women would read according In Ancient Greece and Rome, where the male's body was wor-shiped, women loved to peek at nude men Women are voyeurs todas - only it's more complicated with them

In Washington D.C. a married couple drives to Bultimore each Friday night to watch burlesque on East Baltimore Street They keep up with prominent strippers, much as youngsters keep up with big league baseball stars. They sit down front, passing a pair of binoculars between them "Look at that pair, honey,' the wife says, pointing to the



What has housened to us, Sidney?"

They're 44's buxom headliner They're 44's if they're an inch." Baltimore burlesque leaves nothing (but nothing) to the im-agination. Not only that, but a strong spotlight is invariably swung on specific parts of the body Driving back to Washington after a night of buriesque the husband pulls off on a side road to make frantic love to his wife. She is just as passionate as he. Without burlesque, neither has much interest in sex

Quite a few women are inverted peep-- meaning they like to exhibit their bodies before approving male eyes Many American wives perform strip-teases in front of their husbands before starting to make love. One husband in Los Angeles (according to a psychiatra case history) liked to hide in the bed room and watch his wife undress. When har was nearly nude, he rushed from be-fix th the bed or out of the closet, yell-ing. "Tramp, tramp!" Then he took her violently The wife had learned to play many roles for her husband's pleasure sometimes she acted the brazen huses other times the shy schoolgirl Both husband and wife enjoyed this way of having relations, and to them if seemed quite normal

PRACTICALLY every American male has had some Peeping Tom experiences Who hasn't heard the boyhood tales of lying on tenement roofs, crouching on fire escapes, tiptoeing across backyards? Men who grow up in small towns appear to have more experience in this direction than their city-bred cousins possibly because there is so little entertainment in a small town in the early 1950's a peculiar series of events happened in a small Georgia town A pretty young nigh school girl — an honor student and president of the Thespian Club - sent a note to a few boys in her class telling them to watch for a green flag flying from her rooftop. If you see it, xhe wrote come around to my backward. hide behind the apple tree, and wait for something to happen. You won't be di-

appointed
Sensing that a treat was in store, the boys kept the note a secret and waited for the green flag to fly A few nights later-at 10 o'clock-they saw a bright green pennant flapping, and they hur-ried to the backward. Before a lighted window the rosy-cheeked girl took off all her clothes and wiggled her hips It lasted only a few minutes, but the boys thought of nothing else the next day and waited eagerly for the next signal It

came a couple of nights later, when the girl stood nude before the window and calmly ate an apple. She performed a different ritual on each occasion for a

little over a month

Then one starry night in October an orange flag whipped in the breaze. Reckon she used the green un up, one boys said, running around to the back of the house. Thesh who tall full flag state, who had recently been expelled from college stood there. The hosy gasped for 19-ath as the willowy raven-haired girl puraded around in the house of the

one night! in spring a new flag whipped in the Gulf stream air. A black one. What now? one boy said "There's only them two siters." Hundled behind the apple free they kept their eyes riveted to the lighted window he between the site of the lighted window. Between the hair the color of molasses, her body full and soft. The girls' mother. She non-chainthy walked back and forth examing her nails ruthing the soft of her the blinds and wasn't exhibiting herself the blinds and wasn't exhibiting herself.

am putpose

W HEN the mother called it a night, the hops weakly dragged thomselves home. They never guite understood how the mother ket included but they saked no questions. The mother's black flast turned out to be their favorite. The night all three flags flapped like a ship's signal, ble mother stood in the middle, her arms the boys, the first time they had ever done that The following day the family moved to Detroit and the boys never heard from them again. The box's fave married settled down in the town and still reminiscent about those carry females and done that The her be reary females and done the above the her her her her the properties.

For some reason many Peeping Toms like to have company around to participate in their pleasure - either to give them reassurance of their normality or to have someone to share the guilt in case of apprehension Voyeus huddle togethe, to view 'blue movies, to watch huddle burlesque, to frequently gaze in forbid-den windows. A club called the Audubon Warblers meet on Sunday morning in a New England town. The men wear tweed, smoke pipes and carry binoculars; the women are outdoorsy with strong caives and windswept hair It sppears to be one of the bird watching groups for which New England is famous "Hope we catch some red-breasted aureoles at play, a pipe smoker chortles "I'm keeping my little fingers crossed," a bright-faced woman answers

They tramp in single file through a woodland on the outskirts of town The sun is bright, the acent of pine strong At a clearing in the woods the people stop and silently take positions. An agile woman in slack is in helped onto the lower branch of an evergreen where she lifts a yards away stands a flyer story housing project with hundreds of windows—all bathed in Sunday morning smilght.

"Third window from the left! Second row!" the woman in the tree shouls "Quick!"

"Got it," a man calls back. 'Look at |

A large-breasted young woman steps out of the shower and dries herself briskly, hardly aware that she is the center of attention for 12 men and women Like most apartment dwellers whose windows face is woodand; the rarely worker to park your her blinder on her She strolls in the living room, completely nude, and begins painting her handiwork Back in the bathroom abe goes over her body with a large white powderpuff, dathing perfumehere and them whitese his did not use obscenity Members are harted from the club if her hard wind wind with great pressure.

Surprisingly enough, the Audubon Warblers started out as a legitimate club of hird watchers. The nature of the organization changed when the membership found out that all shared an avid interest in voyeurism - of the human variety (Psychologists tell us that bird watching is a form of voveurism in itself.) The discovery came about when they spotted an embracing couple in the woods by chance, and all voted to peep from behind trees ("Oh, ki you like to watch, too I would never have imagined!" From that occasion they went -a to zero in on apartment house and private homes. They found that Sunday morning was the best time for people watching No one went to work people arose late and often there were loving couples

It is rare to find voveurism practiced y a group in the U.S It is not so rare in France. Bordellos in that country (before the anti-prostitution law of recent years) often featured a "viewing" salon gentleman would enter the ornate house, hand over a sum of francs and then be led discretely to an ordinary sitting room-except that it didn't turn out to be so ordinary Through a slit in the wa.), artfully disguised on the other side by a fake picture or mirror the man gazed down on a bedroom Coming in and out of this bedroom would be prostitute and her client going blithely about their business. The couple would be unaware of the audience Anyone who has ever frequented a French bordello stands a good chance of having been watched in his most intimate moreturn to

HE French, bless them, do not limit their interies in voyeursm to the bos-deilo Immediately after the liberation of Paris in August, 1944, where occurred perhaps the strangest case of voyeursm on record. Any GI who was in Paris at that period task heard the story — many American soldiers, actually participated in it. It started by a man being accosted in Montmarter by a task-driver.

"M'seiu I have a sight you'll never see again in your lifetime. Once in a lifetime, I assure you. Interested?" "What's the deal?"

I'm sorry but I cannot give you any details. You much accept this proposation on faith But you wont regret if 1t's 3000 france.

If the man accepted the offer, he was blindfolded and forced to lie down in the rear of the taxi. The taxi swerved through traffic, klason horn blairing, and then there came a stretch of road with no traffic sounds. Finally the taxi stopped and the man was led inside a building still blindfolded. He hegan to hear crawed noises, and, when the blindfold was removed, saw that he was seated in

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a theater auditorium. The audience was composed of men and women. A thick purple curtain was tightly drawn across a footlighted stage

As the curtains parted, a man in a tuxedo (much like a ring announcer) stepped forth and said. Babette deG., age 23, lived with a German Lieutenant on the Rue St Denis for one year, has dealt in black market activities in Montparnasse since the Occupation, informed on students who were sent to labor camps . . . A young blindfolded blonde was guided on stage, hands groping in front of her. As the blindfold was torn away, she looked down on the sea of faces in amazement and horror

Moving swiftly from the wings came a muscled giant in striped polo shirt. He tore off her silk blouse, her black skirt. her lacy lingerie Then, with the detachment of a surgeon, he put her on a leather table. As the audience watched in rapt silence, he inflicted indignities on her At the finish, she was led off-stage by two attendants dressed in hospital

white uniforms

"... Cecile L., dancer, performed dur-ing 1942 for 5.5, troops, known to have had dealings with Gen Kreuger, abandoned her husband who was sent to labor camp . . " A stunned, petite ballerina was pushed on-stage and a quick-footed man with a mustache dealt with her. She offered only token resistance and seemed to be on drugs, "Janine du B..." "Marto be on drugs. "Janine du B Haughty models, cool detached aristocrats, nervous shopgirlsall suspected collaborators—were forced into degrading intimacies. When a woman appeared to enjoy any aspect, the method was changed One dark-haired woman with Slavic eyes offered no resistance, throwing herself against the muscled giant cuddling the short man with the mustache, tensing a young man with curly blond locks. She strode off-stage, shricking. See' I'm no collabora-tor! Vive to Republique!" The audience applauded

AFTER the last "performance" members of the audience were blindfolded picked up. None forgot the experience. The theater was called Salle de Vengence. Ask any GI who was in Paris in 1844/45.

Sociologists tell us that the Jet Age is making the American male more and more passive. No longer does he have to tame the frontier by himself, but depends on modern science to make life easier and more pleasant for him. Many by-products of the modern age have also been a boon to the passive voyeur. The many more married couples than one might suppose who watch these spicy movies together, then change partners In practically every town, city, and hamlet in America there are such closeknit groups

Even though the word "voyeur" means literally to see in French, the medical definition takes on all of the senses. The man whe places his ear against the thin hotel wall and hears what the honeymoon couple next door is doing is as much a voveur as the man who peeps in a window. One young man in Washington, D.C indulged his voyeuristic tendencies in an unusual way unne an invention of the modern day

He had great success in seducing Government girls in the capital, but that was only the start for him. "Tell me how you like this," he whispered into the ear of a dreamy-eyed girl
"I love it I love it," she



"Wall, Mr. Sautor, Now & on III femal to hove flaished half year budy-building

croomed back, and then went on to call out endearing and obscene names. The air filled with love-making sounds, and the young man smiled happily - for se-cretely turning away under his bed wax a tape recorder. He recorded every one of his Washington seductions, and on his nights at home alone would play back the good ones

Passive voyeurs can turn into active lovers, and vice versa. One man in a large city happened to look out his window at the adjacent spartment, and saw through partially closed Venetian blinds a sight that made his knees turn to rubber A besutiful young girl was stretched out on a day bed, not # stitch of clothing on She was eating a peach and reading a book, now and then scratching herself She had no idea her blinds were not tightly closed. Without a grand, the man watched the girl read five chapters of the book, eat four peoches make three telephone calls, apply cold cream over her body, put her hair up in curlers, drink a cup of tea, and turn out the light. He memorized every curve of her body

The next day he found out her name called her apartment, and under the pretext of having met her before made a date He became a persistent possionate suitor "I want you so bad I dream of you constantly, he said "I dreamed last night that you have two timy birthmarks

on your left his."
My God," she cried. "I really do" Highly impressed she let him make love to her. Four months later they were married. The man has never confessed that he peeped on her

MEN who are apprehended for being Peoping Toms generally, but not always. get suspended sentences and a recommendation from the judge to seek paychiatric aid Judges are known to be lenient with people suffering from this aberration. Usually the embarransmest caused from being hauled into court on such a charge is punishment enough Men frequently have to pack up and leave their communities once they're caught But occasionally a Peeping Tom will

readily admit to his defect - even in the courtroom and with little embarrass-ment Some psychologists say that voyeurism is caused by the fundamental nature of man and will never stop. As one veteran Peeping Tom explained to a judge, "Your honor, I'd rather see it than be it."

Take Pelelin

continued from page 22

in four days to release men and ships for the Philippines, he assured Wash-ington that it could be done. With all that firepower he'd turn Peleliu into a

Japanese coral comn eneral Rupertus should have been right by all the signs and rules of war However, he could not know that the However, ne could not know that the Palaus were defended by Japan's three greatest military men, Major General Inous, General Murai, and an engineer-me genius named Colonel Nakaga Marine Lieutenant Jimmy Morrison

read his battle orders in the wardroom of the crusser Portland "Hell, four days," he said. "What's the big rush? days, he seed, whats the high lessi-ble in that coral ground with four days." Disgustedly he spit on the floor in the dark holes of the transports

the enlisted Marines were trying to agine entities matrices were trying to ad-ure out just exactly where the hell they were going to get killed. "Peleliu? Peleliu?" asked Cpl. Bud Shanley "Where and what the hell is

His platoon Sergeant, Freddy Marshall said. It's a corn! island that's the gateway to the Japanese Empire that's

what the briefing officer said. Cpl Shanley shook his head Guadal-CPI SCHELLEY MOOR HIS DEAD CHARGES CENTER WAS A gate to the Japanese Empirer, Tarawa was a gate to the Japanese Empirer When the hell we geann jew in the house? Pelelliu, Pelvli, hell I can't even say if but I'll het its a lulu Thai a what we'll call it! Lalu."

The name stuck For the men of Company A, Fifth Marines the island was always Lulu The battle they fought for it deserved the same name

On September 12 1944 Rear Admiral Jesse Oldendorf brought his fleet of beavy cruisers and destroyers close to the Peleliu shore and zeroed in at his Jap-held island with heavy naval shells Then Admiral Halsey sent over hix carrier planes in sortie after sortie By September 15th there was no sign of life on Peleliu, just a heavy cloud of gunsmoke that seemed to smother the whole Pacific The First Marine Division began to leave their transports anchored outside the coral reef and cram themselves into the assault boats It looked like a pienic

In the five hundred caves of Prieisus Bloody Nose Ridge, 20,000 of the Em. peror's finest soldiers were waiting for them They waited too in the sunker pillboxes along the inland ram of the princover along the initial variable of the beach and in the concrete bursiers this were part of the central airfield. They waited to take the bloodest toll of Marine (roops in World War III.

The Japanese Commander on Pelalis,

General Inoue was one of the few Nippon officers who had adopted the Western style of thinking about war He abulished the suicidal banzai charge He put heavy guns over spiritual belief. He told his troops to keep firing their weapons rather than calling on the holy name of the Emperor to slay Americans. He crammed Peleliu with the

finest troops in the Japanese Army his own 16th Infantry Division, on elite Naval Guard force, the 2nd Infantry Regiment, another crack outfit He made the six mile long, two mile wide island bristle with pillboxes and forti-

Peleliu island itself was built for a defense in depth. It was honeycombed meterse in mapter it was nonexycerhous with caves in corel hills that rose in-land from the beaches. And in the center of the island rising like an inverted see cream core was Umurbrogal. a huge coral fortress that held a thousand caves The Americans were to give this fortress the respectful name of Bloody None Ridge

General Inoue's second in command worked for months to turn these caves into impregnable fortresses. Walls were angled to repel flame throwers. Re-tractable steel doors were placed over cave mouths to repel the fire of heavy

cave mounts to reper the first a fewery guns Some caves were excavated into five story underground depots. All these were filled with men and guns. The preparations paid off. The two

day homberdment by American attack forces, the thousands of shells and bombs, killed only ten Jap soldiers They were perhaps the most expensive corpses in the history of warfare The rest of the 20,000 man force were ready to repel the invaders. They came on September 15th

It was on September 15th 1944 that Bgt Jack Casten lowered himself into the first assault boat of the Fifth Marine Regiment It was on the 15th that he died leading his squad against the sunker Jap pillhoxes

On the morning of September 18th the following radio conversation took place between Fifth Marine Regiment and invasion hesdquarters of General

Rupertus:
This is Spitfire Playmate this is
Spitfire Beaches in our sector secure
Have utucked Bloody Non Ridge and auffered 60% camulties. Request re-

placements to continue attack. Reveat Wast have help to continue attack. Playmate to Spitfire Attack regard-

less of casualties Expect no replacements before 2300 hours "Spitfire to Playmate "Request re-

steck order. "Playmate to Spitfire Request de-

sied Attack Repeat Attack. The radio operator of the Fifth Marine Regiment cursed and said bitterly to his covering BAR man 'This here to his covering man man time to take tulu island is gonne make Tarawa look like a Quaker love feast. Then he sent the message on to the forward commander.

The first attack was against the out-post hills Second Battalion attacked Hill 200 supported by Sherman tanks They were hit by Jap artillery that rolled out of caves and then rolled back in again before they could be hit by return fire Still the Second Battalion went up, cleaning out caves with hand grenades and flame throwers. At the top of the hill they dug in The single surviving CO radioed back to head-marters that he would hold and when asked what he needed replied tersely, "Just get Purple Hearts ready for everybody."

But the advance could get no further The fleet was called back to bombard the caves with their heavy guns. This too proved useless Then planes dropped mapsim bombs, gasoline tanks filled with jellied gasoline All they did was jacresse the heat of the slewedy 110 destree coral



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II ... to be width ... the warm with the bad Butaria BOW for Will Constitution against worker's ASSOCIATES 15, 226 W. M. St. at Stranburg, St. 20, 400 On the left of the First Marines, the Fifth wheeled to join the annualt on Bloody Nose Ridge, But on the right, the Seventh Marine Regiment was having its own troubles Its job was to clear the southern end of the island and it had not yet got past the beaches. It looked as if they never would.

clear the southern end or the stains as we looked as if they never would.

Facing the Seventh was a mass of coral runn 30 feet high and it had been turned into a fortress by the Japa II had five pillibores at the same of t

MARINE Sergeant Danne Wesley ros up the beaches of Peleliu Island with a flame thrower timh strapped to his back its had a screen of identian and more properties of the properties of the normag sain of 110 degrees had already heolied the coral reef into sizzling assess and he was sweating. But he knew what he had to do. Where the island became rocky and full of caves he shot a stream of fame into the mouth of cover and signalled for the attacking cover and signalled for the attacking Company K that they could come on. But when Campany K advasced to

But when Campany K advanced to the attack they were hit by withering machine gan fire from all ux of the cover that Set Wesley had flamed. Wesley cursed it was imposible He yellow bearing the set of the cover that Set Wesley yellow beatrads like egg yolks Bethefore he could even get close he was riddled with bullest Lujuid from his punctured flame throwing tank seeked his body as it is yo on the coral ground his body as it is yo on the coral ground his body as it is yo on the coral ground to a faming torch body sed turned it into a faming torch body sed turned it into

When Company K finally look the series of cave with B Frontal anneals, the riskle was enswered The farms the riskle was enswered The farms the caves had been specially altered by the Japanese engineers into a natural right-angled pillbox The farms would solve a few feet and hit a well as the the wall out of danger. If was then that American Seventh Marines knew what the battle for this particular Facels aland, even from all the others of a lot different form the property of the control of the con

General Rupertus sens in antracks and Sherman tracks against the corel fortress. They rose up out of the ocean up to the respective sense of the sen

On the morning of the 18th the Boventh Regiment wheeled and murched morth to joint the First and Fifth in an all out attack on the Japanese Army entrenched in the caves of Bloody Ross Bidge. The rest of the inland was mcurely in the hands of the American

On September 18th preparations were made for a final greed assess! Admired Oldendorf's fleet again laid down a heavy bombardment. The gunners on the ships tried to time Jap guns rolling out of caves to take one shot their nell back behind their falling steel doors. But they had little luck. Rocket firing planes from Admiral Halay's carrier come in love to hisat the caves and these did more damage. Then the fleet fleet and these did more damage.

Pic Arthur Jackson became impatient with all this delay He launched his own one mean attack against Bloody Mone Ridge. Like some averaging amourtal he ran through a hait of bullete while his fellow Murines looked on all other while his fellow Murines looked on the while his fellow Murines looked on the grewades IPic Jackson sprayed automatic fire at close quarters, planted TPT bundles in caves, threw his grandes into pilbon air ventil Before the day was over he had killed more than Jackson was given belationed to the processor of the pilbon and warded the Congressional Beford the Monor shows the pilbon and awarded the Congressional Beford the Monor shows the pilbon and awarded the Congressional Beford to Monor shows the pilbon and awarded the Congressional Beford of Monor shows the pilbon and warded the Congressional Beford of Monor shows the pilbon and warded the Congressional Beford of Monor shows the pilbon and the pilb

Méedai of Honor

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This bottle green in fury All three Marine Regiments attacked the ridges and caves with a headlong frontal assault Pfc Charles Roan saw a Jap solider pop out of a spider hole and threw a greended into his company cosmoline greended and was company cosmoline greended and was killed instantly. He was, a warded the Congressional Medal of Honor Posthumously Five other Marinece performed the same feat to also rance performed the same feat to also show the company of the c

But individual courage could not heeak down the inner Jap defensie Outer ridges were taken. Many caves were destroyed but the Japa sent the Marines reeling back. Tive days past the date set by Washington and Geoeral Rupertus, the island of Pelekis had not fallen And the three Morine units had been cut to ribbons.

nea over that to FIRODES. American Third Corps Commander General Geiger took one look at the First Marine Division's casualty figures and knew they needed belt Re over the command of General Poul Musiler to jour the battle. The first had cleaned with the lightly defended outlying lalands of the Palit group and wee now in rest and recoperation areas.

General Rupertun areas.
General Rupertun plended with Gunoral Geiger for the Marines to be given another crack on capturing Poleliu on their own. The tengh Corps Committeder would have none of it. This im! The Most Valuable New Concept In Executive Self-Training-

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11111	Please and me the first lumin of THE REECU riny-lumber blodges, for lie dapt from trial At it any way I may reinn the majorish and one If I loop the materials you may begin my ob- WORKEROP It will come to me mee away me plus a few sweet for pushing and handling	the end of the	is time if I am.	ECUTIVES
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your own private war," he fold the Marine General "MacArthur needs you guys to take the Philippines. The soons we get out of here the better off every-

body will be.

This extra strength now turned the The fist Division marched belence DESERVE THE SIST LAVISIES MATCHING METORS and took up assault positions at the bottom of Bloody Nose Ridge A tough Army sergeant kidded a Marine Pfc on the beach "How come you heroes need the Army to bail you out?

The Marine Pfc looked bored "Hell," ane marine Fic loaded bored "Reli," he said, "we just killed so many Japa we sin't got time to bury them. That's why we need you Army mules, just for

digging. In the meantime American service troops were wandering around the island looking for souvenirs. These inmiand tooking for souvenirs. These is-experienced soldiers were easy victims for infiltrating Japs Finally the Fifth Marines had to send out special patrols to their rear to dig the enemy out of the still deadly 'spider' hose still hit eny plants and the sirfeld For ar-nutrack to make the run with smootless antrack to make the run with supplies necessitated running a hail of fire from the zeroed-in Jep guns. This trip from beach to airfield became known as the Purple Heart Run. But finally, the Jap. guns were neutralized by blanket, con-tinuous fire from reinforced division artillery. The special Marine patrols mopped up the last snipers.

mopped up the last snipers. Then with these minor annoyances out of the way the time had come for the last, assault on Bloody Need a these two weeks part the timetable But the Jap forces had been cut down to 5000 stem in 100 fortified caves. The Americans though also weakened by the conflict, had the fresh Siti Infantry to break the enemy's beck.

ON October 4th the Anal battle ba-pan. And now the Americans were not to be denied. They swarmed up the coral hills with shirts stuffed full of dynamite and grenades BAR men kept up a continuous fire. The Jape came out of boobytrapped cares to faully mortal combat, tumbled off cliffs to be pierced to sharm overal sears below. American commost, tumnied off cliffs to be pierced by sharp coral speams below. American assault pistoons raced through mile-leng caves to search for the ensemy and flush him out. Finally it became a cruel hunt for what remained of the proud Japanese 14th Infantry.

Some buildozers rolled up the ridge. Those mammoth caves still held by dis-hard Jap soldiers were now buried with hard Jap soldiers were now bursed with tons of earth by the buildozers. Among them were Colonel Nakagawa and Ma-jor General Mursi, who on October 12th committed hari-kari in the dark caves they had prepared for the death of the invading Americans Their death brought the end to all resistance on the open to the Philippines.

But the cost was grievious. The Fifth Marine Regiment, of Bellau Wood Fame legend of Tarawa and Guedalcansi, was now a mere empty shell. The Sev-enth Marines had also suffered heavily and the First was badly mauled On October 15th the Marines re-

barked leaving the island to the Blat Division who would mop up stranglers. On an essault ship returning to the On an assault stup returning to the troop transport a weary Marine Pfc stretched his legs out then looked for the first frought and the first grouchy Sergeant had been right. There was a lot of room on the boats going back.

TWO HOURS

"We are making an examination now, sir. Should know

the trouble soon, but-"
"Who told you to make an examination? Stop it at once: This thing's going to be done properly. I'm going to have an official inquiry into that steering engine. Today Soon as I've seen the Navel Attacht. Get everybody out of the steering compartment and have it locked This moment, dyou understand!" He locked at them darkly. moment, dyou understand? He looked at them darkty, his eyes staring "You know what this is, don't you? It's abotage, my friends. I've been expecting something like this." He seemed lost in thought for a moment. Then he looked up, frowning angrily. "What are you waiting for? You've heard my orders Get on with them," he barked.

THE collision delayed Retaliate in Stockholm for three days, and during that time many things happened. The underwater damage was not very serious; a buckled plate near the bow was found to be responsible for the leak in the forward toppedo room.

the leak in the forward torpedo from

Then there was all the business of making depositions,
taking statements and preparing reports for the port
authorities and Flag Officer Submarines There would be
a court of inquiry in Portsmouth on their return.

The inquiry into the failure of the steering gear was held in the wardroom late in the afternoon of the colli-

held in the wardroom late in the afternoon of the colli-sion, with Shadde presiding. Before it started he went to the steering compartment, unlocked the watertight door and had a look around Sawe enough, there was the tiller head jammed hard sport, and all over the steel deck on that side was a large mess of sticky liquid—the mixture of water and glycerine which provided the pressure for the hydraulic system. There must have been a major leak somewhere on that side. But which had coused the leakt And who was responsible. for it?

The looked around the steering compartment he experienced a since of relief that he had sent the signal to Flag Officer Submarines Burton, the Naval Attaché, had suggested waiting until Realizate was based in Portamont. "Ou'll be there in eight days, By then there'll have been then to set this thing ou. What went wrong with the

time to sort this thing ou. What went wrong with the sessering, et exters.

"I'll have that settled by this evening I want DNI to send somebody here right away—while the scent's still hot. This is subotage, Burton, make no mistake."

Shadde shook his head vigorously, "Don't tell me you balong to the 'it-can't-happen-here brigade.' I've had a bullyful of that since I commissioned Revisite."

"Really, what d'you mean?"

"This is the hird effort. I bulled to Portamouth with the balon is the low-pressure stage of our main turbines. Stringed them down and found site of found site of the string of the string of the string of the string of them. frouthe in the low-pressure stage of our main stronges. Stripped them down and found steel fillings in the rotons. Stripped them down and found steel fillings in the rotons. didn't know the answer. Found that the possibility of dirty work couldn't be excluded. Button cocked his heed on one side as if he were con-fronted with a new supert of Shadde. "The second effort".

"At Queensferry, months later Steam explosion in the heat exchanger Wad of cotton waste had been put into a steam pipe on the intake side Someone who knew all about our nuclear plant set-up There was another court of in-quiry Same wishy-washy findings! Probably negligence on the part of some person.

on the part of some person.

"The court finds, however, that the possibility of malicious intent cannot be excluded. Melicious intent! I sak you: Sabotage, that was what it was. That's why I'm sending that signal to FOS."

that signal to FOS."

Burron had looked as him quizzically then and shrugged his shoulders. "Lie who beat and your problem, Shadden his shoulders, "Lie was beat and your problem, Shadden his shoulders, and had gone it was strongly worded because he wanted quick setton. There were strong grounds for sampecting subouge He concluded with an urgent request to Fing Officer Submarines to arrange with the Director of Naval Intelligence for the immediate despatch of an office of Naval Intelligence for the immediate despatch of an

The man should come incognito, Shadde insisted, and take passage with them back to Portsmouth. The tail of

TO DARKNESS CARRIED PAIR DATE OF

the signal passed the buck fairly and squarely to FOS/M: "Unless this is done, I shall be unable to accept responsi-

bility for further occurrences."
When the Naval Attaché saw that, he shook his head "Most unwise, Shadde You're looking for trouble Senior officers don't like threats.

But Shadde was adamant. Just before he left the steering compartment, Shadde made an interesting find Stuck away behind a cluster of pipes which ran down the port afterside of the compartment, he found a piece of oil-smeared gray silk, half the size of a man's handkerchief. Three sides were scissor-cut and the third was torn. He went over and pulled it out, and then something dropped onto the steel deak with a metallic clang. It was a brass lock nut with a reverse metaille claring it was a breast lock into with a reverse thread Shadde's eyes glistened as he wrapped it up in the gray silk and slipped the small bundle into his pocket Instinct told him that he had blundered onto something of importance, it also told him to say nothing about his find for the time being In the control room, Cavan said 'They've found Kyle.

air He's in the police station at Variahamnen Petty Officer Farrell's landing with a patrol at seventeen hundred to

collect him.

So much had happened in the last two hours that Shadde had quite forgotten about Kyle. Now, with a start, he wondered if there were any connection between Kyle and the failure of the steering gear? But he said only, Put him in the cells with a sentry, until I've seen him."

He walked on through the wardroom to his cabin Cavan

followed him with his eyes Extraordinary devil! Cells and a sentry for a rating who'd gone adrift and missed his lout? What next? The collision must have ratifed the Captain more than he had suspected

THE mourry into the steering failure began at 1769 in Retaliate's wardroom Shadde presided at the head of the table, with the first lieutenant, the engineer officer. Lieutenant tenant Commander Gous, the electronics officer, Lieutenant Weddy, the gunnery officer, and Lieutenants Allistair and Symington, the torpedo and navigating officers, along its sides Licutenant Musgrove, second in command of the engine room, was notetaker
Chief E.R.A. Shepherd testified about what he had found

when sent by the engineer officer to investigate immediately after the collision. The hydraulic liquid in the tele-motor system had drained out through the plug hole on

the port ram cylinder."

"I see," said Shadde thoughtfully, 'So the liquid drained out through the plug hole." He leaned over the table, his strong face thrust forward purposefully "How was that

The drain plug had come out, sir. We found it lying on the deck where it had dropped.

How do you think it came to drop off!

with a stow shake of this head, Shepherd said, "That's what's got me beat, or Impossible for ill to drop off." "Ah" said Shadde. Now we're getting conewhere. Perhaps you'll tell us why it's impossible."

Well, there's a lock nut, sir It's reverse threaded. So long's that's on, the drain plug can't come away." Shepherd paused for a moment his good-natured face

puzzled "There's something funny about it sir You see we couldn't find the lock nut afterwards."
"Perhaps, it was never on?" suggested Shadde
"It was their yesterday, air When we did the mainte-

nance routine

"You sure of that?

"Definitely, sir. We had to remove the drain plug and drain the cylinders. I put the drain plug back myself." For a moment Shadde sat there thinking. Then he said, "Can you prove this?" and he gave Shepherd is hard, searching look

"Yes, sir Engineering Mechanic Finney, sir He'll bear

me out. When I'd put the lock nut on, it was him who brought it up tight

Finney was called, and he corroborated all that Shepherd had said

One final question, Shepherd." Shadde almost seemed to be licking his lips "You haven't told us who your working parties were yesterday when you did the maintenance and this afternoon when you made the exami-

nation Shepherd thought for a moment "Yesterday it was me and Finney and Kyle, and today it was me and Finney and Stokes, sir." He paused for a moment "Would've been

Kyle again today, sir but he's adrift"

Shadde's eyes glinted "Yes," he said. "I know." Then
his jaw set like a steel trap

ATER, the first lieutenant reported to Shadde that Kyle had returned on board and that he had a head injury which was being attended to by the Doctor Shadde told him he wanted to see the Doctor as soon as he had finished

with Kyle Hulf in hour later O'Shea came to the Captain's cabin. Shadde leaned forward in his chair and his dark pene-trating eyes fixed on the Doctor. "I gather you've examined

Kyle? Yes, sir," "What s his condition?"

"Nothing much to worry about Bad bruise on the temple, and the skin's split Nothing serious,"
"Did he tell you how he got the injury". Shadde's eyes

narrowed. Before the Doctor could reply, he added "Could the blow have been self-inflicted?"

The Doctor shook his head "Possible but most unlikely" 'How d'you know?

Because I've heard his story, sir." What is it?" Shadde's gruff voice didn't conceal his dis-

appointment He got tight in a pub yesterday evening Apparently started drinking in the late afternoon, and must have had a skinful Net emidnight a pimp put a prostitute onto him, and she took Kyle to her room somewhere near the free harbor Later on the accomplice turned up and caught them in bed. The accomplice coshed Kyle."
"Motive" Shaddle's voice was full of doubt "Robbery. They took his watch, and wallet, with about

n pounds in it."
"What happened then?"
"When Kyle came to, he found himself in a large shed and it was duylight Apparently he had a lot of pain, and retched violently. Then he slept again Sometime this afternoon he attracted attention by banging on the door and shouting. When he was let out be gave himself up to the police. O'Shea, d'you believe that story?" Shadde's

dark eyes searched the Doctor's "Yes, sir, I do."

'D'you know that Shepherd regards him as a bad hat?" The Doctor met Shadde's piercing glance steadily wouldn't say that, sir.

Shadde looked at him quickly "Why not, may I ask?" "I got him talking Found out a good deal about him." Such as?

"He comes from a poor home Despises his father, who drinks and who occasionally assaults his mother Kyle suffers from a strong sense of personal inadequacy and tries to compensate for this by

That'll do, thank you," snapped the Captain

That'll do, mank you." snapped the Captain With a shock, O'Shea realized that he had upset the Captain "I was only trying to explain in simple terms what I think's wrong with Kyle, sir." The tone was apologetic. "I was trying to say that he displays the symptoms of a baddle and interest woman was Mark and Marselly with of a badly adjusted young man. He's sick Mentally sick. And his experience last night won't have helped his adjustment problem either. He needs help, not punishment."

MALE'S BOOK BONUS

TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS

"I'd like you to know, O'Rhen, that I'm not the least his interested in your psychiatrical claptrap or any other stumbo jumbo 18's a threat and an afront to naval disci-pline." He sat down with his back to the Doctor and started 10 W?11e.

"You may go," he called over his shoulder. The vesse was bard and paramptery

MR Buddington came on heard just before they sailed from Stockheim. They now him coming off in the launch, a stronge, bleak little man in u dark suit and a bowler hat,

a strange, bleak little man an u dark suit and a bowler hat, so in umbrells in one hand, a worn leather suitcase in the other and a black leather box along over his shoulder. Mr. Buddington was expected, it was known on board that Shadde had received a signal from POS/M about an admitsal from the Director of Navai Constructions office who would take passage in Retailers to make observations who would take passage in Retailers to make observations who would take passage in Retailers to make observations which would be a second to all the second to the control of the second takes the second takes

midity problems in the Missile-class boots

Before the signal arrived Shadde had been told by the
Mayel Attaché that the "official" would be Clarence Henry neval actionne institute constant would see charves reserve Maval Intelligence's office. Down in his cash Shocked out no time in briefing the little man, who ason knew exactly why ashotings was suspected and why Kyle was thought to be the man responsible. Mr. Buddington was the only other man in the automatine who knew about Shodde's find subserman in the automatine who knew about Shodde's find in the steering compartment, for the Captain gave him the oil-strined gray silk and the brass lock nut and explained their significance

All her damage made good, Retaliste spiled for Capen-bagen from Stockholm at 1400 on the afternoon of the third

Three hours later the pilot was dropped off at the Bevonge-grandet busy and the submarine proceeded on a course of 136 degrees.

SHADDE by on the bunk with the light off, his mind too active for sleep. An endless succession of images floated before him, each a sharply defined picture of his many problems. There was the moment of the collision, and the oily peace of gray silk and the shine of the bram lock nut Then he imagined Kyle crouching down by the port ram cylinder, easing off the lock nut, wrapping it in the gray lk, hiding it away.

The parade moved on; now it was the Doctor's serious, ugly face, tousled red hair and protruding ears. Shadds

ane persons moved on, now it was the Decker's seriests, sally face, totaled red bair and protrading ears Bhadder sally face, totaled red bair and protrading ears Bhadder fool cruded see what was wrong with Kyle Bloody suboless? Mesty piece of work; dirty little crook; that was what wes wrong with him What on earth was a doctor doing in a submarine? All that damned paychatric nonesses!

And who was this pushing himself into the picture? Tell, sale, elegant—that impercitors, well-bred smile Synatic stated into a tight, painful knot Symington always had that effect on him. File physical disconfort was acute Why did they have to send him of all people Gold What a bed fream: When Symington cance on board, the first lieutenant brought has down to introduce him. An affereinable position of the second process o

Shadde had jumped to his feet and in a sweet pected amonde rise jumped to its test and in a sweet power furiously There was no escape It had happened. Now, lying in his bunk he renormhered the awful scum-that night in the Sabre so long ago. They were passing through the Lombok Strait to Fremantie. They had such survigin are somnok actrait to Fremantie They had suste a schooner by guidfie in few days before but otherwise it had been a quiet potrol. Too quiet for Shadde on his farst wattern petrol. He wanted action. Then the klaxon had sounded for a crash dive. They had leveled off at 200 feet, reduced speed and gone into the silent routine. Then the first chilling report from the andic operator: "H. E. closing rapidly bearing Red one-six-zero, sir! Moments leter shadde heard the propellor noises himself. They increased steadily and passed with a roar overhead Seconds later. Sabre was shaken by shattering blows. The lights went out and the emergency lighting come on The hull plating whipped and squeezed and busineed, and men were thrown off their feet. He had never known depth charging before It was fantastically terrifying, beyond all imagination. It was fantastically terrifying, beyond all imagination. It realized his nerve was going The sound for propellor masse increased absolid just the destroyer came in for the attack, without knowing what he was doing, he started to scream. Then the Captain's vouce, argent, importaive: "Stop him. Number Ose!" As in a ghantly dream, he saw Grierson, the first lieutenant coming towards him. Unbelievably, Grierson had attuck him full in the face. At that, Shadde

between hed attack him full in the face. At Unit, Shades stepped acreaming and fell to his knees. There he slumped, sobbing, for the rest of the attack, broken and humiliased. Afterwards they had repaired the worst of the damage and continued to Freenantie. No one in Sabre ever mem-thased the incident When he left her on decommissioning at the end of the war. Captuin Symington said. "You're

as the end of the war Captill Symington and "You're the best Third Hand I've ever had."

But Shadde could never forget Lorebolt Strait By every sheadard he respected, he had failed like knew that others had broken down under great stress, but that couldn't make up for his less of self-respect.

Why in God's name had the Admiralty sent Symington's sun to Retalists? That supercilious smile and patronising manner—and behind it the knowledge of Shadde's shows. And of course Symington had spread the story in the wardroom That explained why his officers were against him He was being crucified for that night is the Lombuch

surais we weathed clear, and other postures came: Dwight Collaghes in the dark Shadier's mostlik tiphissed, son to choked with resentment. Why did one of Her Majesty's submarines have to carry a U.S. naval Officer First Hayband let England be talked into taking over my Peiars boots, and then they'd allowed her to be sturng thirty milhouts, and then they'd allowed her to be sturng thirty milwww, and then they d allowed her to be stung thirty mil-lion quist agrees for them Bloody robbers? And after that the deadly insuling U.S. naval officer on board to have the palms of his hands and his tightly shut eyes barred. Why couldn't be sleep? Just one long night of sleep Ob, Godf. Just one

Who was this! Elizabeth! Yes, of course! Pale, sad and remote, that permanent question mark in the dark eyes floatence by sentence he reconstructed her devastating let-

alone

SHORTLY before soon thadde invited the engineer officer to his cabin for a chat of * a glass of sherry. The Captain seldom drank at see, but consionally he took a glass of sherry before lunch Officially, he had sent for Rhys Evans to discuss the submarism's coming rollt in Fortamouth; unofficially, because he was depressed and in need of com-pany Of his 11 officers, the only man he regarded as a riend was the Weishman

resent was the westman. They discussed various details of the rest, and then Bhadda changed the subject. "Chiefy, the discipline as this bant's bloody swful." "Do you really think it's so bad?" "Had!" sported Shadda, "It's bloody awful."

With a shock Rhys Evans noticed that Shadde's hair was

buginning to go gray at the sides
"Yee," Shadde went on, "All a ruddy joke Like playing charades. None of them believes the real thing will ever

happen."
Rhyz Evans held his sherry up to the light and examined it excefully, a habit he had learned from the Captain. "I'm not surprised at that,

Shadde shrugged his shoulders. 'So even you don't take

anisotic inrugged and incusions "no even you don't take it seriously, Chefyr," In the seriously test new."

"Difficult thing to take seriously test new."

"I know That's the danger. Like Posel Herbor. It-cen't-happen-to-is surt of fees." Shadde put the glass of sherry down and leaved forward, hands on knees, shoulders hunched. Intently, he searched the engineer affects' face "Rnow that I thina Chefyr."

'No, what's that?" "Retalists will be used one day-when we loost expect it." He spoke slowly and with such earnestness that libys

Evers was taken aback

avers was taken anock:
"Indeed," lid be surprised," he said rether lemely
If Shedde heard the remark he ignored it Peering at the
Weishman he said. "You, she'll be used. And d'you know
what wornes me?"

"He the end of everything?"
Shadde frowned. "No, not that," he said irritably. "I'm afraid that unless our discipline bucks up, you'll find that when we're needed there'll he a raidly acquarent Probably find half the crew are han-the-homb rabble." Rhys Evans laughed, a small forced laugh "You're jok-

ing, sir."
"By God, I'm not," said Shadde, "It's the last thing I'd ever joke about Too bloody serious for that."
ever joke about Too bloody serious for that."

They sat in silence for some time, Shadde morose, dis-tant, deeply engrossed. The Welshman decided to change thm subject.

"You'll be taking leave in Portsmouth, sir?"

Shadde looked up gloomly "Yes, I suppose so."

"Taking the little lady motoring in France, didn't you

Shadde got up and made much of putting a book onto the

bookshelf. "I don't think so," he said "Changed your plans, sir?" I haven't any plans. "But only the other day you told me of them."

To Phys Evans' actorishment Shadded turned around 70 Phys Evans' actorishment Shadded turned around 70 Phys Evans' actorishment Shadded turned around 10 Physical Phy

may not have a wire soon. Rhys Evans' voice was full of anxiety. "She's not ill?" Shadde looked away 'No, she's not ill." There was a long pause "Perfectly well, as far as I know She wants to leave me Tha's all." Then his mouth shut in that final, implacable way and Rhys Evans knew the conversation was at an end. Shadde slid the door open, his eyes away from the engineer officer "Well, Chiefy, I've work to do See

you later."

IN the carly afternoon Retalists surfaced off Cape Ar-kons on the Pommern coast Shadde ordered a course of 262 degrees, speed 18 knots Because of her deep draught Shadde deemed it inadvisable for Retaliate to approach Copenhagen from the south through the sound, and although they were now within seventy miles of their des-tination he set course for the west-about passage by way of the Great Belt, where at least depth of seven fathoms could he carried through, although a journey of some 220 sea nules was intailed

Shadde sent for the chief petty officer telegraphist When Gracie arrived, Shadde said, "Come in, Gracie. Close that door." He pointed to a chair "Sit down."

Gracie was surprised Never before had he been invited to sit down in the Captain's cabin. He wondered what the Captain wanted him for

Shadde looked at Gracie in silence for some moments before speaking, then he said, "Gracie, I need your help." The chief petty officer looked surprised "Yes, sir," he

"I'm worried, Gracie This submarine isn't the efficient fighting unit she should be." The shaggy eyebrows bunched together in a frown as he peered at the telegraphist

"What's wrong then sir?"
"A great deal. The trouble with a long peace is that everything's an exercise and the crew knows it. Nobody believes this submarine'll ever fight All a game."

Grac - wondered what on earth the Captain was leading up to. "How can I help, sir?"

to no. Rowe can't near, sir:
Shadde smiled-a brief, mechanical smile "Tve a plan
That's why I sent for you Gracie, we'll simulate the real
thin. This ship's company's got to be shaken up, confronted
suddenly with the real thing." He got up and leaned against the wardrobe, "Of course, it won't be, but they won't know that until after the exercise

"Where do I come in, sir?" Shadde's eyes narrowed, "You're going to receive two or

three important W/T signals.
"Where from, sir?"

Shadde smiled again, humorlessly, "From you."

"I don't follow, sir."
"Simple You'll transmit them and receive them." "What sort of signals, sir?"
"Haven't worked out the details yet. Starting point might

be a signal from Flag Officer Submarines ordering Retaliate to a certain position at a certain time.

And then, sir?

And then, sir:
Shadde pursed his lips and placed the tips of his fingers
together "Then? Well, I don't quice know, Haven't made up
my mind yet Next signal might order us to adopt the first
degree of missile readiness. That'd seem pretty realistic, wouldn't it?"

Gracie shook his head "Couldn't do that, sir. It'd be top scret Come in a cipher I don't know. Have to go to Mr.

Keely for deciphering."
"Quite," said Shadde, "That presents no problem then, does it? I'll encipher the signals myself, and hand 'em to you for transmission.' He ran his fingers through his dark hair and frowned 'Tell me this, Gracie: can you transmit a signal and simultaneously receive it through one of our receivers? So that the message comes in this end through the teletyper? You know, all the appearances of authen-

Gracie thought for a moment "If I used the automatic transmitter. Put the message onto the tape first, feed it in

and then let it transmit," he paused

"I'd close the circuit Feed the tape into the transmitter,
and switch it on to transmit direct into the teleprinter Signal would come out of the teleprinter just the same as Shadde rubbed his hands together and beamed "Capital, Gracie, capital! I thought you'd have the answer."

Gracie showed no signs of enthusiasm Mournfully he

Gracie showed in Sign's of enhances in Additional Sign's "Haven't yet decided," said Shadde "But if and when I do, I'll let you know well in advance."

Gracie scheed from the Captain's tone that the interview

Gradic sensed from the Captain's time into the interview was over the got up "is that all, six" to tutte." Shadde fixed his dark eyes intently on the young man "Gradic," he said, "abvolute secrety Not a word to anyone. Only surprise will create the atmosphere of the real thing You understand that, don't you, Gradic!"

Yes, sir.

Shadde's even bored into him hypnotically "Gracie," he said slowly. I'm going to take you further into my confidence There's a reason why secrecy is essential." His manner was conspiratorial as he waited for the words to sink in "We've a saboteur on board That collision. The jammed steering Under certain conditions he'll give himself away. Don't ask me why Have confidence in my judgment D'you understand?

Yes, sir. Thank you Gracie"

N the wardroom Keely was busy with the cryptograph deciphering a sheaf of W/T signals Gracie had brought him He had finished the third signal when he gave a whistle of surprise; then he jumped out of his chair and capered about excitedly

Symington and the Doctor were sitting near him reading, ymington put down the paper and sighed "Must be Symington put down the paper and sighed

the sun.

"George, my boy This is terrific! Look!" The subliquien-"George, my boy This is terrific! Look!" The sublicuter-ant thrust the signal in front of Symington I was from the Admirally, addressed to the Commanding Officer, Retablate, repeated Figs Officer Submarines Symington read it out aloud "The following appointments are notified Com-mander J. 1. Strakey to Retablate in command Vice Com-mander J. A Strakey to Retablate in command Vice Com-mander J. A Strakey to Retablate in command Vice Com-portations to Flag Officer Submarines with effect from eighteenth May."

How long has the Skipper had Retaliate?" O'Shea asked Symington thought for a moment "He commissioned her in the States."

"How long ago was that?"
"About ten months."

"Isn't a two-year commission normal?"



TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS

"Yes," said Symington "But with all this new constructon things are different Shadde's the sensor C.O of this class Knows a hell of a lot about them. Except the Ad-

mirally think he'd be more useful ashore.

Keely deciphered the last few signals and then clip the originals together before going across to the door of the Captain's cabin. After his knuck he heard Shadde's voice, but he couldn't make out what was said. He opened the door and went in. The cabin lights were off but in the reflected light from the wardroom he could see Shadde lying

on the bunk, back to the door.
"What is it?" Shadde asked gruffly He didn't harn

nemand "highals, sir Just deciphered."

Shadde kept his back to the subligatement. "Leave them

un the desk, he said

Keely put them on the deak and left the cabin, sliding the done shul after him For a few minutes, Shadde lay on his bunk thinking. He hadn't slept at all during the night. But he would have to rend the signals—there was no escaping he would have to read the agnain-there was no excaping that-so he got off his bank and switched on the dask light that-so he got off his bank and switched on the dask light potning Sirakar to Resalists, he dropped the others and they fluttered down to the deck. When he had creased the algnal he let it drop, too, and sat down heavily at the deals with his head on his outstretched arms.

His mind traveled back over the long years he'd been in the service- back to the very beginning when he had gone from his prep school to Dartmouth and then afterwards to

Since he had taken Retaliate over in Groton, Connecticut, and commissioned her with a British crew, she had steamed 20,000 miles under his command. The submarine had become a part of him and he a part of her, and now the Admiralty was going to stick him away behind some bloody desk in Blockhouse. The thought choked him.

He was 38, the oldest commanding officer in the sub me was as, that others commanding officer in the sub-marine derive. It is upposed they thought in the sub-marine derive. It is upposed they thought with an about the submarine of the submarine of the submarine of the than affort, but whatever they said, he knew that once the was ashore his sea service was ended. This was his last command They would be in Portsmouth in five days, so be had exactly five more days affort. Not that he see would have liked it, but a month ago the prospect of being stationed ashore wouldn't have been so devastating; he ould have consoled himself with the thought of seeing Elizabeth But now!

He wondered whether there would be a letter from her at Copenhagen And if so, what would she say? He couldn't bear the uncertainty, the waiting, the fact that he couldn't

talk to her, reason, persuade, convince her

Shadde thought again about his sense of mission. The seriance industria gain stront its series of minoral size feeling had been immensely strong in him soon after law had commissioned Retzister The Cold War had started to warm up and he had believed the moment was approach-ing Then it had cooled off again. Now there was talk of In new East-West rapprochement and the diplomats and the press on either side were billing and rooms. But the West was being taken for a ride; he knew that Look what was happening in Africa and the East

Why couldn't they leave him alove? Why were they pulling him out of Retailate after only ien months? Was it the collision? Was it Symington in some inexplicable

if the collisions was it agraingular in more way?

Dings had gone wrong in recent months, badly wrongever since Symington had joined. That had been the turnsay point it was only after his arrival that the attitude
started getting stack. Of course Symington would have
started getting stack Of course Symington would have
started getting stack Of course Symington would have
started getting stack Of course Symington would have
started getting stark. Of course Symington wouldn't
be there were other things for which Symington couldn't
belamed; he had to admit that Like the sabotage incidents,
and Wilshashb, incredible letter.

and Elizabeth's incredible letter.

His head ached fiercely, He had concentrated too hard.

It always happened if he did. a sharp nagging pain at the it atways impresed it so one is many imaging pain at unit temples, like something someting in a gimlet. The long search back through memory had been an effort on top of the lack of sleep. An overwhelming feeling of depression and impotence in the face of all his problems settled on

him

IN Copenhages, the porthug for Retaliate had in it mar-prises, disappointments, and for some the fulfillment of expactations. Among many letters was one for the Captain When Shadde saw the writing on the envelope he felt that tight knot in his stemach. It was from Elizabeth

My dear John,

Your letter from Stockholm made me desperately unaccided That's why five taken so long to write now five made up my mind and I hope you're not going to be hart too much. Yesterday I saw Thicketon and Pillings and asked them how I should set about getting a divorce I said I wanted to be five guilty party.

Your letter makes it clear that you haven't the faint-est idea what life has been like for me during the last two years. Bost of the time I've been alone if we'd had children I expect I could have endured it, but I've never been long enough in one place to make any real friends. When we've been together you've usually been so absorbed in your work that I've often wondered if

you realized I was there
I've ried to help you over your fits of depression,
bul you seem to resent that and you make me feel as

if I'm responsible

"I in temporation to the carry much in love with you, John, and perhaps I still som But I don't think it's possible to go on loving someone you see very little of, particularly when you're afraid of that person I hope that you'll realize that what I'm doing is best to hope that you'll realize that what I'm doing is best

for both of us, though you may not agree now

When he came to the end of the letter Shadde stared at the bulkhead in front of him. He set there for perhaps five minutes. Then he got up, crumpled the letter into a tight ball, threw it into the wastepaper basket

All five minutes past ones, Shaded got onto his bunk and turned off the cabin lights. He lay there tormented by his thoughts. Elizabeth's letter, the collision in Stockholm, the end of his service affect. His world was collapsing; foun-dations were crumbing. What future could be look forward to now!

BEFORE they sailed next morning, Shadde sent for Gracie "You remember our discussion the other day about thuse signals.

Gracie nodded. You are Shadde stopped for a moment and watched him closely I shall want them today, Grucie. "Now, sir?"
"No Later When we're at one I'll work out the details

and send for you later." Aye, aye, sir.

Good, said Shadde "Very good."

By nine o'clock Retailors was northward bound on the sound running ou the #reface at 17 knots in a gray see, with the sun shining wearly through the overcast Bis was on the last lay of her voyage, homeward bound, and the crew's spirits were high, in two days! time, they would be steeming into Portamouth, and Portamouth meant leave. waves, girl friends and families

waves, girl treends and families Gracie wann's as gay as might have been expected of a man homeward bound on such a fine day. He sat in the writess office checking the W.T log and chanting to the telegraphist on watch, but his thoughts were far away. We had been landed fairly and squarely on the horize of a had been landed fairly and squarely on the horize of a should be used to be a support of the same of the same should be used to produce make-believes inspatals on markets should be used to produce make-believe signals, no matter

what their purpose

There was another thing The Captain had said that the signals would create a realistic atmosphere which could help to find the saboteur. Gracie didn't know how or why, or how Shadde knew that the steering trouble was sabetage, but the man must know what he was doing; he was nobody's fool Gracie wished that there was somebody he could talk to about all this, somebody who could settle his doubts for him. The more he thought about it, the more certain he became that he must get advice The Captain had told him to keep it to himself, but he just couldn't had fold him to neep it to minners, out ne pass context. There was one man on board he could speak to, who had never let him down—the navigating officer Lieutenant Symaington was a good afficer, well thought of m hoard, and his advice would be really worth having

HE found Symington writing up the gyro leg Without wasting any time he told him about the discussions with the Captain and of his own doubts and fears. At the end he said, "Dyou see the trouble, sie? I mean, I don't quite like it."

Symington had been listening with his bend cocked on one aids, "I do, Gracie," He notified, "It's a bit old, I must

may.

The navigating officer leaned against the bulkhead, arms folded across his cheet, head howed. He did some hard thinking, then louted at Gratie "You'll have to do what

he wants, Gracie. The responsibility's entirely his After all, he's the Captain, isn't he?" The C.P.O. telegraphist looked relieved. "Thank you. sir That's what I thought, but I feel better now that you say the same thing,

Symington looked at him for a moment. 'If the Captain bands you those signals for transmission, you must tell me

nancs you indoe agmain for transmission, you must see as once Before you gut them onto your teleprister.?

Gracie nodded 'I'll do that air You won't breathe a word will you, sie? It'll runs the Shipper's plan for a realistic exercise if it gots around, and he'll know it was

Symington smiled sympathetically "I won't let yet down. Granie"

The more he thought about what Gracle had told him, the more convinced Symington was that he should tell the first lieutenant. This was not a secret he wanted to keep to himself; it was something outside his experience and he didn't know what to make of it.

Symington found Cavan in his cabin and told him of the conversation with Gracie. At first Cavan was skeptical, but the navigating officer soos convinced him that Gracie

was not making the story up

"Incredible isn't it? A bogue signal from POS to start a ruddy exercise.'

The first lieutenant nedded: "Incredible's the word: Do

you realize that it could compromise the neurity

necessives."

Symington set on the corner of the desk. "I know. Me must be round the bread Suruly Their Lordships wouldn't agreeve!"

Cayan shrugad his shoulders. "Who knows!"

Cayan shrugad his shoulders. "Who knows!"

Cayan shrugad his shoulders. "Who knows!"

Cayan shrugad his shoulders. "Ho knows!"

Cayan shrugad his shoulders. "I suppose you'll self Galalagher. you'll have been should be should be

he'll hammer him.

he'll hammer him.
"Til help you on one condition," Cavan said "It's this:
"Til help you on one condition," Cavan said "It's this:
officially this discussion hasn't taken place. You haven't
made any report to me. No one—and that includes Graces
—as to know that you've spoken to me. O.K?
The nivigating officer toloned pussuade. "Not resulty
What's the point!"
The pipit is," and the first lieutenant, "that I'm not

going to put myself in a position where I can be charged with conniving against the skipper if snything goes wrong Got that?" "Yes, I see what you're driving at," Bymington said tightly But his tone didn't seen to warry the first linu-

tenant

"Good," said the first heutenant. "New fill have to put my thinking cap on ..."

THE Doctor was lying on his bunk draused, looking as though he had just wolten up.
Cavan gave him a long, searching look. "I want your

advice, Doc-your medical advice."
"Something wrong?"

Cavan come straight to the point "It's the shipper There's a strange state of affairs I want your bein." The Doctor ran his fingers through his tousled red hair Till do my best.
"What I want to know, Duc, as this: Can Shadde be

going round the bend?"
"Why do you want to know? What's all this about?"
"Why do you want to know? What's all this about?"
The first lieutenant told him about the signals Shadds wanted from Gracie. When he had finished he leaned warress from Gracic, when he had missed he seed, eyes back in the chair, hands clasped behind his besd, eyes half closed. This now it sounds darnned silly but?—be passed—"but it at its worst, Doc, when he's received these begus signels, what's to stop him firing a Pularis? What's the saswer to that one?"

mans the snewer to that one."
"You," and the Doctor promptly, "You're the snewer.
Yest can stop him. The thing can't be learnched without year consent and until you're set the control dial. You'll mingion, so you refuse to approve the firing. Where's the problem?"

Cayan shook his head, "Not m easy as that, I wish it were. The firing drill requires us to put on our settings before the Captain uses the firing plunger. In an exercise, nothing happens when he depresses the plunger, because the circuit's dead. The control disls are never set in an sources. But he's told Gracie he wents to simulate the

real thing. That's what the signals are for So if a bogus figing signal arrives the control dials will be used, and we must presume that in that case Shadde won't use the firing plunger But if he were round the hend, who could guarantee that he wouldn't? You my I can step him. How can I tell Shadde, before the control dials are set, that I know the signals not home?" know the signals are bogus?

"Couldn't you put the wrong setting on your dial?"
"No. Shadde would know at once, because Waddy and Gellagher, who follow me, wouldn't be able to move their dials at all if I did that—they'd remain locked."

small if all if I can that—they of revening locked.

The "Scotor numbed managemary cohereds from the feature.

The "Scotor numbed managemary cohereds from the feature.

Cavan threse his legs over the arm of the chair and lonked up as the Doctor." It know it sounds crays. Doc. his life he's off his rocker—just suppose he is—he might fire is a Hussian target 'You've heard him nattering about the at a Russian larger You've heard hum nattering about the West being laken for a ride by the Russians, and how we're hamatrung because our sort of democracy cen't start a preventative war, and time's on the side of the Russians and all that bligs. If he thinks and talks about it when he's normal, mighth't he try to do something about it if he were crackers?"

The Doctor yawned "He's a neurotic There are plenty of same, hard people, carrying great responsibility, who are neurotics But that's very different from being 6

are neutrotics. But their very different from being omprehence. The theorems raised his arms in demonst. These respectively the properties of the respective to the formation of the respective to the respective to the respective to the respective to the respective the respective to the respective the respe or can't distinguish between fantasy and reality, because

or cant distinguish between fantasy and reality, because his judgment's grossly impaired. In fact, he's insane."

The first lieutenent sighed, "Thanks, Doc, but I'm afreid "In not very much wiser. What males you think Shadde's a neuroite?"

The Doctor slid off the bank and steed at the surrer, brushing his hair "Eharp mood swangs Frequent fits of ordering any mast means manage revenue the degree of degree and sometimes benefiting on melancholus. Suddem outsits of anger for comparatively trivial reasons. Got attack extreme irritability if you like. Sleeplemannes Lone of appetite Restleanness Those are some of the symptoms." "What's grawing at him."

"What's gnawing at him?"
The Dector put down to be such and comb and peaced at himself in the mirror. He wasn't very pleased with the root of mean neuroness. In psychology Hz called anxiety Normal fear's a response to a greent thread featuring fear's a response to anticipated future trouble Very complex thing.

Very complex thing."
The first liveute and toolsed at him with fresh interest.
What's Shadde afraid of?"
What's Shadde afraid of?"
What most of us are," and the Doctor "Insecurity,"
The first liveutement regarded him thoughtfully "Way
have first liveutement regarded him thoughtfully. "Way
have first liveutement of the control of the control of the control
The Doctor shook his head. "For prefensional reasons
The Doctor shook his head. "For prefensional reasons
The Doctor shook his head. "So some pretty weighty
problems, real and smagnary. It tell you of year due hos you
must keep it to yourself." He poused "fix marriage
is on the rocks."

The first lieutenant's face was blank "Fnor chap," The REV. Betterant's sace wen blank "Prior chap," he said in a matter-of-fact voice, "I'd no idea." He gat up "llo you think my fears are exaggerated?"
"I'm a G.P. not a psychiatrist," said the Ductor "Twe told you what I think. Maybe I'm wrong."

Cavan was halfway to the door; he turned round quickly, "So you don't exclude the possibility that he's m what's-its-name?

what a fire name?"
"A psychotic," said the Ductar. "No I com't shandately surfuce that possibility All I can my is that his propious appear to me to be those of a neurodic."
The fart lieutement's gyes fickered faintly. "Thank you important later. In the meantaine, that convenient me not taken place O.K." Once more his eyes filekered and those he was a none.

TME first besterant knew he would have to work quickly. It was skeady well into the forenous and et any someonet the Captain might hand Gracie the signals. He must take the steps mecessary, and yet do it in such a way that if things went average he wann't implicated. After all,

TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS

at was actually the nowigoting officer's problem, and if anytonly could afford to be implicated it was flynnington, butcause he was readly rich and not really very interested in a zervicu cureer. One way and another, Cavan began to feel that he was really being rather decent in helping him with the problem at all.

Having settled the moral mone involved, he get busy Having settled the moral passes invares ne got obly with the technical problem. After a few moments he realised that this didn't present many difficulties either, because fortunately he remembered a lecture on the Polaris firing circuit when they were training in the

Half an hour later Cavan had not only briefed Symington thoroughly on what to do; he had even undertaken seen insercating is what to us; he had even innertaken to help him see that the const was clear "But," he naid firmty, "make see mistake, George If you're nabbed, I can't come to your anistance. Even under oath I'd have to dany that I'd any knowledge of what you were donne or that we'd ever had any discussions on the subject.

Symington looked at him in rather a bored way and id. 'You're rather franker than you think, aren't you?" Cavan didn't know what was meant by that, and he didn't really care as long as Symington understood the position, Nevertheless, he would have liked the nevigating

officer to have been a little more gracious and appreciative of the help he was getting

Symington went from the control room into the musymington went from the control rooms with the his-ide stack to the first of the control rooms of the the first of the first of the first of the first of the woment while his eyes followed the run of the cable from the pedental up the bulkhead and across the deck-head to the point where it entered the sirlock and the black and yellow travage band disappeared. Then he opened the watertight door and went through it into the messile control room, shutting the door behind him and sor uring the chips. As he had expected, it was empty, and he quickly looked through the observation port to make sure that there was nobody on the gantries in the launch-ing compartment. Once again he traced the black and vellow bands before opening the sirtight door and letting himself into the small space, say feet by four, which was the airlock between the missile control room and the launching compartment.

learnching compartment.
With great care Syminton shut the door behind him and secured the clips It was pitch dark in the sirleck and he had to group for the savitch, but finally he found it and the lights to group for the savitch, but finally he found it and the lights to the savitch but finally he found it and the lights to the savitch of the light savitch of the savitch of the light savitch of the savitch of the light savitch of the light savitch of the light savitch of the light savitch of the savitch of the light savitch of

he left the room

GRACIE was in the W/T office when the symmator came in and told him the Captain wanted to see him

ns most come nost the Compount wastern to see fulfit.

Shaddle was sitting at the desic with two official-looking
black books as front of him. With a heave of his shoulders
he zwiveled the choir around until he was facing the
teingraphist Then he said, "Ah! Gencie, come in end set descr

The Captain leaned forward, hands on knows, shoulders hunched, and the telegraphist had to look away from the dark eyes—they did something funny to him

With a gesture towards the books and papers on the desk he said, "Two been working on those signals." Gracie's heart sunk, "Yes, sir,"

I want the exercise to start at half past seven. I've "I want the execute to start at nati pand seven; promotived in under its date-time group the stact time yes are to receive the first signal That's on the signal matter.

A. You'll see I've marked it 'emergency' precedence I've get interiest hist-three as the time of receipt. But dive soon after its received, be in deep water by their eave meon arms in received . De in deep water by then Whole object of the signal is to suggest an unusual situation—nor that requires all available disrile busts to be alerted and ordered to reposite positions. That should impact a touch of realism to the proceedings, don't you

But he didn't wait for Gracie's reply "The second signal." He reacted backwards and tenk it off the deth "This cent"—he hald it up so that Gracie could see—"is marked B.' Get that?"

Yee, sir," soid Gracie

"You receive it about two and a field house before identifit We'll go to persecue doubt then. Time of

encept is on it." He looked at the signal. "Here it is receipt in on it. He someon at the region I want you to receive it at twenty-one twenty-nine. I've provided that in below the slate-time group Got that?"

"I come of watch at twenty hundred, mr," said the telegraphist "Cartwright will be on from twenty to

twenty-two hundred."

Shadde nodded "Glad you reminded me. I've thought of that You must tell Cartwright—once you've got the first signal—that you're going to remain on watch for the time being Important occasion, you know. Tell him you'll send for him when you want to be relieved. D'you understand?

The young man modeled slowly "Yes sir "Good! New, signal 'B" like signal 'A' it's addressed in Retalists, Massive and Deterrent It's commendably brief," measurer, manuscrass and American 1.3 Commensory Color. There it was again, the cold impersors smile. 'It orders to the color of the co be the real thing.

be the real thing."

Shadde drew his hand across his forehead, head muck on chest, and lost himself in thought. Finally he jumped on chest, and lost himself in handed them to Gracie. "but un, folded the signals and handed them to Gracie "hat these in your pocket, Gracie Mustn't be seen corrying them You've been in here discussing W/T rest motions

Got that?

Gracie nodded and put the signals in his pocket. I understand, sir." He remembered Symington's advice: "You'll have to do what he wants, Gracie The responsbility's entirely his After all, he's the Captain, isn't he?" Then he remembered what Symington had said next the Captain hands you those signals for transmission you must tell me at once." I'll do that, all right, he thought The Captain was speaking. That'll be all for new,

From the Captain's cabin Gracia west back to the W/T office, where he spoke to the leading telegraphist for a few minutes before he went to look for Symington He few minutes before he went to loan for symington see amon found him in the small cabin in the officers quistors: "So the exercise is tonight, is it?" Symingson was aboughtful "Jolly time we'll have The C.P.O telegraphist looked worried. "Til ney, sar."

After Gracie had gone, Symington went along to the wardroum The afternoon was getting on and it was mear-ly five o'clock He was extremely anxious to give the first

When Symington had told him of Gracie's report Cavan When Symington had told him of Gracie's report Cavan when Symington had som nen in Gravies report to a mid, "Very interesting, A stickler for realism, isn't he?" "Odd business, isn't 18?" Symington shook his band "But he's an odd chen, let's face it"

THE metallic clutter of the teleprinted stopped for a moment and the carriage slid back to the left; then the keys rat-tat-tated to life again and in their wake followed the

date-time group Gracie took the seal of the paper roll, pulled to towards him and then, with a quick sideways flick, fore it off against the cutter has Before logging the signal he looked again at the unfamiliar address and prefix groups and the pracedence and security classifications. When he got to procedence and security classifications. When he got to the wardsoom the officers were at dinner, with the first lieutenant at the head of the table (Gracie went up to Jim. "Barg year porden, six Minner, searcy signal for deciphering." Keely give up and took if III whack if through nor Keely give up and took if III whack if through nor fart lieutenant's face was drawn. "Yee, he said "The first lieutenant's face was drawn." Yee, he said "to that." Out of the cower of his per he was to see

how Symington and O'Shen were taking it None of them seemed happy. He wasn't surprised

Keely pushed the crytograph aside and his eyes wass bright "NATO ope signal from FOS," he whispered. Then

he knocked on the door and went into the Captain's cabin. A tray with tex and toast was on the table next to

Anade's death, but it was unfouched:
What mil? snapped Shadde
Keely gave him the signal, and as Shadde rend it the
bashy eyebrows Hind in surprise. Then he wrote some thing on a signal pad, tore of the sheet and put it in his packet. "I'm going to the control room, Tell the navigating afficer I want him there."

When Symington got to the chart table Shadde showed him the simal "Reed that," he said in a strained vocce have the signal "need that, he main in available. Big act, thought Symington, but he noticed that Sheede's hands were shaking. The signal was from FOS/M addressed to Retafate, Massive, Detervent, repeated SACC-LANT and other NATO and Admirably authorities. S Retaliste to position 58° 30° N: 09° 52° E by midnight Stop Massive to clear Osio by 2030 and to position 58° 30° N: 10° 12° III by midnight Stop Detrement to position 62° 40° N; 30° III by midnight Stop Perceed submerged and with dispatch Stop Execution 62° 40° N; 3° 00° III by midnight Stop Perceed submerged and with dispatch Stop Execution ("Very in the he had distributed reading, Symington said, "Very in The Could not think of anything more than the country of the could not think of anything more middle of the country of the could not think of anything more than the country of the could not think of anything more than the country of the could not the country of the could not the country of the coun

appropriate to say.

Shadde looked up from the chart. "Give me the course and speed to reach that position by midnight."

and speed to reach that position by midnight.

Symington not busy with the dividers and parallel

Symington not busy with the dividers and parallel

watched the trace for a moment or so and then even to

the W/T office and told Gracel to make a diving signal to

FOS/M. "Diving time nineteen forty-one. Surfacing

twenty-two hundred," he said, looking at his watch.

"Aye, aye, sir."

Shadde dropped his voice. "Did you go through the motions of acknowledging that FOS signal?"

Yes, sir. "Good man.

With purposeful steps Shadde went back to the center of the control room "Bridge!" he called into the voice-

Weddy's voice came back at once, "Control room!"

Weddy's voice came back at once, "Control room!"

The builder!" Shadde ba "Diving stations ... clear the bridge!" Shadde barked the orders. "Open main vents!" The klaxon sounded throughout the submarine and the crew moved swiftly to their stations.

Take her down to two hundred feet," snapped Shadde. The submarine's bow stanted down and the slow pitch and roll coased as she dived to the calm water below the

"Now," Shadde said, leaning over the chart table. "How fat is the hearest land from the midnight position?"
With one leg of the dividers on the midnight position, Symington swung the free leg until it pust touched the Norwegian coast at Riser off Sandness Fjord He transferred the dividers to the latitude scale and read off the

terred the divasers to the satisfact scale and read in the first scale and the scale a

Symington measured again. "Here, sir, Thirteen point eight miles off the Homboro Light." "Splendid. We'll surface off them at twenty-two hun-

In a few minutes the Captain's voice sounded through-out the submarine "This is the Captain speaking. I want to tell you about a signal we've received from the Flag Officer Submarines. It's a NATO operational order and Once the monathes a position of the monathes and the control of the following the first position and the first position about twenty miles north of ours by midnight. I finally, it orders Deterrent to a position off Alexand by midnight. The Captain spoke fest and he sounded tense "NATO operational orders of has and he someth tense "WITO operational orders of this sort suggest that an unusual situation may be de-veloping". He paused. "But there's nothing to be gained by conjecture, so don't indulge in it. I'll keep you in-formed of any further developments. That is all."

In the wardroom, in the messdecks, in the fore- and after-ends, in the galley and storerooms, wherever members of the crew were together, the Captain's broadcast was the burning topic of conversation. A theory which found a good deal of favor was that this

was yet another NATO exercise—an impromptu one laid on by bored staffs at NATO headquarters anxious to

justify their existence.

Another view, less widely held, was that an ultimatum of some sort was due to expire at midnight, that behind the scenes intense diplomatic activity was taking place between East and West, and that the stationing of the Missile-class submarines in the midnight positions was a

Musside-class submarines in the minimin positions was precautionary measure in case the balloon wont up.

Underlying this conjecture and rumor, there was a rumbling of displeasure because of the threat to leave arrangements, and the cars of FOS/M's, and NATO's staffs would have burned had they heard what was said about them.

Soon after half past eight Symington and the first lieu-

tenant met for a hurried consultation. It was their first opportunity since the Captain's broadcast.
"Have to make it snappy," he said. "Skipper's on the

prowl tonight." "Where is he now?" asked Symington.

"In his cabin."

"Well, what d'you make of it?" Symington looked nervous

"Let's have a quick recap," suggested Cavan. "The Skip-pers given two signals to Gracie. The first's been received" —he drawled the word—"and the second's due at about are trawied the work—and the second's due at about twenty-one thirty. So the exercise is launched. By the way," he added, "what did you think of the broadcast?" Symington shrugged his shoulders "Very good. And

you Cavan made a circle with his thumb and index finger.

"Superb!

Symington folded his arms. "And his motives now, Number One?"
"Ah! The sixty-four-thousand-dollar question. But the basic situation remains unchanged. We know he intends to shake up the ship's company and that he knows that Kyle's not the saboteur. Apparently he believes the exercise may produce

Symington shook his head. "That's moonshine Why would a saboteur give himself away because he's suddenly confronted with what Shadde calls the real thing? Doesn't begin to make sense."

The first lieutenant slid off the bunk and sat on the corner of the desk "Couldn't agree more, George.

"Anyway, we've done the right thing."
"We?" said Symington dryly. "That's rich."
The first lieutenant frowned. Symington was getting rather too big for his boots. . .

Keely knocked on the door of the Captain's cabin and went in, "Signal, sir. Emergency-operational." He tried to sound casual, but his voice shook

WITHOUT a word Shadde took the second signal. Like its THOU I a word Shades took the second signal, the is predecessor, it was addressed to Retatliate, Massive, Deterrent, SCALANT and other NATO and Admiralty authorities. It read: "Assume first-degree missile readiness. Stop Guard this channel each half-hour. Stop. Execute. Stop Acknowledge

Keely noticed that Shadde's hands were shaking when he put the message down on the desk.
"Tell the first lieutenant and the gunnery officer to see

me at once." Aye, aye, sir."

When they arrived, Shadde got up with a quick move-ment and passed the signal to Weddy. "Read that," he said, staring first at Cavan and then at Weddy The gunnery officer looked at the signal and his eye-brows lifted in surprise. "Something serious on the go,

Shadde nodded vigorously "Looks like it. No point in speculating. Let's get on with the job." He frowned at Weddy. "Means four missiles to be ready at three minutes' notice, doesn't it?" "Yes, sir."

Shadde went over to the door and slid it open. "Get cracking, Sooner the better," he said. His voice sounded dry and husky.

Weddy left and in a moment they heard his voice over



TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS

the brondcast: Missile launching parties, close us.

Bladde smiled at the first lieutenest, a burneries smile with a shade of maline in it "lie much for your judgment, Witnesher One

What was that, air?"
You couldn't believe Reschiefe would ever he unof in cornect. There was a note of clotion in Shadde's vocas Cavan thought, Wait, my friend. We'll soon know whose

judgment was at fault
"Anything else, sir?" asked Cavas

conjuning eine, self. Saked Caves.
The Capitain looked up from the down as if he had just noticed him. "You Kapp is sharp lookest for peculiar behavior. I take it you've already spokess to the officers about that?".

Cavan nedded "Yes. sir."

FOR the accord time that night the ever heard the Cap-

tain's voice over the breadcast "We've just received a second NATO operational signal from POS. It's very brief It orders Retalists, Massive, and Deterrent to assume the first degree of missile readiness You've already heard the order to the missile parties to

close up." There was suppressed excitement in the Cap-tain's voice and he spoke quickly and with great urgency The first degree of readiness requires us to be ready to launch four missiles at three minutes' notice. The missile parties are now preparing numbers one and two and

Afteen and sixteen

Again there was that hard, dry cough, and then the voice resumed, "It's evident that our three boats wouldn't have received these orders unless a most unusual situation was developing However, I would like to make it vers clear -he emphasized the words-"that the order to assume the first degree of readiness is normally a precaumonary measure. It does not mean that we will launch minsiles, although that's a possibility which can't be exrluded

Shadde passed for a moreout "Once again I must warm you against conjecture. We're here to carry out orders, not to speculate about the reasons for them. As I told you seriler, we'll surface for a few minutes at twenty-two handred for nevigational purposes. That will be in approximately (wenty-three minutes' time. I'll keep you informed of any further developments. In the meantism, keep calm . don't listen to rumor-mongers . . . concentrate

om your duties . That is all.

on your entors. I had past, while Shadde was speaking the first lieutenant had uponed the test, sensel on the Siring preductal and gove through the medions of testing the circuit.

"Elring-plunger circuit sected and correct, sir," he

reported

"Very good," said Shadde

Syntregion's voice crackind in the agentics share filead
syntregion's reason to the control reason. Treesty-ture bunk "Castain to the central room, Twenty-two hundred, sic."

The anger in filadda's eyes gove way to a gizem of excitement "Very good, flymington," he called back "I'm

coming through.

Hurriedly he putled on seaboots and an oilskin, slung binoculars around his neck, went through to the central room and called, "Diving stations." The order was present on the broadcast and the crew went quickly to stations "Forty feet!" rapped out Shadde

The hydroplane operators turned their wheels and the forepart of the subseries began to lift. Then came Shadde's wisce arms, sharp, incisive, compelling. "Up periode's visce arms, sharp, incisive, compelling. de's voice again, sharp, incisive, compelling "Up persoope. After a quick weep around the horizon he mapped the hundles shut. "Stand by to surface!"

"Stand by to surface! Shut main vents!" called the first lieutenant There were muffled thade as the vents were closed, followed quickly by reports from the various com-

The outside E.R.A. reported, All main vents shirt, are "Surface!" barked Shadde.
"Blow main ballast!" called the first liquideapat.

The first lieutenant was calling the depths: "Thirty feet,

air Fifteen feet, sir . . . The submarine began to move about the maway as she broke surface. Shadde released the clips on the upper hatch, swung it open and climbed out onto the bri-

followed by the monkouts, the signalman, and the officer of the watch The northwesterly wind had increased and a steepisk sen was running. Speed was reduced to 12 knots, but even so the plunging how kept throwing spray back across the bridge; this and the rain and the lowering choose which

derhened the northern twilight made the visibility less than a selle. Above the men on the bridge, the rador seasoner was searching the horizon, providing the control room with data for the reports of bearings and distances

of whine and the land Lookouts were quickly posted, but on Shadde's orders

the pavigation lights were not switched on During the next few minutes there was interse activity Symiagton carried out a quick calibration of radan, loran and SINS positions; a diving signal was made to FOS/M. Exactly six minutes after she had surfaced Retaliste was back at 300 feet Speed was increased to 20 knots and course was set to reach the position in Bohus Bay

suct to reach the position in Bohits Bay
One hour before mininglin Gracie was called to the
Captain's cabin. Shadde was pacing to and fro like a
caged tige: As soon as he saw the integrabits he beaused,
"Biplended! Gracie You've done as maguificent job, Quite
censrkable! The exercise is a trouring stoocess?"
There was no doubt about Shadde's excitoment. The
dark hollow-ripade yes were bright and thu gibe drawn
face. Still pacing he west on. Thanks to you, Gracie, the
most realistic conditions have been achieved. There's and a man on board who doesn't believe that a most serious a man on hoard who doesn't believe that a most serious situation is developing. "He must have thought of something because he added quickly. "Except for us, of course." Then he picked up the thread of his thought and ruced on, "Yes, yes! Here we are, then The whole crew faced with what they think is the real thing I'lk Art-chem experience for them Magnificent training! There's only one thing, needed to complete the exercise. "He save one thing needed to complete the exercise.

"No sir,' said the telegraphist What the dawl's cuttung now, he thought.

mow, he thought.
"A third signal," said Shadde, his eyes flashing, "A third signal Tve already enciphered it." He picked up a signal sheet from the desk "flere it is. . You'll receive it at five minutes to midtight. This third signal will crosses or a remarkable performance. It will end the exercise on a dramatic note." Shadde laughed gaily "After thet"—he shrugged hix shoulders—"we'll turn for home, and I'll tell

shrugged his shoulders—"we'll turn for nome, and it we'll the crew over the broadcast what it was all above. It as "He paused a musement and frowned "Shan't leave it at shad, though 'll draw siteration to the results achieved and the leasons tearned." His face was owner. "And they'll be considerable, I can essure you New that's all, Gracie Once again, congratulations on a first-class per-

formance.

streament of the color of the c

WHEN the "third" signal came out of the cryptograph Keely new that this time the address groups did not m-citude Massise and Detervest When he reset the mossage he felt as if he'd seen kicked in the pit of his stomach

Execute Thunderbolt for repeat Thunderbolt four at 0010 reseat 0010 Stop Targets EPF 18/19 repeat EPF 18/19 forester EPF 18/19 forester EPF 18/19 Stop Thoreacter retire into the North See Stop Guard this channel at each hear Stop Acknowledge

The wardmore clack showed that it was two minutes to midnight Pale and excited, Keely ran lank into the con-irel room. As he got there he heard Shadde say, "Take her down to one hundred fifty feet.

Keely went up to the Captain and thrust the signal into his hands "It's to execute Thunderbult, or. he said in a

dry, husky voice

For some reason Shadde frowned at the sublicatement; then he took the signal and read it. There were dark shadows around the hollow of his eyes and the pink glow of the lights accentuated his bawk-like appearance as he went over to the broadcast and pressed the call push "First Lieutenant and Lieutenant Commanders Gallagher and Weddy report at once to the Captain's cabin," he said

There was a strange quiver of excitement in Shadde's Antre was a strange quiver or excitement in Shadows ; seek when he spoke to the three officers in his cabin "Gentlemen, read this quickly please There's little time to spare." He handed the signal to Gellegher, then opened the asfe under the bunk and took from it the black ownered S.P. while Weddy and Cavan peered once fallagher's

shoulders at the signal Weddy said nothing He had been expecting this ever mace Retailers had been unformed to assume the first degree of readiness. It was the natural sequence; but all

ingree or reasonable in the internal assessment when the same he had a light, dry feeling in his throat.
Shadde went quickly through the pages of the S.P until the found the page he wanted. Then he throad to them abruptly. "We'l, gentlement Da you agree the import of

the signal? Four Polaris missible to be brouched at ten-

the signal? Four Polarie months to be breached at ten-chinates past midnight?"

When Studde picked up the B.P. to show them the open-nage, his hands were trembling. "Target coordinates, MPF oughteen and nineteen," he said. "Let's see what they are."

The Targets strong the said of coordinates and deepy-ard. Engages strong the said of coordinates and deepy-ard, Kreushtadt." He looked up "Thouk God if a deepy-ard, Kreushtadt." He looked up "Thouk God if a saidlary ingest." Them his finger moved on "KLF mission— mindustrial complex, Lemingrad See that, gentlemon— industrial complex, Lemingrad See that, gentlemon— with course of the control of the said of the said of the with course of the said of the page and hereded the hook to Weddy "Two-scorer spread on both, Weddy, Test'll find all the dots there." He waved him away with a flourist of his hone! "Look abarp! Time's sitert! Get around to look at the clock on the bulk-hood. By offer around to look at the clock on the bulk-hood. By the said of the We've got ten minuted. Siculated off missile learnching the wayses.

to space Weddy had already gone, and Shadde bustled out fol-lowed by the first isotement and Gallagher. When they got into the control room Cavan went to the slarm panel got into the control room to the slarm panel got into the control room. and turned the small wheel until the pointer stepped at "Missile Launching Stations," The insistent classor of the testesers sounded throughout the submarine, and while they were still vibrating the erew hurried to their stations flesse men looked calm and normal, but most showed

alorm and many of them fear

On Shadde's orders the submarine was taken up to 80 foot, and a shift was made from automatic to hand steering and depth-keeping. The scene in the control room was one of interes activity, and report pourced a from the missis attack center and the missis control room and lausching area within seconds after the near reached their stations. The clock above the chart table showed 8008—two mis-ules past midnight.

sizes place minerings:

Blandle went over to the navigating officer, "Bymington,
can the boat to arrive in the firing position at o-o-ten,"
Then he was back at the broadcast pressing the call push
When he zpoke his voice was hourse, "This is the Captain
When he zpoke his voice was hourse, "This is the Captain
When he zpoke his voice was hourse," We've just received a NATO flash message." He paised and there weant a sound except the eracking of the load messker and Shadde's labored breathing. "We're to launch four Polarir insules et its minutes past mindight. That's maked as minutes The targets are Krometade, Russia's maked as minutes. The targets are Krometade, Russia's mangrad. These are absets twenty-five miles apart: "Shadde passed and cleared his throat "Range from the firing positive to the targets will be about seven hundred and fifty miles That means our warheads aboutle reach these about hires minutes after firing limitating we'll so deep, retire but the North Sea at manifesting we'll so deep, retire but the North Sea at manifesting the comment of the season of the North Sea at manifesting we'll so deep, retire but the North Sea at manifesting we'll season of the season of the

Again be stopped, and his listeners wendered what there was left to any There was a dreadful, numbing finality about what they had beard that left little to the

imagination

But the Captain went on, 'I must exhort you to centrate solely upon the execution of your duties. You must refrain from all association as to the why and wherefore of our orders." His voice rose sed something wherefore of our orders. His voice free seet something creek into it which might have been suctienment or aven creek into it which might have been suctienment or aven mid far from here, the Boyal Navy one broken the promotion at might yilliance which threatened Frighand. Nelson's watury at Copenhagen smashed the confederacy of President Designation of the confederacy of t

in his voice as he dragged out the last word "Today, not alone, but with powerful allies "NATO the United States and the Commonwealth—Britain faces a far more deadly enemy Communist Russia." The voice ress. "We're now about to do for England what Nelson did at Copenhagen," He passed for a moment "May we do it as well. That it all God bleen you." This wasn't the cold, calm Shadde the crew was used to; there was no doubt the occasion had choked him with emetion.

The WORST the broadcoats had propered them for whost we canning, there had been a good deal of disrey and sharm among the men in the disperent compartments of the submacine when the huzzers had sounded for missile lastness; a few missiles before. But expected or not, finadder I last statement came as a protoured about to ment of the crew it was a most juil of residity, as end to rempend to the compartment of the crew it was in the protour the property of the crew it was it. The much taken about, much property of the crew it was it. The much taken about much property of the crew it was it. The mach taken about, much property of the crew it was it. The crew were the children and parents and girl friends, of homes in towns and quit-

leges and countryside And crowding these wars about throughts—ampsechable, indeximation—chosen what might history be happening in England, But there wasn't make much time for binking. Every man has gomething to do —a station to go to, a daily to perform—and, in the few minutes left, to much was happening for close, consequent time thought

tive thought. The clock ever the chart table showed 0005; five men-tion part midnight Tension in the central rearn was mounting. In the red glove of the lights, the faces of the uses at their rations were strained and apprehensive. At the piot 8 minigon and the Dector kept a coveri-watch or Shinder There was only one thought in their which or Shinder There was only one thought in their dismessore with the size the fitting piragers? Normally his dismessore was the size the fitting piragers? Normally his reathers and excited All part of the size that the size of the hissaels and then his thoughts were pieceworked. to himself, and then his thoughts were interrupted by Symington's voice "Eleven hundred yards to the firing

figranington's voice: "Eleven hundred yards to the Being pentition Three minutes to go, sir." Blooded called. "Stand by to open hunching capet. The reblictives ent spoke rato the hendred and their pentited to the Captain. Attack center reports all cheshes are pentited to the Captain. Attack center reports all cheshes are pentited to the Captain. Attack center reports all cheshes are pentited to the Captain. Attack center reports all cheshes are pentited by the complete and the second three pentites are cleared, see Watsrtight doors shut." Said Keely

said Keely

Shadde's voice was dry and hourse, "Open launching he said, and Korly repeated the order to missile remirol.

centrol.

Enacted's voice sounded poculiar; it had a sort of hoarm
Enacted's voice sounded poculiar; it had a sort of hoarm
treenble in it. "Control officers to the firing peckessal,"
The first listentant joined Gallagher at the pedestal
Through the perspex acreen they saw Weddy take off his
headset and climb down from the console sent; then he
came larough the door and over to the pedestal With
earth of the pedestal and the four control disale
reflected before the pedestal and the four control disale
reflected hanced for the of the lights.

Shade leased down and turned the top dial arrowal times. When he straightened up, there was no mistaking the excitement in his voice as he said, "Put on your con-

trol settings."

Cavan quickly set the second dial, then Weddy the third, and builly Gallagher best down. There was a slight delay while the American put his setting on the bottom dial with calm, unhurried concentration

dial with calm, unburried concentration. By mington period queried from the plot. "One hondred sixty-five yards to go ... thirty seconds, set?" The Doctor looked series at the Captain. Beads of period to go ... thirty seconds, set in the Captain set in the reporter changed, showing the number of the first set in the reporter changed, showing the number of the captain set in the reporter changed, showing the number of the captain set in the reporter changed, showing the number of the captain set in the reporter changed, showing the number of the captain set in the reporter changed, showing the number of the captain set in the reporter changed, showing the number of the captain set in the c

and the figure in the repetter changed, showing the num-lier of seconds to launching.

her of seconds to Munching.
With a quick sidways threst Shodds brushed Gallagher
sat of the way and put both hands on the T-piece of the
firing plunger He watched the repeater with flerce concontration, his jaw thrust upward

emiration, his jaw thruis upware
How he's loving it, thought the first lieutenant. Every
silly, overacted, dramatic bloody second of it!
But O'Shea was reacting differently. He was leading at Shadde's eyes and all he could think was, These eyes! My God! Those eyes

Gong! ,3 Gong!, 3 Symington's voice shriling:

WITH a heave of his shoulders Shadde pushed the Sring plunger away from him, away and across the full travel of the metal arc until the pointer came to a quivering step under the word "Fire

step these were 'rere.

There was a s'unned silence se the centrol room. From the launching area the leading-solour relayed the same shrill ministe of high-frequency sound, the hise of escaping air and the whiti of compresser These was no change at 10th, no sound of the flooding of the issurching tubus;

in (17m, no sound of the flooding of the launching tubus; nothing had happened.
Frantically Shadde seised the plunger, wrenched it heph serves the are to the "Off" position and then ramoned its across to "first" again; but xill nothing happened with will see he turned to Keely "What's the delay? What the hell's happened?" Langing at the autonished subleviers the wrenched the headest way. "Give it to subleviers the wrenched the headest way." Give it had the certain the wrenched the headest way." Give it had the certain with the substitution of the substitution

TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS

plunger twice! Order them to fire, man! Order them to There was hysteria in his voice and he waved his

arms as he shouted.

The first lieutenant stopped a foot away from Shadde and looked him squarely in the face "Nothing's hap-pened, si: But there'll be no firing," he said firmly "Those NATO signals were bogus

For a moment Shadde's eyes seemed to leave their sockets, and then with a roas of rage he sprang at the first lieutenant with such violence that Cavan, big as he

was fell back against the chart table

was, fell back against the chart table. The Captain screamed, "You bloody traitor! How dare you! This is mutiny! You're under arrest!" He swung around to Allistair. "This officer's under arrest He's to be confined to his cabin." He spun around again. "Coxwain! Give the wheel to Higgins! Assist Lieutenant.

Allistari "
Shadde was still clutching Keely's headest, and now he shouled into it, "Weddy! Weddy Case!" in the control of the these officers at

Before Shadde could finish the sentence Keely made a flying tackle which brought him to the deck, legs pinned; and (avan, the Doctor and Symington piled in.

and awan, the bocor and symington pleat are. The struggle was fierce and bloody; Shadde was powerful and he leshed out devastatingly with feet and flat. While they fought on the deck, he fumed and shouled "You bloody traitors! Betray England, would yout Wait for the court-martial! Ash...as!" he paried, and lay there gasping for breath.

there gesping for oreath, down on the deck, arms locked about Shaddes logs, the first licutenant sat satisfies about Shaddes logs, the first licutenant sat satisfies primed an arm to the deck Shadde turned his head to one side and saw Symington. Each the state of the same shade and saw Symington. His eyes rolled "You. you..." he exploded, and started to struggle again with fresh ne exploded, and started to struggle again with fresh energy. "Unspeakable little cad," this is your doing, all yours..." With a groan he relaxed and began to babble incoherently. "Lombok Strait". Fixingh Syminglon. dogged by that bloody family. For a moment he lay silent; then, his eyes wild and staring, he was off again "Ah! Nelson. happy band of brothers! Forgive me, Nelson, forgive me!

"Take it easy, sir." The first lieutenant's breathless youre was meant to be soothing, but it drove Shadde into another frenzy of rage and the struggle was on again

"You're mad: all of you. was for the court-marta!!
Call yourselves Englishmen! My God! You've sold her, I tell you Stupid swine! .1 could have brought Russia to her knees. ended the Unreance and for all! You stopped me! You stopped me! There was a shattering, chilling scream; then he lay back breathless, exhausted 'y h exertions

In a few moments O'Shee was back with a syringe. He bared the Captain's forearm and with a quick jab injected the morphis while Shadde shouted and growned and struggled to free himself. But it was not long before the drug took effect, and in the middle of a fresh outburst of hysterical rambling he lost consciousness.

The first lieutenant, Keely and the two stewards carried the Captain to his cabin and laid him gently on the bunk.

W HEN he got back to the control room, the first lieutenant went to the broadcast and pressed the call push he was still breathless. This is the first lieutenant. The exercise is complete. Secure missile launching stations The Captains, had a breakdown and is now under the Doctor's care I have assumed command.

"You can't have known that tonight's happenings were, in fact, just an excress. The the proposed were, in fact, just an excress. The They were his idea for an appear of the proposed of the proposed

cavan was going to say, he changed his mind. You've all, I'm sure, been very worried and concerned I can only say how sorry I am for that I must ask you, out of loyally to the Captain—and to the Service, not to mention this when you're ashore. It's a domestic matter—let's do all we can to keep it in this boat'—he cleared his throat—for at least in the naval family

"Pll inform FOS by signal of the Captain's illness, and

we'll alter course for Portsmouth. We should arrive there on Sunday morning That is all

There was no meeting planned in the wardroom next morning, but after breakfast, when the stewards were still clearing away, the first lieutenant told them to leave the wardroom and shut the watertight door behind them.

When the stewards had gone the first lieutenant said,
"There are one or two things about last night which I
think we should discuss Bound to be an inquiry in Ports-

think we should discuss Bound to be an inquiry in Forts-mouth and we'd better te up some of the suds now.

There was incooned of a benefit of the suds now.

The first listermant whence me to leave, Mr. Cavan?

The first listermant whence at the "Mister," "Not at all-but I'd better tell them who you are."

The little man nodded and the first lieutenant explained

The little man honders and the list letterals expands who Mr Buddington was and why he was on boars!

"Any close about the saboteur!" sked Weddy curious Three isn't one, gentlemen." Mr. Buddington's watery gaze traveled around the wardroom "There wasn't any sabotage, you see it was ... it was he stammered," apowerful obsession with your Captain "Row as the Skipper, poor man't "here was a mournful "Row as the Skipper, poor man't "here was a mournful "

ring in Rhys Evans' voice.
"Still out, Fully sedated," said O'Shea, "We'll have to

Gallagher looked at the first lieutenant. "What d'you say we get on with that discussion you mentioned just

Cavan nodded, "We'll do that." He moistened his lips
"Thing is, we must put the best possible face on this for
the Skipper Look after his interests, you know, but it's
going to be difficult after last night." "I'll say," agreed Gallagher, and he sounded pretty

grim
"I'd better tell you the thing from the beginning." Cavan looked around the table slowly, as if he were taking
stock of his audience "It started the second day out of
Stockholm."

He told them the story

WHEN he had finished, nobody said anything for a moment, until Gallagher turned around in his chair and serewed up his face as he spoke "Why did you send Symington to break that circuit? Why didn't you do it yourself?"

Cavan nodded "Good point, You see, if I'd gone and been caught out at it, I'd have had no one senior to myself to turn to By sending Symington it was different. I was always in the backgoon in to protect him if it came to a showdown
"What beats me, interrupted Goss, "is Shadde's motive

Fantastic bloody thing to do. The Doctor shook his head. "Nothing that we'd understand. I know I'm being wise after the event, but Shadde's insane. He's a manic-depressive—with a bit of the com-

pulsive obsessive thrown in, I'd say."

pulsive obsessive thrown in, Pd say.

"What are the symptome in the symbol of the symb sions. He's lost touch with reality, His judgment is gone."
Gallagher puffed a ring of smoke at the deckhead. "How

did he get that way?"
"Difficult to say Basic condition might be hereditary, or duc to a childhood traums Severe father bitchy step-mother could have done it. You'd have to know the family Then the Doctor told them all he knew about the Lombok Strait business and the Captain's other problems "Shadde was obsessed with the idea that you'd spread that Lombok Strait story in the wordroom," he said, looking at Symington

Symington was pale and tight-lipped "My father never mentioned the Lombok Strait. He had the highest opinion

of Shadde." The Doctor nodded sympathetically, "There's no doubt his condition deteriorated after you joined Then came

the breakup of his marriage and all the other things I've told you about."
"What are his chances of recovery?" The first lieutenant's voice was matter of fact

"Probably not too bad, said the Doctor.

"Probably not too bad, said the Doctor.

Weddy looked around the table "If the firing plunger hadn't been disconnected, it's pretty frightening to think what might have happened by now."
"Nothing would have happened." Gallagher said it very

aconing would have happened." Gallagner said if very quietly and simply, but if he had thrown a bomb into the wardroom it wouldn't have caused more surprise "Nothing?" said the first lieutenant. "What d'you mean?"

Those missiles couldn't fly, anyway-broken circuit or

no broken circuit.

Cavan's face was blank. "Are you serious?"
For m moment Gallagher sat there saying nothing, but
they could see he was thinking hard. Then he said, "There's only one setting on that bottom dial that could make the firing circuit alive." He paused. "The odds against guessing it are seventeen million to one, in case any of you ever

think of trying."
"So what?" said Weddy.

"I didn't put it on."

"But I saw you work the dial." "I put a phony setting on it, because I knew that firing signal was phony as soon as I saw it."

There was a challenge in the first lieutenant's voice.

"How?

Gallagher looked at him coolly, "That's a United States secret. We still have a few, I guess." The first lieutenant pulled at his ear. "Why didn't you

y the signal was bogus when Shadde showed it to you?

Might have saved that business last night." Gallagher's eyes narrowed. "When the firing signal came

Gallagher's eyes narrowed. "When the firing signal came in on top of the others, I was very interseted. I knew "was a phony, all right. It shouted it at me." He knocked the sah off his cigarette. "But I figured that this must be some fancy British idea for putting on a tough exercise. We wouldn't do I in our may, but I thought. .. well, you know, Royal Navy. So I just sat and walted. Why spoil than ploy' And well:—he shrugged his shoulders—" knew those missiles couldn't go, anyway." He got up out of his chair then and his face looked a bit grayer than usual as he leaned against the pantry hatch.

They were all looking at him now, wondering about the odd look on his face, but he was watching only the first lieutenant, and when he spoke it was to Cavan. "Il you're finished," he said, "there's a question I'd like to ask you?" Cavan gave him a dry, unamused smile and said, "Go

Cavan, gave him a city, unamused sinue and saw, or ability, and you get Symington to cut that fining circuit instead of coming to me?" said Gallagher. "I'm the weapons control officer in this outifit. I'm assigned here for the express purpose of preventing unauthorized firings."
"I don't much like your tone, Gallagher," Cavan said.
"I don't much like your tone, Gallagher," Cavan said, which is said of the said of the control of the contr

to you. But then I realized this was an R.N. affair and we had to settle it our own way, I knew that once the circuit had been broken the missiles couldn't be fired, so there

was no danger on that account.
"My problem was to make sure that nothing could g why problem was to make sure that morning dotted worting, and at the same time handle things so that I could protect Gracie and Symington and "—he paused and took a deep breath—'and, of course, the Skipper." He looked past Gallagher at the wardroom clock. "If Td come to you for hove —he smiled—"Id have to let the side down. Don't you see?"

GALLAGHER gave him a long, hard look, and then he came away from the pantry hatch and moved close to Cavan. "That's a very moving story, Cavan." he said, "but I'll tell you another one that's pretty sad, too, and it's about your Captain." He stopped and there wasn't a sound in the your top submariners. But he's been a pretty sick man lately. O'Shea's told us all about that and sort of filled in the gaps, but I guess we've all known for some time now man Shadde's been having a tough time. But—with the excep-tion of Rhys Evans here—we haven't done a goddam thing about it... haven't tried to help him in any way or any-

thing like that...have we?"
"Now if you'd come to me then—as you should have—and told me about the signals and what was on your mind.

and told me about the signals and what was on your mind.
I'd have told you how I could plut on a phony setting—that
is if you didn't aiready know, which perhaps you did."
"I certainly idi not," said Cavan, and his face was ashen.
"Anyway," went on Gallagher. "We'd have put our
heads together and worked out things so that we could
have given your Capiain the help he so badly needed. We
know he was leaving this toom for a shore; job in two days' time. I could have handled this thing so there'd have been no scene in the control room, no humiliation of Shadde in front of his officers and men, no certainty of disgrace and dismissal from the service.

and dismissal from the service."

He stopped and looked around at the puzzled embarrassed faces. "I hope you gentlemen don't think that I'm
precuming on your hospitality," he said. "I know I am,
so to speak, a guest in this boat, but I've got as bit of a
conscience about your Capstain, and I want'to get this off
my chest. Hope you don't mind."

He turned boack to the first lieutenant. "The thing is,

you aimed to handle it rather differently, didn't you, Cavan? You simed to play it dead safe on a heads-I-win

tails-Shadde-loses basis.

"So you fixed it that whichever way it broke you'd be O.K. What's more, you'd get the kudos for having prevented the worst-so you'd be very O.K...," Cavan pushed back his chair and stood up, his face as while as a sheet, but Gallagher went on,"... which is why you've been back his chair and stood up, his face as white as a speer, but Gallagher went on, each of the store as a speer, and the store as a speer, and the store as a speer, and the store as a speer as a speer of the last ten minutes." Gallagher's hand waved in an airy gesture of contempt. "Protecting Synnington... protecting Gracie... protecting Shadde. You give me a pain in the ass! The only person you were protecting was Bennington. jamin Cavan. You were at your old game, Cavan—keeping your yardarm clear. It's a religion with you..."

Gallagher stopped and there wasn't a sound in the wardroom except the hum of the turbines. "And in case you think what you've done in smart," he went on, "I'd like to know that at the court of inquiry I'll be saying pretty

much what I'm saying now

and burst into tears.

Cavan was the bigger of the two men, and for a moment it speared that he was going to he the American Gal-lagher must have thought so too, because he stood there waiting, tense and wary. But the first lieutenant just looked at him, then shrugged his shoulders and left the wardroom. After a long silence the others departed in ones and twos. At the end Gallagher was left standing there alone.

THE room was littered with clothing. She was determined not to take anything that wasn't essential, and so she seleced and discarded and the pile of things that were to be left behind got steadily bigger.
She was deserting him, no doubt about that. Of course

he would find someone else.

The telephone was ringing downstairs and she heard her mother answering it. "Yes, certainly, I'll call her... Elizabeth! Telephone, dear. It's Portsmouth." A thrill of excitement surged through her. Could it be him? What would he say?

She ran down the stairs and picked up the telephone. She ran down the stairs and picked up the telephone. For a moment she held it until she got her breath, then said guardedly. "Elizabeth Shadde speaking." She tried to sound calm, but her heart was pounding.

to sound caim, but her heart was pounding.
"Who did you say". Oh! Surgeon Lieutenant O'Shea—
Yes! Yes! Yes, of course."
She caught her breath sharply. "In Haslar Hospita!!
Why? What's happened to him?"
As she listened her head started to swim, and from far
As she listened her head started to swim, and from far As she listened her head started to swim, and from far away she heard O'Shes saying. "It's most important that you should see him. He "keps asking for you." When she put the receiver down she felt wesk and her

body seemed to go limp. For a few moments she sat there in agony of indecision; then she dialed a number. For an instant she was tongue-tied, terrified that her voice would fail her, but she was surprised at its firmness when she said, "Tve had to change my plans, I'm afraid. I shan't be needing those tickets after all." Then she put the telephone down

"LET ME UP," the Captain screamed, We've got to blow up the Kremlin" 1

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